Aug. 19, 1961

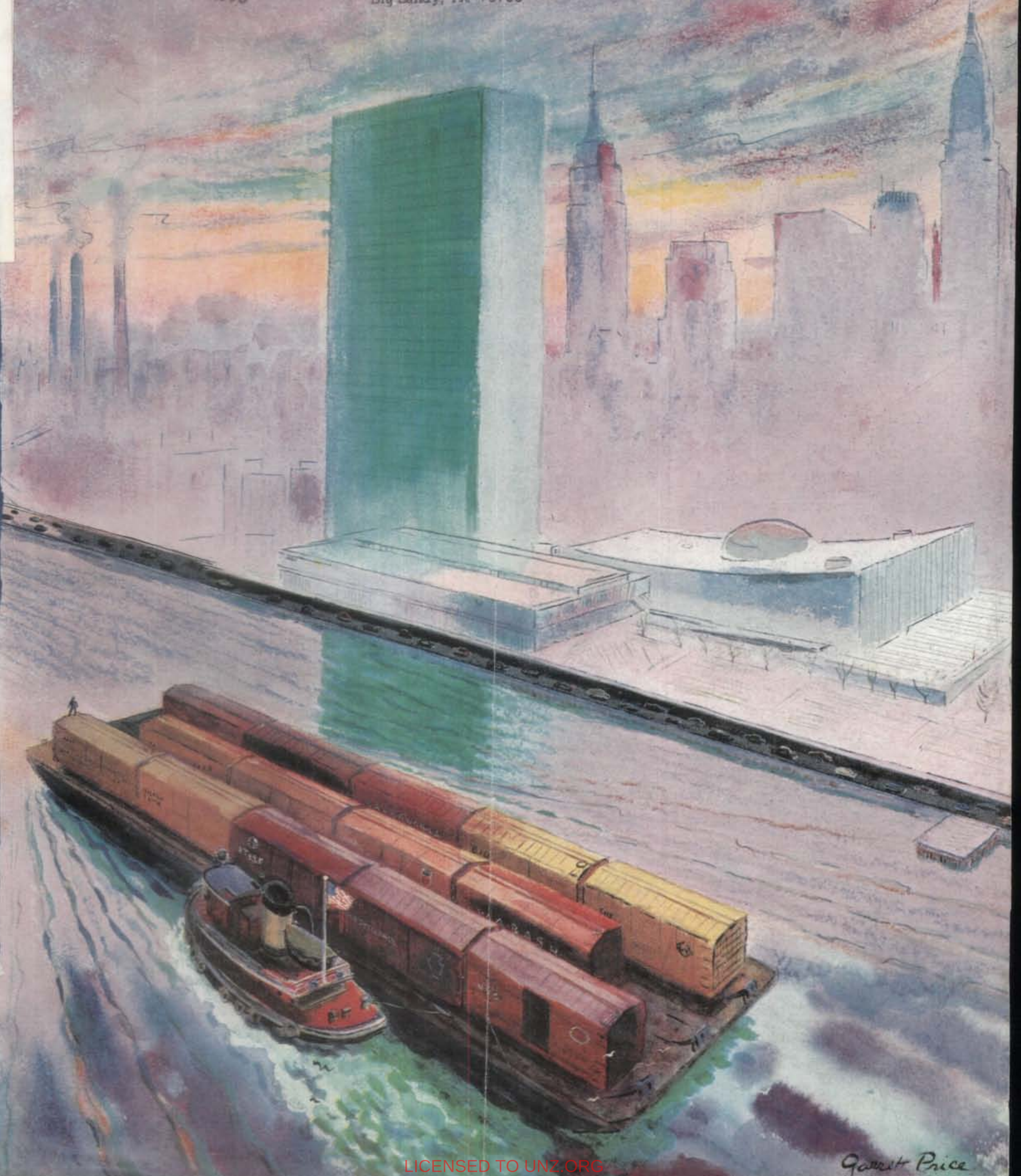
THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

[illegible] MOUNTAIN COLLEGE LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

AUG 10 1993



Garrett Price

WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL

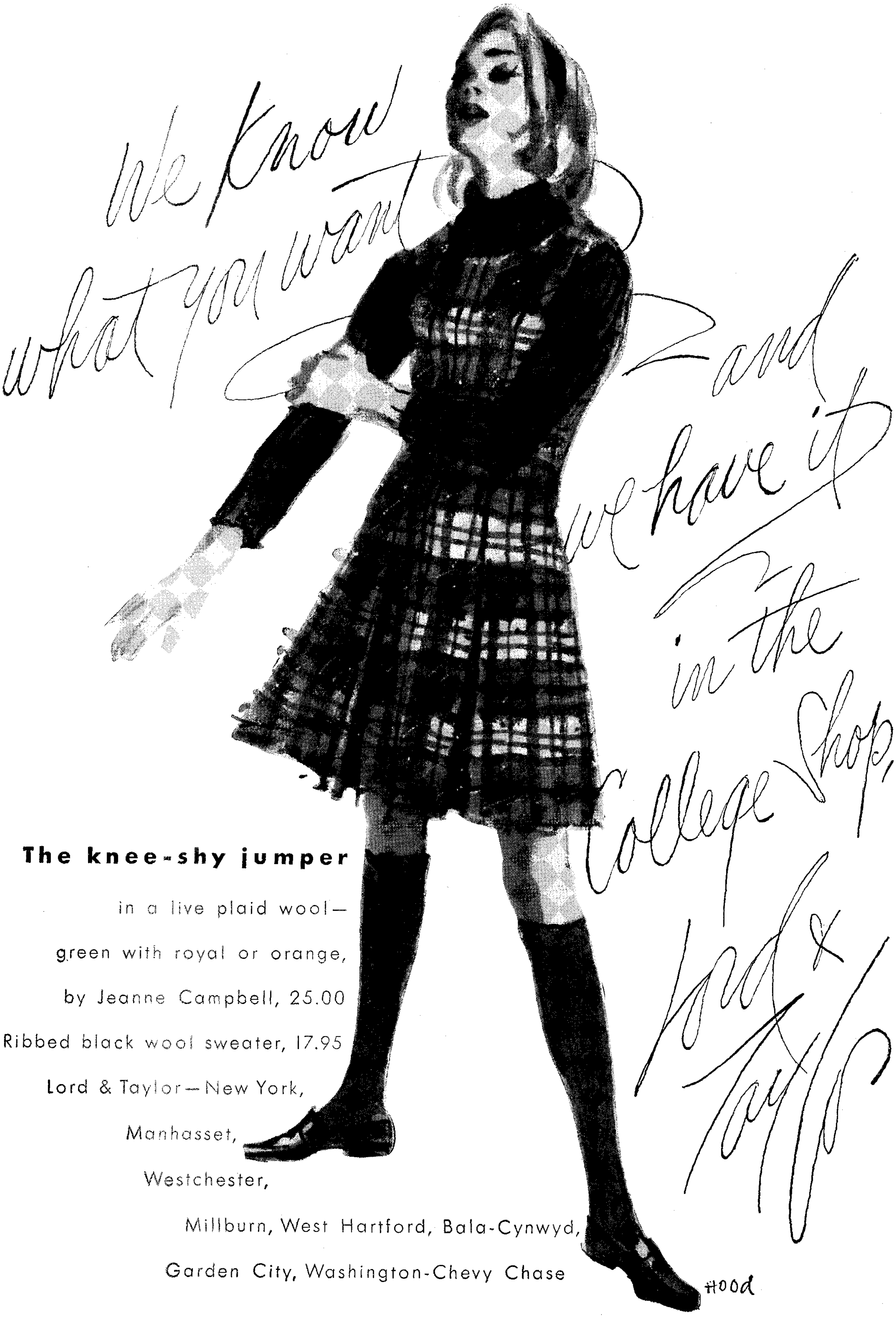
Lady Manhattan®

Get a glimpse of it in a country stream, in a mirror, or in the eyes of a very special beholder...and you'll see how wonderfully Lady Manhattan® sportswear reflects your good taste. The button-down shirt has many unseen advantages, including contour shaping extra-long stay-in shirt tails and no-iron washability. (It's 65% Dacron® polyester, 35% cotton.) The shaped-to-you tapered pants are fully lined, patterned 100% wool. Both in a windfall of colors, sizes 10 to 18. Shirt, about $7. Pants, about $18. Prices slightly higher in the West. Lady Manhattan, a division of The Manhattan Shirt Co., 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.

At these and other fine stores:

B. ALTMAN & CO., NEW YORK
JORDAN MARSH, BOSTON
JOSEPH HORNE, PITTSBURGH
THE DAYTON CO., ALL STORES
PORTER'S, NEW ORLEANS
ROOS/ATKINS, ALL STORES

LADY MANHATTAN IN HOLLAND / IT'S A TREAT TO GO DUTCH **KLM**


We know what you want and we have it in the College Shop,
Lord & Taylor
Hood

The knee-shy jumper

in a live plaid wool—
green with royal or orange,
by Jeanne Campbell, 25.00
Ribbed black wool sweater, 17.95
Lord & Taylor—New York,
Manhasset,
Westchester,
Millburn, West Hartford, Bala-Cynwyd,
Garden City, Washington-Chevy Chase

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's moving adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Lenka Peterson, Arthur Hill, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley figure in it. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Come Blow Your Horn—An inconsequential comedy about a man who is dedicated to manufacturing artificial fruit and has great difficulty in getting his two sons to share his interest. Julius La Rosa (substituting for Hal March, who will return on Thursday, Aug. 24) and Joel Grey are the sons, and Lou Jacobi is the father. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Far Country—A play concerned with one of Freud's first attempts at psychoanalysis, in the course of which he cured a young woman of her conviction that her legs were permanently paralyzed. There isn't very much in the way of suspense in this drama by Henry Denker, but the writing is honest and the performances by Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker, who enact the principal roles, are laudable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—The dialogue of this comedy by Jean Kerr is comic, and the characters are vivacious, so the fact that the plot—which has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement—isn't overly original is not terribly important. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Wilding, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell are all entertaining in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—A TASTE OF HONEY: Shelagh Delaney has assembled an odd and frowsy lot of characters for her work—a prostitute and her paramour, her lovelorn daughter and *her* paramour, and a homosexual pal of the girl. With Hermione Baddeley and Frances Cuka. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

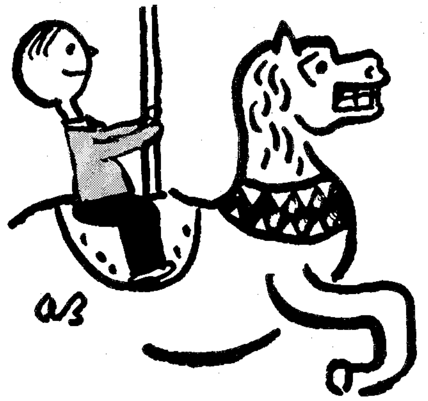
MUSICALS

Camelot—Very large, very lovely, but not very stimulating even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the "My Fair Lady" triumvirate, all had a hand in it. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in King Arthur's court, which, as designed by Oliver Smith, is truly spectacular. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Carnival—A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. Adapted from the movie called "Lili," the play has ingratiating performances by Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, Pierre Olaf, and Kaye Ballard, and includes a most diverting quartet of puppets manipulated by Mr. Orbach. Bob Merrill did the music and lyrics, Michael Stewart wrote the book, and Gower Champion supervised the whole lively affair. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do Re Mi—Reopens Monday, Aug. 21, with Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—BYE BYE BIRDIE: Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn in a musical concerned with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FIORELLO!:** The Little Flower transplanted to the stage and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley is Fiorello, and Howard Da Silva is one of the Mayor's intimates. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **IRMA LA DOUCE:** All about a trollop and the company that keeps her. Elizabeth Seal plays the prostitute, and Denis Quilley is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Theodore Bikel is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN:** The ascent of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France. Tammy Grimes is the lass, and the score is by Meredith Willson. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

	Page
BOOKS	90
THE CURRENT CINEMA	68
MUSICAL EVENTS:	
JAZZ CONCERTS	86
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
ABOUT THE HOUSE	70
THE RACE TRACK	76

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The American Dream and The Death of Bessie Smith—The first of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is a masterly horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a pair of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. The second play, however, is an out-of-whack contest between some Southern racists and the celebrated blues singer who is never seen—and never felt, either. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt again, with a sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict in many-layered symbols, the agonies between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be, but the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is superb. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

41st Street Theatre Summer Comedy Festival—Donald Cook in "The Moon Is Blue." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, Aug. 20.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, as Hedda, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Sept. 10.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An excellent, if occasionally flawed, production of Rabindranath Tagore's 1910 fusion of classic and folk Indian drama, in which we are told, through stylized speech, dance, chanting, and pantomime, how a symbolic king and queen eventually achieve oneness. The cast is both Indian and American, and has been directed by Krishna Shah. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVII, No. 27, August 19, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1961, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE

Peck and Peck

A sidelong look at Viyella

...the softest touch in wool-and-cotton,
closing in newly asymmetrical fashion with
mobile-minded side pleat. In blocked
plaid greens, blues or camel. 10 to 18, 49^{95}

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Red Eye of Love—A play by Arnold Weinstein, with Frances Sternhagen. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—Remember the six-day bike races? In the cast are David Atkinson and Barbara Louis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—A strenuous and only partially successful attempt to supply Thomas's celebrated radio play with faces and forms, which, as before, merely get in the way of the poetry. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting) is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Kathleen Widdoes and John Call. (Wollman Rink, Central Park. Nightly at 8:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 19.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Elaine Malbin, together with two young sprouts named Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, head a cast of two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30; through Monday, Sept. 4. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A goldfish bowl that, oddly, can be filled to the brim with champagne without having any effect whatever on the denizens. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra pipe the customers aboard. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet hums music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, a highly social occasion. Renato Rossini's elegant yet ebullient solo guitar takes Sundays off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous, which has dowager dignity but a spirit of mischief, too, is where Charles Holden's and Mark Monte's bands dispense prancing music after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The dance band of Milton Saunders rambles along in the Grill most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mount Olympus in an equable state of mind, and full of gods waltzing with fetching young things to the tunes called by Milt Shaw's small band and Walter Kay's trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The only murmuring in the stately rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at ten. No music Sundays.

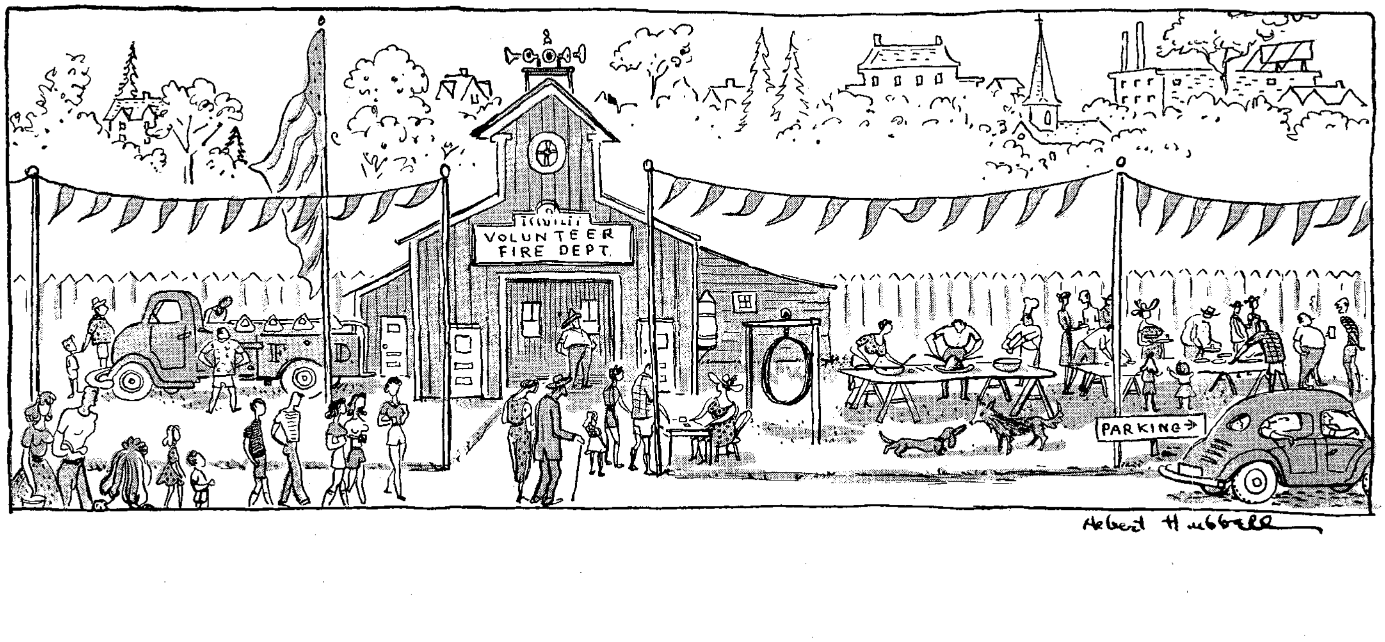
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The major hot-weather undertaking here is the Walldorfkeller, whose theme—part Vienna and part Tyrol—is carried out by an indigenous chef and sommelier. The theme of the third man, the local musician, is of course carried out by a zither, which twangs happily from six-thirty until midnight. No music Sundays.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a watchtower for observers of Manhattan, is the top layer of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, as well as a place where the drifting-and-dreaming music of a trio and a piano is served up from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The phone: CI 6-5800.

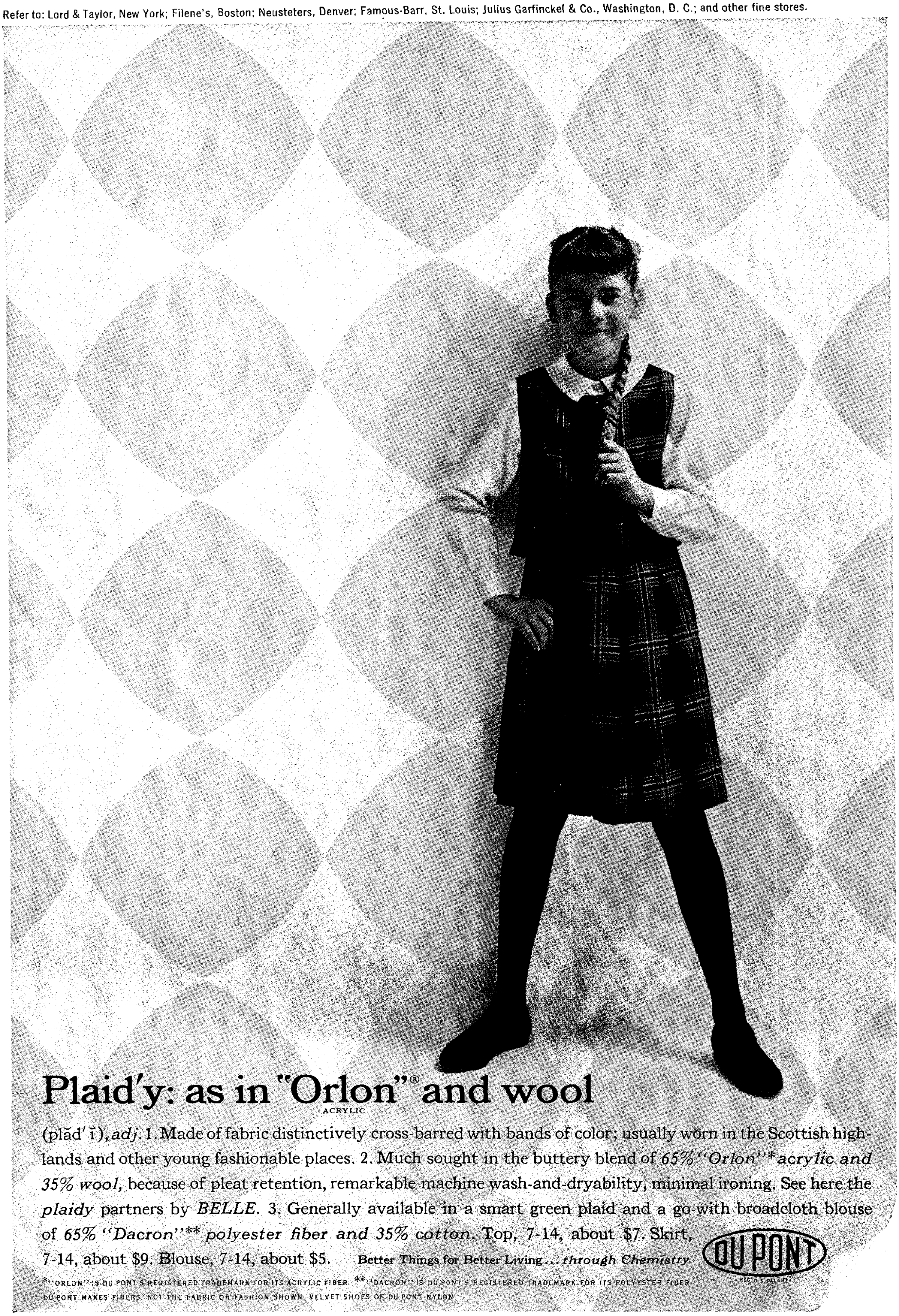
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A real New York cityscape, made up of people who honestly believe that only one state has yet been admitted to the union. They are accompanied from dinner until a late bedtime by the piano of Marty Berns. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The summer work week is just Mondays through Thursdays, but the cast is still the winter one—Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, running a piano by himself from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders appearing thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a bang-bang team. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Wayne Sanders is the Sunday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Saturday, Aug. 19, is the last night before a Roman holiday (two weeks or so) for the entire cast of violins, guitars, chefs, and customers. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A northern-Italian restaurant that can easily be mistaken for a northern-Italian opera house. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Not a castle in Spain, or even in France, but in never-never land. Max Ellin, who wanders, violin in hand, from pillar to post, will cease and desist on Saturday, Aug. 19; on Monday, Aug. 21, Norbert Faconi resumes his duties as music master. No sound on Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A bunch of Latins whooping it up in the oldest Spanish colony of the New World. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the former are a round of strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Polynesia that's not much more than forty-five minutes from Broadway but is still able to go native in its bill of fare and its music. A set of string men whang away in the main room; Jorge Rios, a singer who accompanies himself on guitar and piano, is also on hand every night but Sunday in the bar. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): To the manner born, and all that. In the bar next to the restaurant, Jules Kuti communes with his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The jokes are slyly concealed in the pictures on the wall; the music is Cal Bostic's overt voice and piano, whose spirit is nothing if not blithe. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Music, music everywhere, and a lot of Mittel-european drops to drink. Tibor Rakossy is the romantic tenor, Lili France is the fluttery heroine, and there are instruments galore. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The night was made for love—or anyway that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, and voice keep trying to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): The plaza of this quiet Central American village is now and then enlivened by the flamenco fervor of a girl named mere-



Refer to: Lord & Taylor, New York; Filene's, Boston; Neusteters, Denver; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; and other fine stores.



Plaid'y: as in "Orlon"® and wool

ACRYLIC

(plăd' ĭ), *adj.* 1. Made of fabric distinctively cross-barred with bands of color; usually worn in the Scottish highlands and other young fashionable places. 2. Much sought in the buttery blend of *65% "Orlon"* acrylic and 35% wool,* because of pleat retention, remarkable machine wash-and-dryability, minimal ironing. See here the *plaidy* partners by *BELLE.* 3. Generally available in a smart green plaid and a go-with broadcloth blouse of *65% "Dacron"** polyester fiber and 35% cotton.* Top, 7-14, about $7. Skirt, 7-14, about $9. Blouse, 7-14, about $5.

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

DU PONT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*"ORLON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER. **"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER.
DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT THE FABRIC OR FASHION SHOWN. VELVET SHOES OF DU PONT NYLON.

The Caravelle recently received the Fashion Foundation of America Award "for outstanding design and styling".

explorer See the sea and, everywhere, get seen in your sporty Caravelle convertible. (If Winter comes where you live, snap on the detachable hard top for a snug, cozy coupe.) Navigate rough, uncharted roads, with comfort—thanks to the Caravelle's unique independent four-wheel suspension, its famous Renault rear-engine traction. / Explore also the Caravelle's many other remarkable features: a strong Renault Warranty*; up to 37 miles per gallon economy; looks and snappy performance that remain practically unchallenged at the price. / If you have a secret yen to discover the undiscovered, this is the boat to do it in. See, then drive, the Caravelle . . . at your nearby Renault Dealer's!

*Warranted for 12 months or 12,000 miles.
Except routine maintenance and tires.

RENAULT caravelle

Since 1898

For all information on overseas delivery, write: Renault, Box 158, Long Island City, New York.

ly Fernanda. At other times, piano or guitar rustles in one corner. No Fernanda on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girls who give their all, including the shirts off their backs, are the principal commodity of the giant shivaree that runs a very full course here. Dorothy Lamour, still a handsome woman, and proud of her progress in elocution, sings blandly and prettily. Jack Durant, a compulsive talker, is of the type that bores from within, and maybe in every other direction. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Hubble-bubble, toil, and night life. Dick Haymes, an old hand at gift-wrapping a song of the people, departs on Wednesday, Aug. 23, and so does Fran Jeffries, the unquestionably ornamental Mrs. H., who's a student singer. Next evening's accessions are Mickey Deems, a humorist whose brain now and again scatters every which way, and Della Reese, who chants in no uncertain terms. The gaggle of delightful young ladies who are on probation at their *école de ballet* remain at their post. Dancing for the guests, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Summer finery in the form of a small revue, done according to the customary wise and witty style of Julius Monk, the ringmaster of these premises. The dramatis personae are a fair lady named Lovey Powell, a girl antelope named Freddie Weber, and two boy harum-scarums, Jim Sheridan and Bill McCutcheon. There are also Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, a double-piano set to remember. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Nothing is one half so precious as a few of the bits in "The Prickly Pair," another new revue, but then nothing is much funnier than the rest of it. The Prickly Pair are R. G. Brown, a bright and brittle feuilletonist, and a willow tree named Marian Mercer, who does justice to the handsome ballads invented by Baldwin Bergersen, the *chef d'orchestre*, which consists of his piano. Weekdays at 11:30 P.M., Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and 11:30. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Onstage, there are Spanish ladies and Spanish gentlemen indulging in a certain amount of arrant nonsense, as well as other Spanish ladies and Spanish gentlemen indulging in their national pastime—footwork accompanied by if-looks-could-kill glances and Quintero's band. Jonas Moura contributes a fantastic *pas seul* in the Brazilian manner. Dancing for the guests, too. And in the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado tell a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. Sundays, the sole activity in the whole shop is a matinée tea trot.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): A newly assembled battalion of American welkin-ringers, rightly known as Eddie Condon's All-Stars, inasmuch as the personnel includes Pee Wee Russell, Ruby Braff, Marshall Brown, and Mr. C., who is again making his guitar sound as healthy as ever. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Oscar Peterson, an avowed champion of progress but one who takes no risks (unnecessary or otherwise), does the piano for his trio; Carol Sloane, who came to light at this year's Newport semi-jazz festival, does the singing. Afternoon sessions every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar are Don Shirley and his threesome, who are inclined toward a rich, beautiful, and technically brilliant poesy that can even include the Gershwin Concerto in F. Between sets, there's piano by Frances Thompson, new girl in town, and one who knows what she's doing. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Kenny Davern's Washington Squares, in which Cutty Cutshall, Johnny Windhurst, and Buzzy Drootin are also visible and audible, are the firing squad. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): There's nothing very secret about the weapons employed here, as even passersby quickly discover. The matinées are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Marty Napoleon; the soirées are run by Woody Herman's band (off Sundays) and Cozy Cole's quintet (off Tuesdays), with the occasional (Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays) assistance of Sol Yaged's fivesome. On Monday, Aug. 21, the ineffable Dizzy Gillespie and his band will displace the Hermans. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Bobby Hackett, whose horn has given many a timeless song a silver lining, removes his foursome on Saturday, Aug. 19; Max Kaminsky's hobbledehoys arrive on Monday, Aug. 21. Lee Evans and his summer-hotel trio will stick around. Sundays are assigned to irregular troops; that is, just about anyone with a union card. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The missionaries of progress in their farthest-south settlement. Herbie Mann's sextet is now making its report on its pilgrim's progress through Africa. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Some sort of nomenclature award, if nothing else, should be handed out to Mongo Santamaria and his Afro-Pachanga Friends and Gigi Gryce's Orch-tette, who, eschewing beaten paths, may have simply got tangled up in so much beaten biscuit. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. On Thursday, Aug. 24, Joe Williams (who loves to bay at a deep-blue moon) and Harry Edison's quintet will replace the Friends. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On the stage of this vasty nether world these nights is John Coltrane's quintet, which can pursue a single unmelodic line *in perpetuum*, and Art Blakey's fivesome, a declamatory group. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18-19, Horace Silver's five trembling aspen leaves will be added. Mondays are relegated to drop-in musicians. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Booker Little's fivesome (off duty Tuesdays) and Barry Harris's trio (off duty Mondays) are marking time, or at least their concept of it. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): An old faithful (Randy Weston's quartet) and a more-or-less newcomer (Walter Bishop's trio) have the floor. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

CHARLES CAMOIN—Paintings by one of the elder figures of the Paris School; through Friday, Aug. 18. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

DRAWINGS AND WATER COLORS—Works from six centuries, ranging from Rubens to Motherwell, lent by Vassar College alumnae and their families. For the benefit of the Agnes Rindge Claflin Purchase Fund for the Vassar Art Gallery. Through Sept. 9. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 19 E. 71st St.: A group of paintings (by Margit Beck, Emma Ehrenreich, Jacob Drachler, and other artists sponsored by the gallery) recently returned from a Brazilian good-will exhibition; through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings,

BONWIT TELLER

STEPPING LIVELY
Miss Bonwit Jr.
in Hayette's bloused sheath
of neat wool tweed,
edged with an inch of fringe.
Gold, olive, blue,
in 5 to 15 sizes, 35.00
Miss Bonwit Jr. Dresses
Mail and phone orders filled.
At all Bonwit stores

I. MAGNIN & co.
SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO
FRESNO • CARMEL • LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA • LA JOLLA • SANTA ANA • SEATTLE

Patrician look of paisley
for little evenings...
never newer than in our
overblouse dress by Dynasty
of pure silk Oriental brocade...
incurving in front, willow-slim
and straight in back.
Jade green or ivory,
8 to 16 sizes 79.95

MAIL ORDERS (ADD 55¢ FOR SHIPPING) TO UNION SQUARE
SAN FRANCISCO OR TO 3240 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES
OR TELEPHONE YOUR NEAREST I. MAGNIN CO. STORE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30 to 10:30.)... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Priscilla Roberts, John Pike, and Vincent Glinsky are three of the participants in the summer showing of paintings and sculptures; through Sept. 1.... **KENNEDY**, 13 E. 58th St.: "The Civil War" in paintings, drawings, and prints, by such artists as Eastman Johnson, Adolf Metzner, and Thomas Hovendon; through Friday, Aug. 25.... **NORDNESS**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibit of works in various mediums by contemporary painters and sculptors, including Alfred Blaustein, Karl Zerbe, and Milton Hebald; through Sept. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 10.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit in memory of Electra Havemeyer Webb, containing twenty-six European paintings (by Rembrandt, Manet, Corot, and so on) that she inherited from her parents, the H. O. Havemeyers; through Sunday, Aug. 20.... ¶ More than a hundred paintings, principally by Impressionist and Post-Impressionist artists (including Monet, Cézanne and Pissarro), on loan from private collections in the New York City area; through Sunday, Aug. 20.... ¶ "Color in Prints," about ninety examples showing the development of color from Gothic woodcuts to contemporary prints; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"America Seen—Between the Wars," forty paintings from the twenties and thirties (by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, and others) chosen from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 31.... ¶ A survey commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Italian Futurist movement, with paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages by, among others, Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, and Gino Severini; through Sept. 12.... ¶ A loan exhibition of seventy-five recent paintings by fifteen leading contemporary Polish artists, including Jan Lebenstein, Aleksander Kobzdej, and Tadeusz Kantor; through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—The Romanesque apse of the twelfth-century Church of San Martín de Fuentidueña, on long-term loan from the Spanish government. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—American drawings (Benjamin West to the present) from the Paul Magriel collection; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5.)

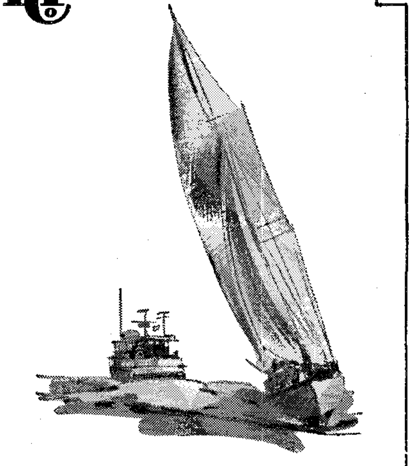
SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred paintings from the collection of G. David Thompson, of Pittsburgh, including works by Miró, Mondrian, Picasso, and Wols; through Aug. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Semi-abstract and figural sculptures (in wood, marble, bronze, and granite), together with graphic art, by Peter Lipman-Wulf; through Sept. 7.... ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Israel London. Some of the artists are de Chirico, Epstein, and Gris. Through Sept. 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Artist-Craftsmen of Western Europe," an exhibit of three hundred objects (stoneware, glassware, wood and metal furniture, enamels, stained-glass windows, mosaics, ceramic sculpture, church vestments, rugs, and the like) from Austria, France, Spain, and other countries; through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

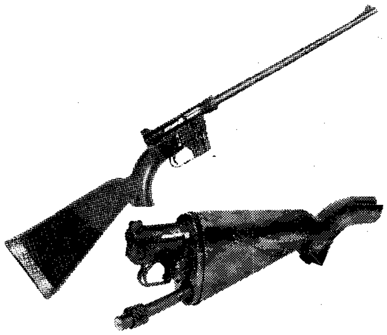
MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"The

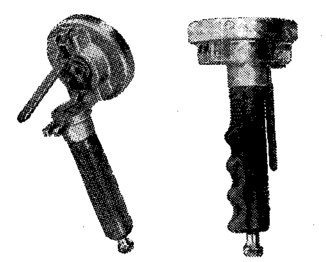
A&F



For Yachtsmen

A&F Floating Rifle—designed originally for survival equipment, proves the perfect yachtsman's or camper's handy weapon. Semi-automatic 8-shot 22 long rifle magazine, action and barrel stow in the hollow stock, sealed against moisture and corrosion. 49.95

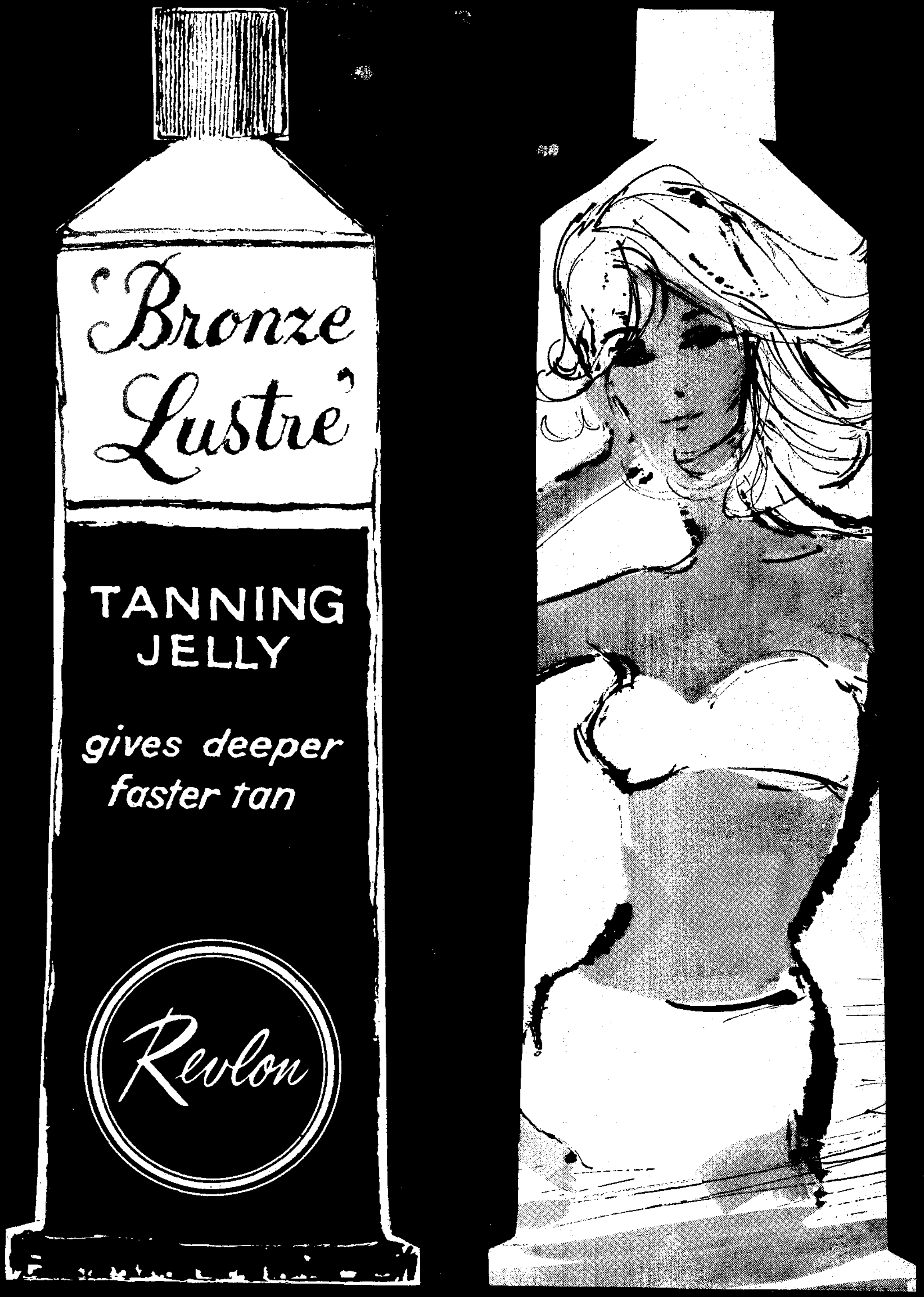




A&F Beer Can Launcher. Fun with your empties! Place them in our ingenious launcher, fire its 22 cal. blank, and your target sails up and away as high as 100 feet. Perfect for wing-shoot practice. Use cans over and over. Not a firearm. . 23.50

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
360 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
BAY HEAD SOUTHAMPTON HYANNIS

Slip into something tan... 'Bronze Lustre'


'Bronze Lustre'
TANNING JELLY
gives deeper faster tan
Revlon

Such a luscious color for summer for those who aren't afraid of the sun! 'Bronze Lustre' tints instantly, tans rapidly, moisturizes completely.

Guaranteed not to stain beachwear by the American Institute of Laundering

© Revlon, Inc., 1961

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Plan on Plaid

for your most important
entry in a fall wardrobe
schedule. Ours, a swan-soft
sheath of Viyella flannel,
woven in England and
finely detailed in miniature
plaids of brown or green.
By Lord's Sportswear.
Sizes 10 to 20. (*N-15*) **45.00**

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
And at our 17 convenient Branches

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Traditional Arts of Africa's New Nations," a display of sculptures, ivory carvings, ceremonial masks, and ornamental goldwork from more than twenty nations and covering four hundred years; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Friday, Aug. 18, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Helen Kwalwasser, violin. The third in a series of five weekly concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8:30.)

Carl Schurz Park Concerts—Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the third in a series of free weekly concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 17, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Chamber Music in Washington Square—Henry Lewis conducting a chamber orchestra. The third in a series of four free weekly concerts. (Monday, Aug. 21, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

Jazz Concerts—museum of modern art garden: Thursday, Aug. 17: The Roy Eldridge-Coleman Hawkins quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 24: Randy Weston's quartet. (11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.) . . . **randalls island:** Friday, Aug. 25, at 8:30: Count Basie's orchestra (with Ocie Smith), Cannonball Adderley's quintet, Sarah Vaughan, Gene Krupa's quartet, Horace Silver's quintet, the Dukes of Dixieland, the Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis-Johnny Griffin quintet, Mongo Santamaria and his Afro-Pachanga Friends, and Lambert, Hendricks & Ross. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 26, at 8:30: Gerry Mulligan's orchestra, Miles Davis's quintet (with J. J. Johnson), Joe Williams, Oscar Peterson's trio, the Olatunji sextet, the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet, Yusef Lateef's quartet, and Lambert, Hendricks & Ross. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 27, at 7:30: Stan Kenton's orchestra, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, Dave Brubeck's quartet, Carmen McRae, Art Blakey's quintet, Stan Getz's quartet, Herbie Mann's Afro-Jazz Sextet, Gloria Lynne, and Lambert, Hendricks & Ross. (Downing Stadium. For tickets, call CI 6-3444.)

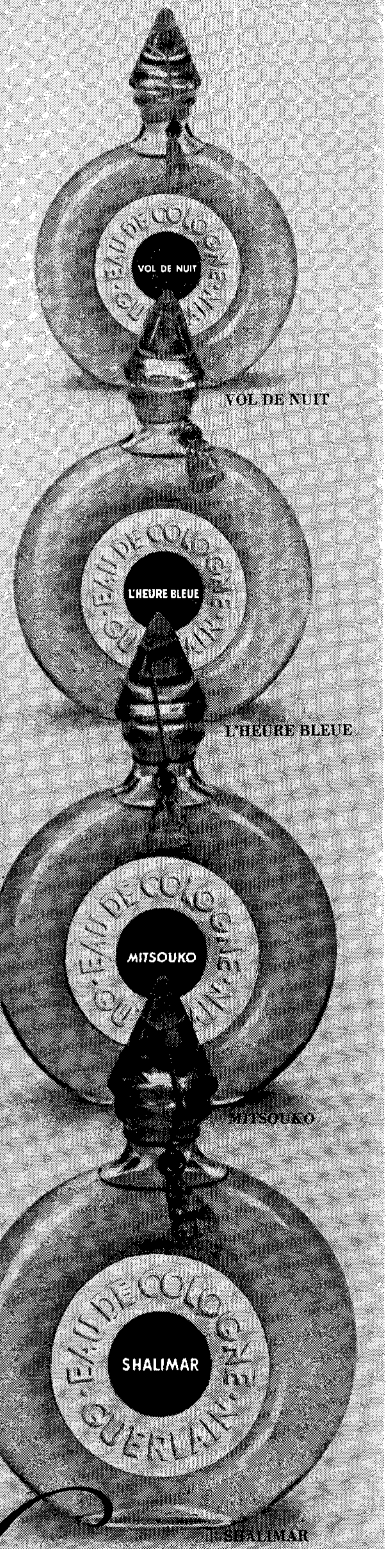
IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 17, at 4: The annual "Gala Evening" program of offerings by the various student departments of the Berkshire Music Center, including a concert by the school orchestra, conducted by Charles Munch, Aaron Copland, and Eleazar de Carvalho. A benefit for the scholarship funds of the Berkshire Music Center. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony, with Claudio Arrau, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Gary Graffman, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20, at 2:30: Charles Munch directing a performance of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," with Florence Kopleff, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and the Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, Aug. 19, at 3:30: The Limeliters. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: The Brothers Four. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: An Evening with Tom Ewell. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 26, at 8:30: Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers and Slide Hampton's orchestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 27, at 8:30: Count Basie's orchestra. (Lenox, Mass.)

Castle Hill Concerts—Leon Fleischer, piano, in the final performances of the season. (Ip-

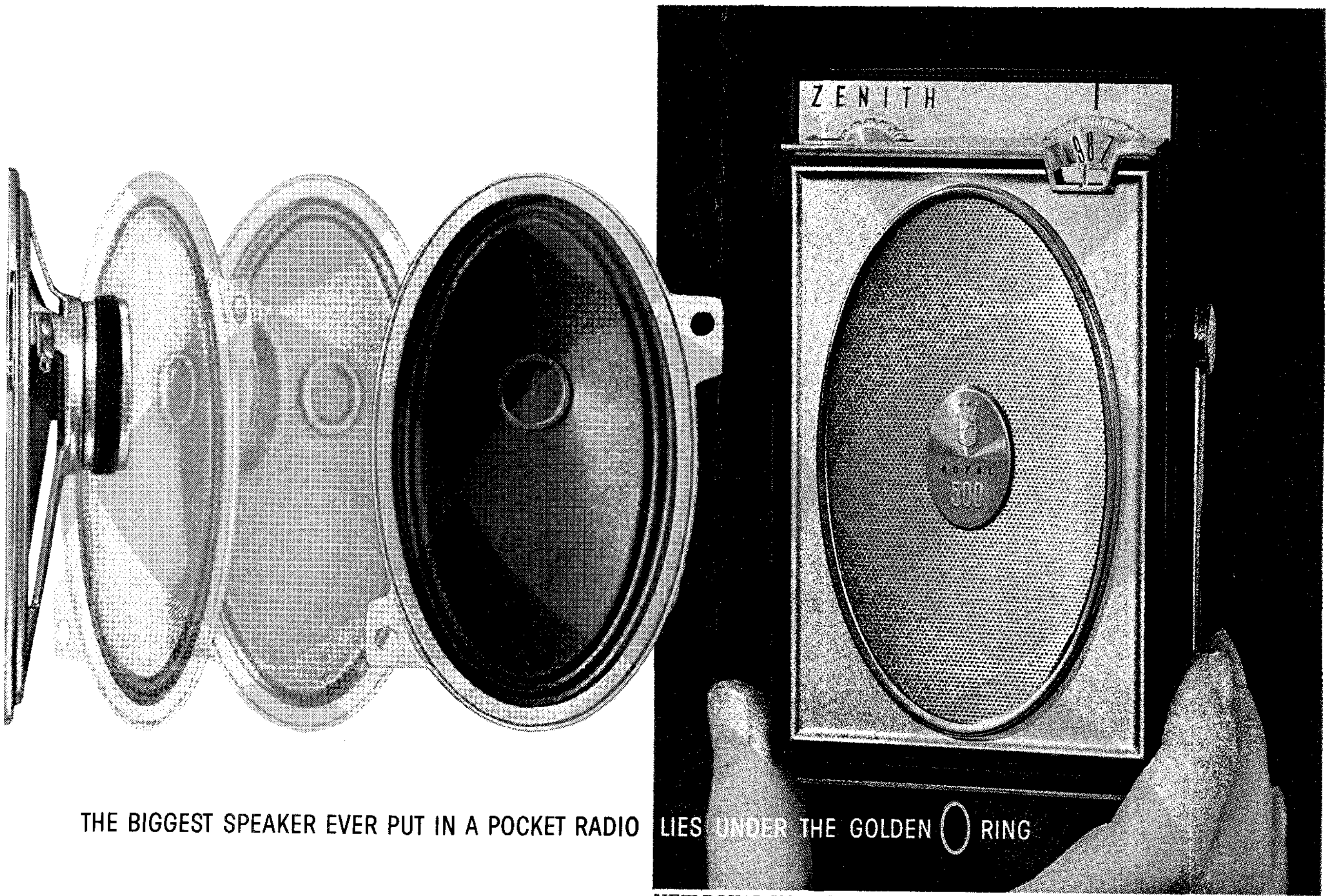
The Colognes of Guerlain
so delightful to use . . .
so flattering to give . . .



Guerlain
COLOGNES BY GUERLAIN
$5.00 & $8.50 plus tax

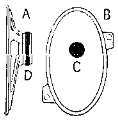
THE GREAT IDEAS COME FROM ZENITH!

Amazing new speaker pours room-size sound from a pocket-size radio!



THE BIGGEST SPEAKER EVER PUT IN A POCKET RADIO LIES UNDER THE GOLDEN O RING

NEW ROYAL 500 DELUXE—MOST BEAUTIFUL POCKET RADIO EVER CREATED!



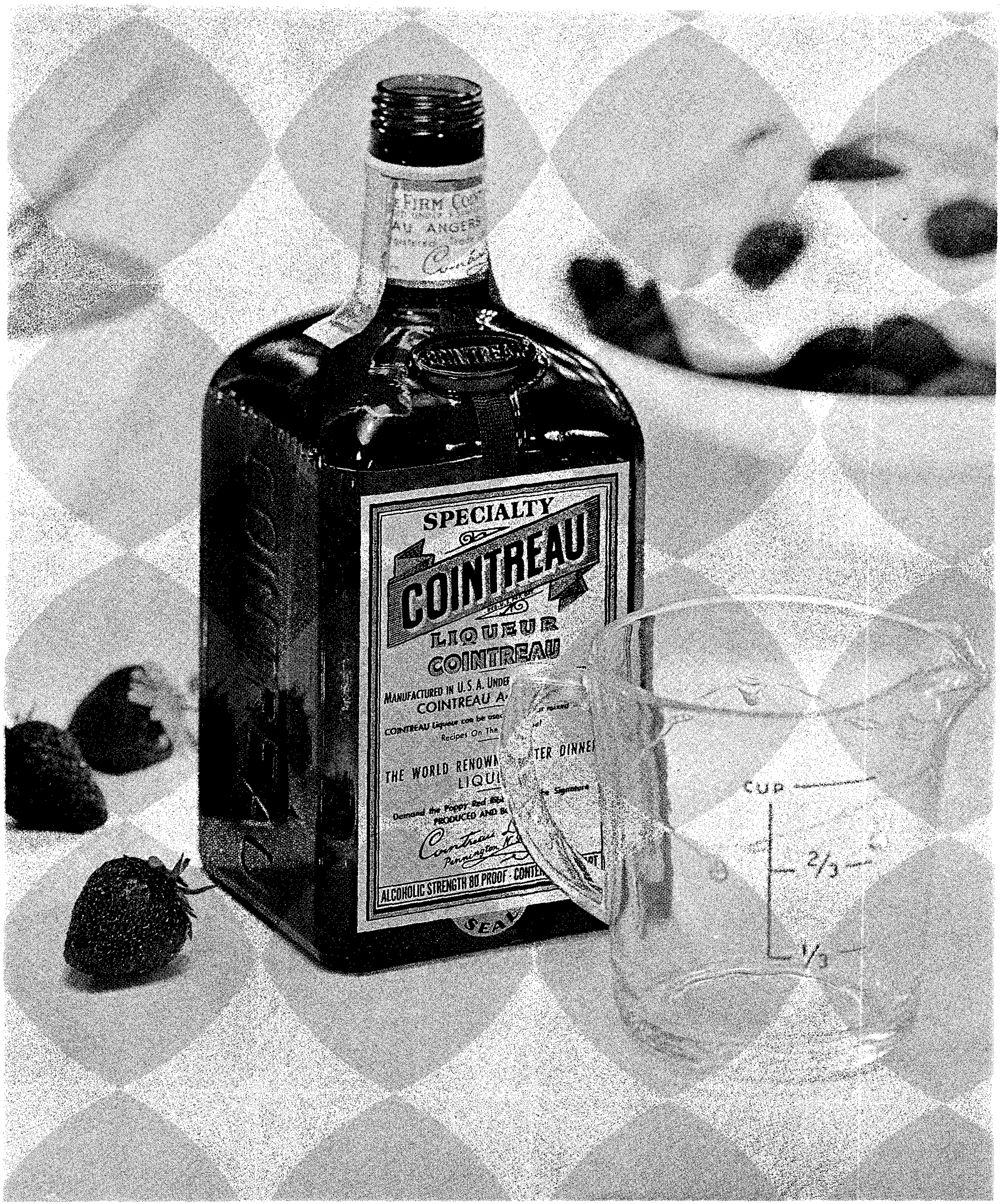
Created by Zenith, it revolutionizes pocket radio! It's the new Zenith exclusive "Extended-Range" speaker (figure A). Its *elliptical* design (figure B) gives it a much larger total speaker area than ordinary *round* pocket radio speakers. Furthermore, the voice-coil (figure C) is offset at the *top*—creating a much steeper cone angle. As a result, *for the first time*, you hear more clear high notes, more rich low notes—tone you've never heard from a pocket-size radio!

The "Extended-Range" speaker also features a radically new Ceramic Magnet (figure D). This *slim* new magnet allows a much larger speaker to be placed in a pocket radio than *ordinary* metal magnets do. This new speaker, combined with Zenith's advanced power output, gives you up to *4 times the volume* of other radios the same size!

Eight transistors—non-breakable nylon case—gold color trim. In white, ebony color, or two tone gray. Quality built in America by skilled American craftsmen. $60.00*.

ZENITH *The quality goes in before the name goes on*

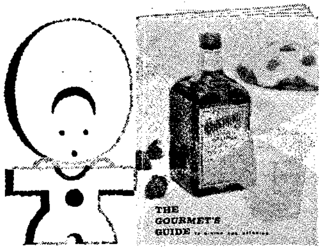
ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS. IN CANADA: ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION OF CANADA LTD. TORONTO, ONT.
The Royalty of television, stereophonic high fidelity instruments, phonographs, radios and hearing aids. 43 years of leadership in radionics exclusively.
**Manufacturer's suggested retail price without batteries. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.*


SPECIALTY
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
COINTREAU
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 80 PROOF
CUP
2/3
1/3

Strawberries Romanoff, page 17, "The Gourmet's Guide"

The delightful *difference* is Cointreau!

Take this recipe, for example. It is Strawberries Romanoff, a delightful yet simple dessert. On page 17 of our "Gourmet's Guide" you find that the magic touch is your use of Cointreau Liqueur. Do write us for a free copy and look at the other 48 recipes for main dishes, desserts and drinks. Cordials by Cointreau—all 20 of them, will open up for you a new approach to entertaining. Cordials by Cointreau, 50 to 80 proof, produced and bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N. J.


THE GOURMET'S GUIDE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

swich, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18-19, at 8:30.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet, with Natasha Magg, piano. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Aug. 20, at 4.)

Southern Vermont Art Center—Claudio Arrau, piano. (Manchester, Vt. Sunday, Aug. 20, at 8:30.)

Note—**JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL:** Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Ten Young Danes, from the Royal Danish Ballet, with Inge Sand.... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 24-26: Patricia Wilde and Edward Villella, Alonzo Rivera, Deborah Zall and her company, and Carlos de la Camara and Myrna. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, Aug. 17, at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 3:30 and 9; and Thursday, Aug. 24, at 3:30.)... **AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL:** Thursday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: The companies of José Limón and Merce Cunningham.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: The companies of José Limón, Merce Cunningham, Ruth Currier, and Paul Taylor.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 3: The companies of Anna Sokolow, Paul Taylor, and David Wood; the Doris Humphrey Repertory Group; and the La Meri Repertory Group.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: José Limón and his company.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20, at 3: The companies of José Limón, Ruth Currier, Paul Taylor, and Jack Moore. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—Yankees vs. Chicago. (Yankee Stadium. Thursday, Aug. 17, at 2.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Aug. 19: Jorge Fernandez vs. Isaac Logart, welterweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 26: Von Clay vs. Doug Jones, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Beers Memorial Tournament. (Ardsley Country Club, Ardsley-on-Hudson. Thursday, Aug. 17.)

Horse Show—Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 24-27.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho.... **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

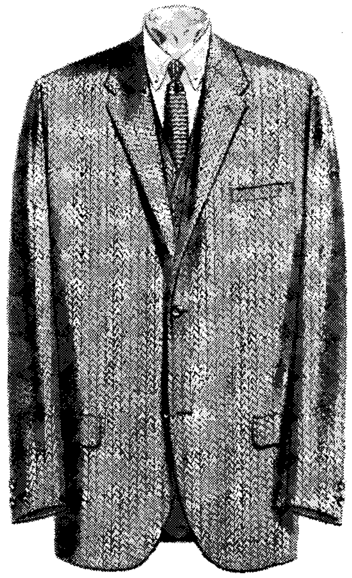
Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Saratoga Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 19; the Spinaway, Wednesday, Aug. 23; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 26.... **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 3. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 20.)... ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championship. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Starting Sunday, Aug. 20.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:25; through Thursday, Sept. 28.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend meetings of the General Assembly's special session (which is scheduled to convene on Monday, Aug. 21), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.



ESTABLISHED 1818

OUR UNIVERSITY SHOP
good-looking clothing in sizes 35 to 42
for college men and prep schoolers

Our Fall selections are unusually comprehensive, including worsted flannel and unfinished worsted suits with matching vests...two-piece wool cheviot sport suits...new designs and colorings in tweed sport jackets...and good-looking new ski-wear and outerwear. And, of course, our exclusive "346" furnishings.

Suits, $65 to $80 · *Tweed Sport Jackets, $50*

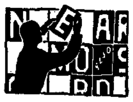
Tweed Topcoats, $80 · *Wool Flannel Blazers, $40*

Our Own Make "346" Cotton Oxford Shirts, $5.75 and $6.25

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Absent-Minded Professor—A celebration in slapstick of a magic substance called Flubber, which enables those who use it to break the laws of gravity. Fred MacMurray is amusing as the man who concocts the stuff, and he is ably supported by Keenan Wynn and Nancy Olson. Robert Stevenson is the director. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 22.)

L'Avventura—This Italian movie has won, and may deserve, several foreign citations for its technical prowess. Its ideas and characters, on the other hand, are dim, and its running time is from here to eternity. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 23, tentative.)

Ben-Hur—This version of the old war horse offers Charlton Heston as the rich, spiritual, and muscular Mediterranean athlete. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607. Weekdays at 1:30 and 8, and Sundays at 2 and 7:30.)

A Cold Wind in August—A picture that knows where it's going and quickly gets there, made by a group of young men who might never have heard of Hollywood. The story concerns a tough stripper and a hitherto virtuous boy who fall in love, and their doomed affair is given an uncanny freshness by marvellous acting and camerawork. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

La Dolce Vita—The pleasures and vices of Roman society, as herein revealed, haven't changed much since the days of the Twelve Caesars. The movie also reveals a number of other things, among them that Federico Fellini is a script-writer and director of dazzling imagination, and that Marcello Mastroianni, who plays the leading role, is the brightest star to appear here in quite some time. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily, except Wednesdays, at 2:30; Wednesdays at 2. Extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only.)

Exodus—Perhaps the only way to face this interminable account of the founding of modern Israel is to take along a light lunch; goodness knows there's little enough in the plot to feed on. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb head a large and luckless cast. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Fanny—A big, cheerful, nonsensical movie, taken (though not taken very far) from the musical comedy of a few seasons ago. Maurice Chevalier, Charles Boyer, Leslie Caron, and Horst Buchholz all work as hard as if they were making "War and Peace," and the result is undeniably entertainment. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

General della Rovere—Roberto Rossellini here makes his so-called "comeback" with a picture noble in intent and noble in execution. A melodrama laid in Italy during the Second World War, it depicts the transformation of a cowardly bootlicker into a true hero. Vittorio De Sica is superb in the starring role, and Hannes Messemer plays to perfection an honorable, pitiless Nazi superman. (Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; Aug. 21-22.)

The Joker—Love conquers all, but only if it's deeds of love performed at no matter what risk to life, limb, and self-respect. Such is the theme of this truly hilarious farce. Jean-Pierre Cassel plays an idealistic and indefatigable philanderer, and the lady into whose arms he incessantly pops is Anouk Aimée, who has reason to look alarmed. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

On the Double—Danny Kaye plays a timid G.I., a British general, and an assortment of Germans in a movie that is purely a vehicle and doesn't pretend to be anything else. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 23, tentative.)

Rocco and His Brothers—The Italian director Luchino Visconti here shows what happens when, in his native Milan, a numerous and impoverished peasant family seeks to rise in the world and finds it easier to sink. A long morality tale, which Mr. Visconti and a well-nigh perfect cast manage to imbue with extraordinary power. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—In his own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city, Alan Sillitoe has provided the actors with some of the most pungent dialogue to be heard in any movie in years. Albert Finney, in the lead, is a delightful embodiment of the Bronx cheer. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Secrets of Women—It has been some nine years since Ingmar Bergman wrote and directed this comic study of the horrors and rewards of married life, but time has only added to its charm. Husbands and wives wound each other with deplorable gusto, but all comes nearly right in the end, and Bergman proves surprisingly adept at slapstick. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Truth—A brilliant study of the young folk of Paris, some beatniks, some not. Henri-Georges Clouzot, who made "The Wages of Fear" and "Diabolique," has directed the picture in a firm, classical style, and has won from Brigitte Bardot an unexpected and stunning performance as a wanton murderess. Also admirable are Charles Vanel, Paul Meurisse, and Sami Frey. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. . . . ¶ Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; through Aug. 21.)

Two Women—The director is Vittorio De Sica. The stars are Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. The language is Italian. The story (from a novel by Alberto Moravia) is about a woman who takes her young daughter to a mountain village in order to escape the bombing of Rome, and starts back home too soon. The result of the combination is a lovely movie that is also, in an odd sort of way, a heartening one. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

All the King's Men (1949)—An adaptation of the Robert Penn Warren novel having to do with a politician very similar to the late Huey Long. With Broderick Crawford. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 20-21, last showing at 3:55.)

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 19.)

Aparajito (1959)—A sequel to the Indian film "Pather Panchali," accompanying the family through further trials and misadventures. Directed by Satyajit Ray. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 18-21.)

The Big Deal (1960)—From Italy comes this takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Aug. 23, tentative.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 22-23.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 18.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 18-19.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 18-19.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith in an account of a hillbilly guitarist's rise and fall in television. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 22-23.)

Fascination (1957)—A romp in the Paris Ritz, with Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn, and Maurice Chevalier. Formerly called "Love in the Afternoon." (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Aug. 23.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 19.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Aug. 19.)

Genevieve (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More brighten up this English film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 23, tentative.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; through Aug. 22.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 22.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 17.)

Pather Panchali (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 22.)

Rouge et Noir (1958)—The Stendhal novel, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi. A French film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 17.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 17.)

La Strada (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 18-21.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; Aug. 21-22.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 23, tentative.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 22-23.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Aug. 19: "Ninety Degrees South" (1933), a documentary film on R. F. Scott's expedition to the South Pole. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 20: "Westfront 1918" (1930), a German film depicting trench warfare. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Aug. 23: "Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"By Love Possessed," Lana Turner, Jason Robards, Jr.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Aug. 21: **THE TRUTH**.
From Aug. 22: "Scream of Fear," Susan Strasberg, Ronald Lewis.

HENRY MILLER, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
FANNY.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
A COLD WIND IN AUGUST.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Aug. 22: "Tammy Tell Me True," Sandra Dee, John Gavin.
From Aug. 23: "The Pit and Pendulum," Vincent Price, John Kerr.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Marines, Let's Go," David Hedison.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Francis of Assisi," Bradford Dillman, Dolores Hart.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Aug. 22: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.
From Aug. 23: "The Honeymoon Machine," Steve McQueen.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 23 (tentative): **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Aug. 22: "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine; and "Battle of Bloody Beach," Audie Murphy, Gary Crosby.
From Aug. 23: "The Parent Trap," Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara; and "Sniper's Ridge," Jack Ging.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 22 (tentative): "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.
From Aug. 23 (tentative): **ON THE DOUBLE**; and "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
A COLD WIND IN AUGUST.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TWO WOMEN (in Italian).

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 19: "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine; and "Battle of Bloody Beach," Audie Murphy, Gary Crosby.
Aug. 20-22: "Thief of Baghdad," Steve Reeves; and "Ring of Fire," David Janssen.
From Aug. 23: "The Parent Trap," Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Aug. 21: "Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.
From Aug. 22: "Scream of Fear," Susan Strasberg, Ronald Lewis.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS (in Italian).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE JOKER (in French).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 22 (tentative): "The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli.
From Aug. 23 (tentative): **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian), revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Old Man and the Sea," revival, Spencer Tracy.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 22: "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine; and "Battle of Bloody Beach," Audie Murphy, Gary Crosby.
From Aug. 23: "The Parent Trap," Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
BEN-HUR.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 17: **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French), revival; and "The Titan: Story of Michelangelo," revival, a documentary film.
Aug. 18-21: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** and **LA STRADA** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From Aug. 22: **PATHS OF GLORY**, revival; and **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Aug. 19: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and "The Adulteress" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone.
Aug. 20-21: "A Star Is Born," revival, Judy Garland, James Mason; and "The Rising of the Moon," revival, with Cyril Cusack and other Abbey Theatre players.
Aug. 22-23: **A FACE IN THE CROWD**, revival; and **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 23 (tentative): **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND**, revival; and **GENEVIEVE**, revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
SECRETS OF WOMEN (in Swedish).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 22: "Thief of Baghdad," Steve Reeves; and "Ring of Fire," David Janssen.
From Aug. 23: "The Last Time I Saw Archie," Robert Mitchum, Martha Hyer; and "House of Fright," Paul Massie.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 23: "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Sand Castle," Barry Cardwell.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
THE JOKER (in French).

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 23: **FASCINATION** (formerly called "Love in the Afternoon"), revival; and "Friendly Persuasion," revival, Gary Cooper, Dorothy McGuire.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Leda" (in French), Madeleine Robinson, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
APARAJITO, **PATHER PANCHALI**, and "The World of Apu" (all in Bengali and all revivals).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE TRUTH (in French).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Aug. 22: "Thief of Baghdad," Steve Reeves; and "Ring of Fire," David Janssen.
From Aug. 23: "The Last Time I Saw Archie," Robert Mitchum, Martha Hyer; and "House of Fright," Paul Massie.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 17: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and "The Cobweb," revival, Richard Widmark, Lauren Bacall.
Aug. 18-19: **DEAD OF NIGHT**, revival; and **THE ENTERTAINER**, revival.
Aug. 20-21 (last showing at 2:25): **ALL THE KING'S MEN**, revival; and "Edge of the City," revival, John Cassavetes, Sidney Poitier.
Aug. 21, at 7 and 9:30: "Tol'able David" (silent), Richard Barthelmess.
Aug. 22-23: **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 22: **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR**; and "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.
From Aug. 23: "Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey; and "Hand in Hand," John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike.

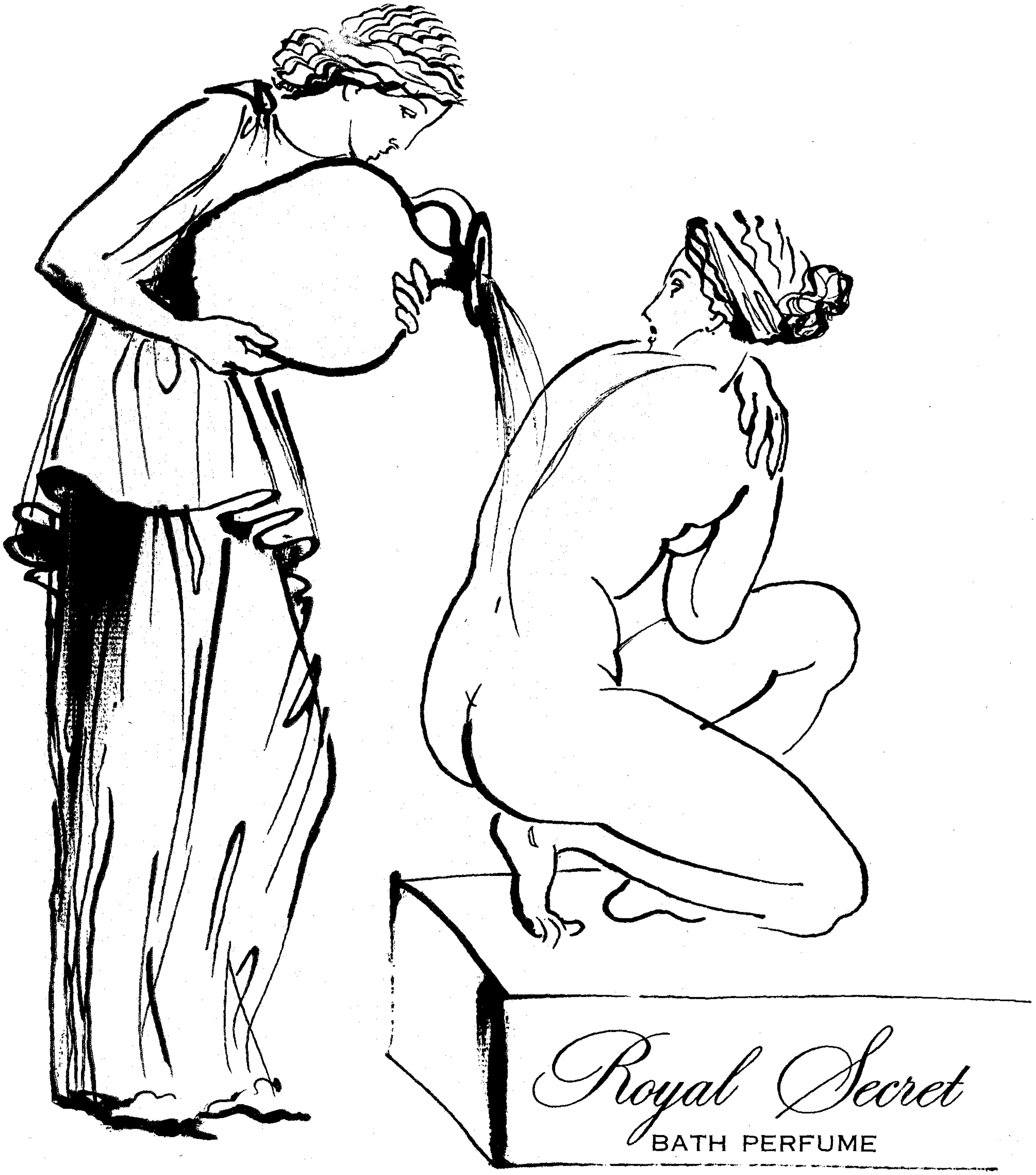
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 17: **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival; and "The Storm Within" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film, with Jean Marais.
Aug. 18: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and "Aren't We Wonderful?" (in German), revival, Robert Graf.
Aug. 19: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**, revivals.
Aug. 20: "Madame Butterfly" (in Italian; formerly called "The Dream of Butterfly"), revival; and "Specter of the Rose," revival, Michael Chekhov.
Aug. 21: "And God Created Woman" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.
Aug. 22: "Concert of Stars" (in Russian), revival, a film made up of selections from various Russian operas and ballets; and "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players.
Aug. 23: A program of six short films on art—"Rembrandt," "Goya," and others.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Aug. 22: "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine; and "Battle of Bloody Beach," Audie Murphy, Gary Crosby.
From Aug. 23: "The Parent Trap," Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 23: "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Aug. 22: "Thief of Baghdad," Steve Reeves; and "Ring of Fire," David Janssen.
From Aug. 23: "The Last Time I Saw Archie," Robert Mitchum, Martha Hyer; and "House of Fright," Paul Massie.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Aug. 20: "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine; and "Battle of Bloody Beach," Audie Murphy, Gary Crosby.
Aug. 21-22: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian); and **TIGER BAY**, revival.
From Aug. 23: "The Parent Trap," Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara.



FOR THAT FEELING OF UTTER LUXURY

Start your day or evening with a bath that leaves your skin soft and sweetly scented. A few drops in your tub or on your skin perfume your bath — and you — with a fresh and heartlifting fragrance that clings for hours with sweet persistence.

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE long-winded lady who sometimes writes to us has written:

"Many of those huge buses that bring people from out of town into the city for a few hours' visit seem to deposit their passengers on the side streets off Sixth Avenue near Radio City. One Saturday afternoon recently, I was walking past one of those parked buses when I found myself caught in the middle of a crowd of indignant women in little summer hats who were scolding the driver because he had not brought them to the spot where they had expected to be. They had been told, or they had understood, that their ride would end at a point along the river where they could board the boat that goes around Manhattan, and instead they were on the corner of Forty-ninth Street and Sixth Avenue, and by the time they found their own way over to the river, they said, the boat would have left. The driver, who looked tortured, was trying to gain time for himself by carefully examining every one of the tickets that were being waved in his face, and I pushed my way out of the crowd without waiting to hear what explanation he would find for his passengers. All the same, I could not help smiling to think how respectfully all those women must have sat behind him as he drove them in—you know how omnipotent those long-distance drivers look, enthroned alone up high in their front place—and how quickly they had turned on him when they discovered that instead of shepherding them he had led them astray, and was going to have to leave them astray, wandering in the city, and was going to have to force himself to climb back up there in front of them later on and listen to their complaints and recriminations during the long drive home. I was sorry for them all, but I thought they ought to be congratulating themselves on the coolness of the day. I had been thinking about the pleasures of cool weather as I walked up Sixth, which was full of travellers who had come to New York for the day or for the weekend, all of them walking steadily along as though they had been told that they had the whole length of the island to go before they found the way out, or the road home, or the sight they had come to see. The day was not truly cool—there was heat somewhere in the air and no mistaking that it was midsummer—but it was nice out.

"After leaving the bus driver and his problems, I walked into a French restaurant, which was what I had been headed for, and I observed with approval that they had noted the temperature of the day and had left the air-conditioning off and the door open. I usually sit at a small table facing the bar, but it was occupied, and I walked back and sat down to an unfamiliar view; instead of looking at the bar, with its mirrors and clocks and bottles and distillery souvenirs, I was looking along the whole length of the bar and past it at the big front restaurant window and at the street outside. Out there were some more of the people I had seen walking along Sixth Avenue; now they were going to and from Broadway. The window encloses the whole square front of the restaurant, but it is curtained across the top and at the sides, so that only a small rectangle of glass is left uncovered, above a tall old radiator that hides the hips and legs of the bodies walking by outside. I watched the crowd, and once I saw two round heads covered with light fuzz go bobbing past, and I knew that two small boys had just gone by. Inside, the restaurant was quiet—too quiet for the proprietor, who had taken charge of the bar himself for the slow afternoon and stood bowed moodily over his newspaper nearly all the time I was there. The restaurant is cheerful, with a hammered-tin ceiling and an assortment of wallpapers—red brick wallpaper, gray brick wallpaper, gay Parisian wallpaper—on different walls. Over the corner where the coat-check girl stands in wintertime there is a small square canopy, striped in brown and white. In the summertime, since there are fewer customers and no coats, the check girl goes away somewhere. When I had nearly finished lunch, a serious-looking young couple, a man and a girl, came in and sat up at the bar and ordered a drink. Then they changed their minds and carried their drinks to the table next to mine. As he was fitting her chair in under her, the man said, evidently continuing their conversation, 'All right, if you must have a definition, I am a Socialist who is interested in lust.' I was fascinated, but he sat down and his voice dropped with him, and I heard nothing more from him until their lunch had been served, and then he said, in a loud voice, as though he were astonished, 'The potatoes are very good here.' Another disappointing man, I thought, remembering the bus driver.

"When I left the restaurant, the day had grown much darker. I was only a few steps along Sixth Avenue when some very large drops of rain fell loudly around me and on me, and they were followed at once by a panicky downpour that cleared the sidewalks immediately. All the people had squeezed themselves in against the buildings and into doorways, and I started to squeeze myself into a doorway, too, but I was already wet, so I thought I would hurry over to Fifth Avenue and go along home. I got soaked, but it didn't matter, I was going home, and as I splashed along I thought once again of the bus driver, and I hoped for his sake that all those angry ladies in their summer clothes were safe under cover somewhere."

Indignant

THIS has been a trying summer for the Metropolitan Opera Association. Embroiled with Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians in a wage dispute that threatens to cancel the 1961-62 season, the Association is also being badgered by a determined Save the Met Committee, which has been formed with the lofty aim of "preserving and renovating the historic Metropolitan Opera House as an international symbol of American musical culture, for future generations of mankind." The Metropolitan, as you may know, is the nation's oldest repertory theatre, having been in operation since 1883. It was designed by Josiah Cleaveland Cady and built of yellow brick in Italian Renaissance style with Romanesque panels, and though its exterior has long since been debased by grimy fellowship with the surrounding garment district, its grand, Old World innards—the famous proscenium arch, the damask curtain, and the sloping orchestra floor crowned by Parterre, Grand Tier, Dress Circle, Balcony, and Family Circle—have been the delight of three generations of opera lovers.

Just how much of a delight we didn't suspect until we had a chat one humid day last week with Mr. Roy Anderson, editor and publisher of the *Choral & Organ Guide*, a rotund, rosy-cheeked, rumpled man in his early forties, who is the founder, coördinator, and guiding light of the Save the Met Committee, and whom we found in the offices of his attorney, high up in the New World innards of the Time & Life Building. "When I heard that the Met site would be leased in 1964, upon completion of the new Lincoln Center opera house, and that the Met itself would be demolished and replaced by a modern commercial building, I was terribly upset," he told us. "But I assumed there would be a public furor, and so I waited for other people to raise a protest. Then, last March, the Metropolitan Opera Association announced the terms of the lease, and I realized I would have to do something about it myself. I called together some relatives and neighbors out in Mount Vernon, where I live, and on March 15th we organized the committee." Mr. Anderson went on to tell us that during late March and April the committee proclaimed its existence in the public-notice sections of the *Tribune* and the *Times*. "We got three hundred letters," he said proudly. "People offered publicity and financial support, and even volunteered to organize subcommittees. Gene Tunney wrote me a letter describing the Met as a legend and tradition for the opera lovers and music lovers of the nation, and hoping we could somehow save it. Late in May, the president of the Metropolitan Opera Association, Mr. Anthony A. Bliss, said in an interview appearing in the *Tribune* that he had detected no public enthusiasm for the preservation of the house, and that, furthermore, he wasn't anxious to detect any. Bliss undoubtedly didn't know about our committee, but that story really lit a fire under us. We ran a correction ad in the *Trib*, saying that we *had* previously announced ourselves and our intentions, and we sent out questionnaires to all the people who had written to us, asking them why they thought the Met should be saved and what they could do, personally, to aid our movement." Mr. Anderson rummaged through a briefcase and produced a sheaf of replies to the questionnaire. "People have responded wonderfully," he said, "and on the basis of their ideas and suggestions we're going ahead. We plan to call an open meeting of all our members in the near future."

Mr. Anderson explained that the only possible way to save the old opera house was to arouse a public that would exert pressure on the city administration. "That's how Carnegie Hall was saved," he said. "Its owners coöperated with the city on a negotiated purchase, and the city wasn't forced to resort to condemnation. Unfortunately, the case of the Met is different. *Its* owners have signed a fifty-year ground lease with two consecutive twenty-five-year renewal options, and they have deliberately inserted a clause prohibiting the use of the building for producing and presenting grand opera or concert-hall performances. Imagine that!" Mr. Anderson snorted, and then shook his head sadly. "A move of shrewd calculation," he said. "The Met Association's own appraisers have valued the property at seven million dollars, but by leasing it for fifty years the directors figure to realize some twenty-five million dollars, which they claim they'll need to defray operating costs up at Lincoln Center."

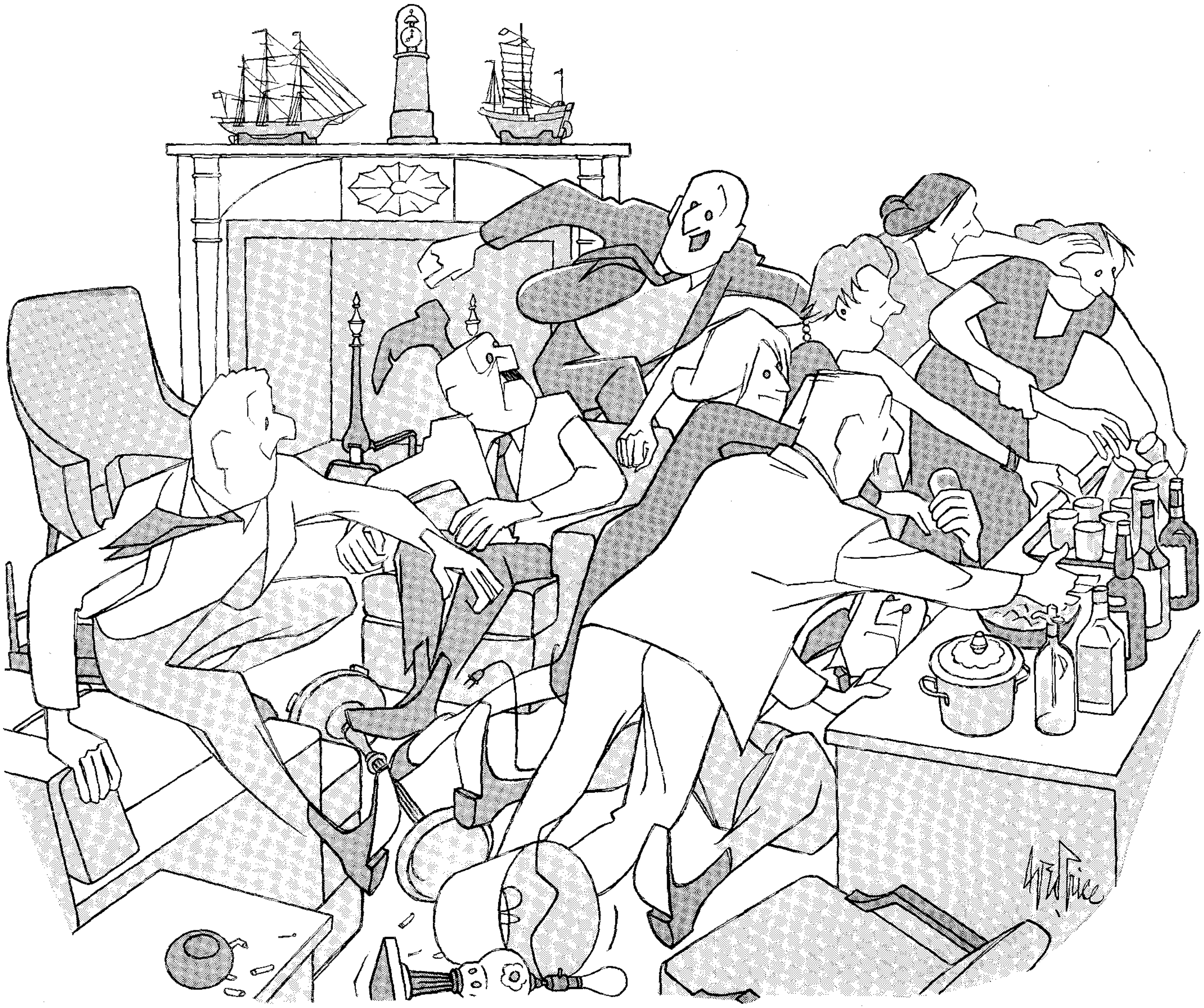
The Metropolitan directors, Mr. Anderson continued, consider any continued existence of the old house a threat to the future of the Metropolitan itself. "They want to maintain their monopoly," he said bitterly. "Our position is, of course, that the city would benefit greatly from having two repertory opera houses. We want to keep the old Met operating in the tradition of its historic past. We hope to invite on tour such renowned foreign companies as La Scala, the Paris Opéra-Comique, and Covent Garden. In addition, we would like to establish a tradition of playing host to the companies of other American cities." Mr. Anderson explained that the Save the Met Committee wants to do more than just compete with Lincoln Center. "We envision the Met as a museum of the whole history and development of opera," he said. "We would ask each country that has made a substantial contribution to opera to establish its own opera room. In this way, we could help immortalize the great operatic singers, composers, and conductors." Mr. Anderson sighed deeply as he contemplated the prospects for the future, and then, returning to the present, told us that his committee has received encouraging support in high places. "The National Trust for Historic Preservation invited us to join its membership," he said, "and Newbold Morris, who will be host at its annual meeting, plans to send a delegation through the Met. State Senator MacNeil Mitchell, who is chairman of the Senate Committee on New York City Affairs, and who helped save Carnegie Hall, has expressed interest in our cause. Mayor Wagner's Fine Arts Commission is also interested." Mr. Anderson stuffed a batch of brochures, letters, and questionnaires into his briefcase and smiled a grim smile. "Now we've got to increase the pressure," he said. "We've got to reach the public in a big way. People can do anything, you know, if they're convinced it's right."

Redivivus

THE nickel is not dead! A friend in Sea Cliff reports that a local ice-cream vender has been winning new cash customers by splitting ten-cent Popsicles and selling the halves to the less solvent children for five cents.

Notions for Peace

"WHY not," we wondered as we scanned the displays of closet accessories, sewing needs, hair-grooming aids, girdles, slippers, scuffs and



"It's every man for himself around here when the old sun drops over the yardarm."

• •

wraps, rainwear, beachwear and sunglasses, and a disparate lot of items lumped together as novelties at the Midyear National Notion and Novelty Show in the New York Trade Show Building the other day, "why not try to turn the thoughts of the world from the space race and the missile hustle to the power for peace of notions and novelties?" And why not? The ultimate question, hanging unanswered, would be not whether East and West are able to refrain from blasting one another to pieces but whether the two have the same notion-and-novelty needs.

If the Russians do not already have pinking shears, dressmakers' shears, and scalloping shears, or pruning, grass, flower, hedge, poultry, and kitchen-utility shears, or sewing scissors, embroidery scissors, and cuticle nippers, would they be interested? Certainly. Could a man who is obliged to endure the harsh Siberian winters scorn a combination bootrest and three-umbrella receptacle? Probably not. The publicizing of Russian achievements in space has inspired us, along with the President, to hope for peace, and a demonstration to the Russians of Western ingenuity in notions and novelties could do no less for them. We have the highest hopes for the efficacy of a key ring attached to a "glamorous sewing tube," and the efficacy of green-and-red wool coasters, each with an artificial-holly sprig attached, for Christmas drinks.

As we paused before the display of the American Guard-It Manufacturing Company (luggage covers, shaving kits, "paks" of various kinds), we were struck by the problems that might arise if the notions industry refused to permit neutral observers to wander in and out of its factories and showrooms. In this event, all of us would have to be prepared to dispel the doubts that Russian newspapermen would be bound to encourage in their readers. Instead, the West should establish its reliability, and should set up a massive and intensive Notional Exchange Program, in which the East should be urged to participate as soon as it had anything to exchange for ruffle-edged makeup capes and portable escape ladders.

The next move might be the organization of a Notions and Novelties Corps—young people interested in promoting these products, regardless of brand. And perhaps an international contest or two might be feasible. In a friendly way, East and West might compete in the development of increasingly sophisticated hangers. (Our own successes in this field include a stay-put tie-and-belt hanger, expandable hangers for growing children, Junior Miss hangers, and luxury hangers made of shirred satin in American—or Russian—Beauty Red.) Still another scheme occurred to us as we heard Sandy Eisnitz, of the National Dynamics Corporation, explain to a buyer how an aerosol can called Repair 'n'

Air fixes a flat tire in less than two minutes ("No jack, no changing wheels, no work at all"): the West could hold an annual contest for Mr. Notions of the Year to find a man typical of, and yet outstanding in, his profession, who would be sent on a worldwide triumphal tour à la Gagarin.

The stature of notions and novelties as a potential global force is apparent in the industry's concern for preparedness ("The Emergency Rain Kit," containing full-length cape, hood, and boots, "is the newest item at the notion counters of your nearest store") and for the population explosion (something called a "skyscraper chest," fifty-four inches high, reduces the need for closet space, thus allowing more room for people). A comparison of space jargon and notions jargon points up the fundamental similarity between the two fields, and we foresee a day when "homesewer" will command the respect that "astronaut" and "cosmonaut" now enjoy. Nor does space have an edge on notions in virility. "Men are the coming thing in notions," we were told, and to prove it we were shown a giant yo-yo made of "heavy walnut," and—without doubt, the ideal gift for Mr. Khrushchev—a giant walnut ballpoint pen inscribed, in gold, "The Big Deal."

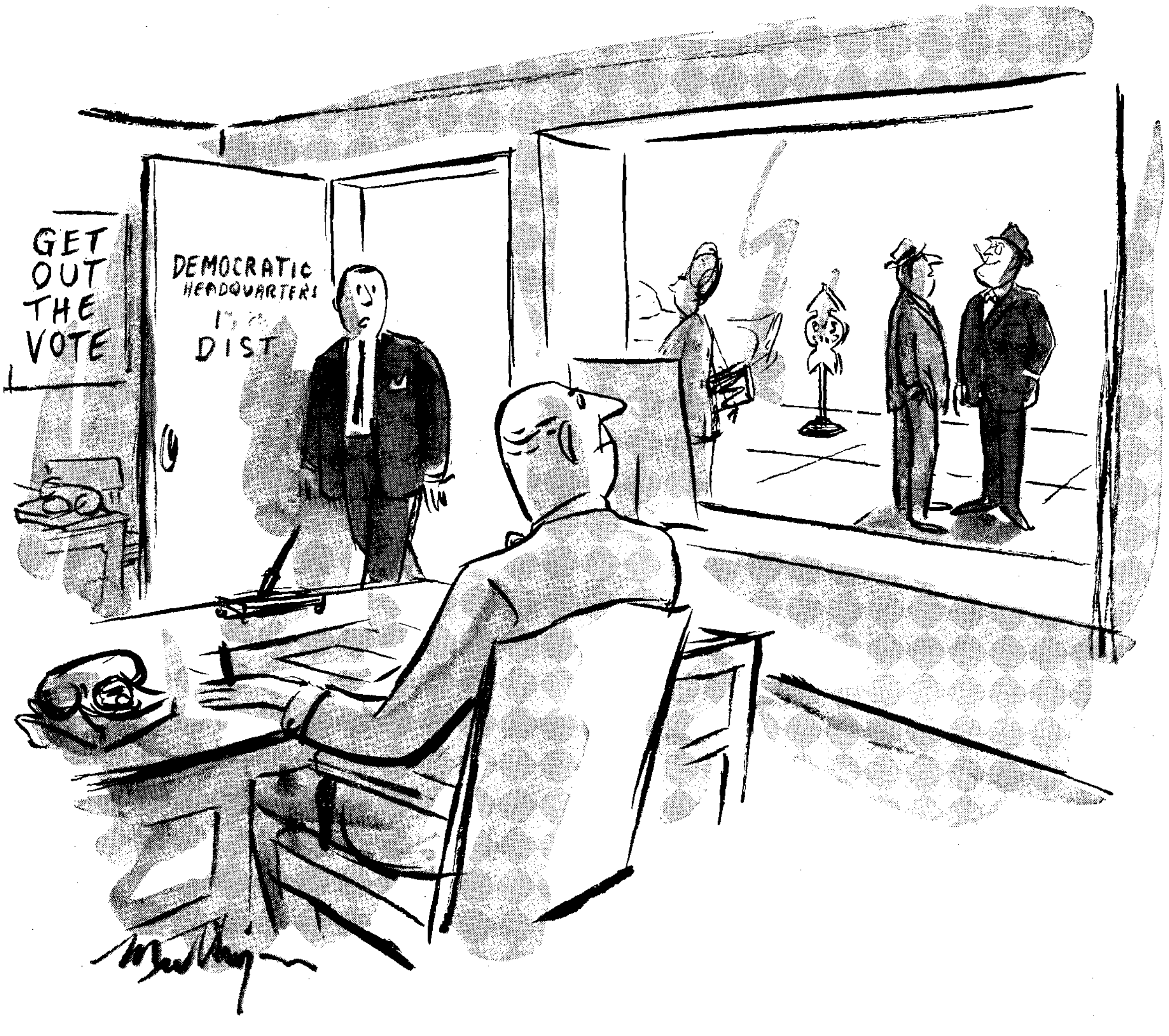
●

Positive Thinking Intelligence: A sign over a water fountain in the Cochise County Courthouse, Bisbee, Arizona, proclaims, "Fine for Using Other Than to Drink."

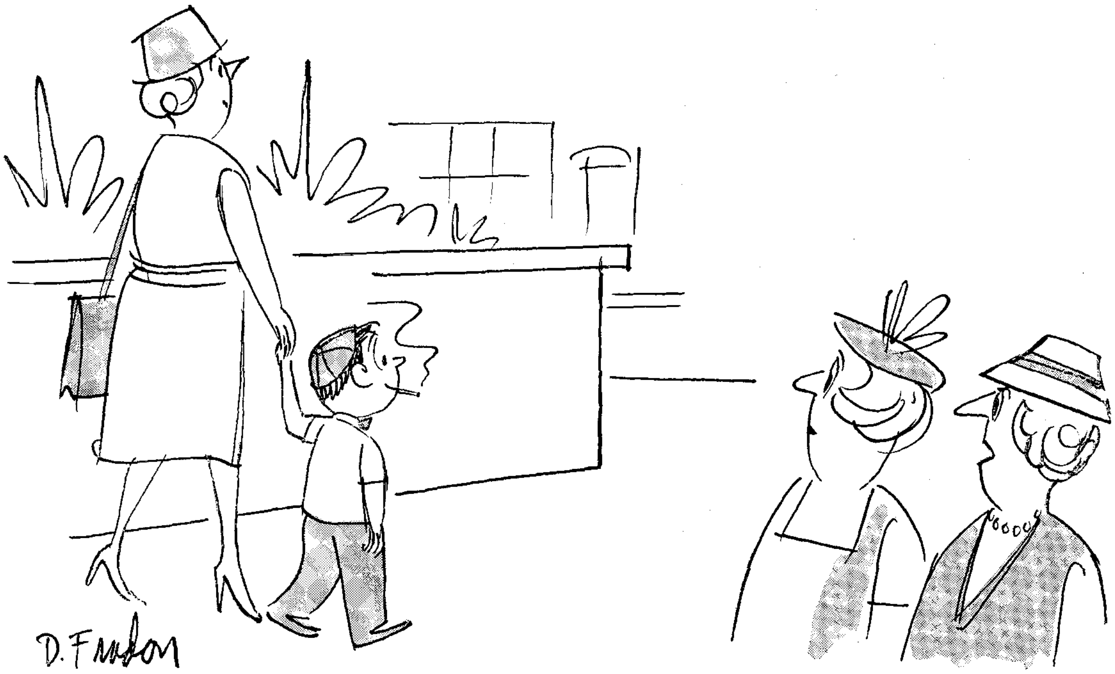
Comedy Cops

THERE is no real Fifty-third Precinct police station in New York City, but there is a lively make-believe one going great guns in a television studio on 175th Street, in the East Bronx, where Nat Hiken, who invented Sergeant Bilko and his celebrated Army crew, is currently engaged in whipping into shape a television series called "Car 54, Where Are You?" The other day, we went up to Mr. Hiken's professional digs—a great, barnlike place that used to be the field headquarters of Biograph in the days when Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Owen Moore, Henry B. Walthall, et al. were silently striving to tear the moviegoers' emotions to tatters—and found the entrance decorated with a sign reading "Fifty-third Precinct." Inside, a receptionist, looking not at all like one of our city's finest, informed us that Mr. Hiken was somewhere around, maybe. "If he's here, he must be somewhere upstairs," she said. We proceeded up one flight, passed several signs admonishing us to be silent, pushed open a door above which two red lights were beaming, and came upon an expanse in which a replica of a police station had been set up, complete with a bronze plaque—above the high desk that goes with these establishments—noting the fact that this was the Fifty-third Precinct police station, built in 1906 by P. Shannon and designed by L. Worcester when H. Troy was Commissioner of Police. The mockup was so realistic that we began to look around for a lawyer or a bail bondsman, but there was nobody there except us, and after a glance at such inventions as a precinct anteroom, a cops' locker room, and a spacious lavatory we continued upstairs, and finally, on the third floor, found Mr. Hiken, surrounded by several associates and in the act of looking over a set that included a small bedroom, a living room, a dining room, and a kitchen.

To be precise, Mr. Hiken was straddling the sill of the window of the small bedroom. "Part of the business of the show," he explained, dismounting on the bedroom side of the sill. A good-looking, soft-voiced, middle-sized, graying man without coat or tie, Mr. Hiken told us that he was shooting his history of Precinct 53 not with three cameras, the complement he was used to, but with one, and that he didn't like the change at all. "With three cameras, you just lit up the sets and went from one to another as you needed to," he said. "The lighting wasn't altered, and closeups weren't too good, but the picture had a nice off-the-cuff quality. But then Hollywood was turning out these finished jobs, and we had to follow suit. What the single camera means is that you are, to all intents and purposes, making a movie, and you've got to worry a



"He says his name is Harry Walsh and he's not interested in a political career."



"I think there's such a thing as being *too* *permissive."*

• •

lot about technicalities."

Mr. Hiken excused himself to check on some props in the dining room, and we strolled into the living room, which was furnished with some early Grand Rapids furniture and an early-model television set, and had as wall decorations a daguerreotype of a fierce-looking Victorian lady and a sampler on which was stitched:

True Friendship is a Gordian knot
Which Angel hands have tied;
By Heavenly skill its texture wrought
Who shall its folds divide?

On top of the television set were "Bureaucracy Runs Amuck" and the Congressional Directory, Seventy-seventh Congress, Second Session, January, 1942. We were curious to know just who lived here, and discovered an informant in a heavyset, familiar-looking character who was sitting in one of the living room's easy chairs. "This is Muldoon's place," he said. "You see, the way the plot goes, Muldoon (that's Fred Gwynne) and I (I'm Joe E. Ross, and you probably remember me as Sergeant Ritzik, the Army mess sergeant in 'Bilko') are partners in a radio-car patrol, and we're always getting into jams with the captain and the commissioner." We asked what era the action was supposed to be taking place in. "Now! What else?" said Mr. Ross.

Mr. Hiken rejoined us, and suggested that we might like to see some of the previous days' shooting. "It's rough, very rough," he said on the way to a preview room. "We have only three days to shoot each half-hour show, and there are going to be thirty-nine shows. Right now we have five completed, and we'll have nine ready to go when we open—at eight-thirty on the night of Sunday, the seventeenth of September, over N.B.C. I really can roll that out, can't I?"

Slowing Mr. Hiken down on his brisk walk to the preview room, we asked him to tell us something about himself. He said he was born in Chicago in 1914 but was whisked off to Milwaukee at the age of one. He is an only child, but he doesn't figure he was badly spoiled by that circumstance, since both his father and his mother—and, for that matter, five of his father's brothers—busied themselves in a shoemakers'-supply business, leaving him to his own devices a good deal of the time. He attended the University of Wisconsin School of Journalism, with the idea of becoming a reporter, and when he graduated he headed west to see how news was syndicated from Hollywood, and possibly do a thesis on the subject. But he fell in with Jack Lescoulie, a radio announcer, and together they got up a program called "The Grouch Club," an early-morning show intended to help people stay afloat at an hour when the ordinary saccharine radio flood was dangerously high. After "The Grouch Club" had had its day, Mr. Hiken went on to write various radio shows; he is still particularly happy about some he worked on in the course of a seven-year stint with Fred Allen. After a spell in the Army during the Second World War, he returned to radio, firmly convinced that television would never replace it. A show of his called "The Magnificent Montague," with Monty Woolley, was cheered by the critics, but at that point radio began to succumb to television. "Even people who didn't have television sets stopped listening to radio," Mr. Hiken informed us sadly. Then along came an offer to create a situation comedy for Phil Silvers on C.B.S. "I had been thinking over an Army thing before I ever met Phil," said Mr. Hiken. "But I didn't give it much of a chance, and Phil and I kicked around ideas for three months—he was everything from a minor-league manager to a meeting-hall proprietor before we gave up—and finally we went to Hubbell Robinson, Jr., who was then the C.B.S. vice-president in charge of programming, and said we were getting nowhere. Robinson asked about the Army idea, which I had once outlined to him. After that, we began to run free and clear. I used to think writing an hour show for radio was tough, but this television makes that look like a picnic. I have a wife and two small girls, and sometimes I wonder if they're going to recognize me when I get home."

We entered the preview room, and Mr. Hiken entertained us with a film about a woman who defies the authorities to evict her from her apartment, the last one occupied in the last building standing on what is to be yet another new approach to the George Washington Bridge. It was funny, sentimental, and implausible. And ingenious.

Definite

A MAN we know set about making a telephone call last week but kept getting a busy signal. At last, he asked the operator to see if something was wrong.

"The number you are calling is permanently out of order," she reported.

"*Permanently* out of order?" our friend asked.

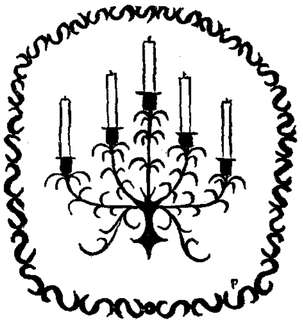
"Yes," she answered, somewhat impatiently. "That phone is *permanently* out of order. That's all there is to it."

THE MANIC IN THE MOON

“MOST trains of thought and avenues of conversation lead eventually to the moon nowadays,” a professor observed at a summer party in Connecticut. We had been talking about President Kennedy’s gift to Khrushchev in Vienna of a replica of the frigate Constitution, and my companion wondered how many young Americans know that the Constitution was Old Ironsides. At this moment, we were joined by a young female American who said she didn’t know, and couldn’t care less. I asked her if she had never heard of the line “Old Ironsides at anchor lay in the harbor of Mahon.”

“No,” she said, “and I don’t want to know where Mahon is, if there *is* a Mahon.” She left us abruptly for the company of less disturbed persons, and the professor said, “It would have been a clever piece of propaganda if the President had had a paraphrase of that line engraved in tiny words on the prow of the frigate: ‘Old Ironsides at anchor lay in the harbor of the moon.’ ”

Since we were now launched successfully into space, we went on to discuss the letters published in *Izvestia* from formerly religious readers who had suddenly given up their belief in God because of the flight of Gagarin. (I have heard no news as yet of the effect of Titov’s flight on Communist letter writers in Russia.) One of these correspondents, I have been told, said that this minute monkeying around in a minuscule corner of the universe (that is my own description of it) proved that science is God, and only Man is truly super and supernal. Why this person had not been saved by the new scientific salvation when the eight-engine bomber was invented, or the H-bomb, I do not know. I don’t happen to be a phrenetically religious man myself, but I flatly refuse to accept Gagarin as the Son of a new God. Since the professor had got into paraphrase, I suggested that radio would overlook a good bet if it did not revive the old “Superman” series and change the line “It’s a bird! It’s a plane! It’s Superman!” to “It’s a bird! It’s a plane! It’s God!”



To get off the subject of outer space, I remarked that I had had a dream in which the Jehovah of the Old Testament offered me the opportunity of changing species and asked me what species I would choose. I said that I would like to be a warbler, but I couldn’t stand the hours.

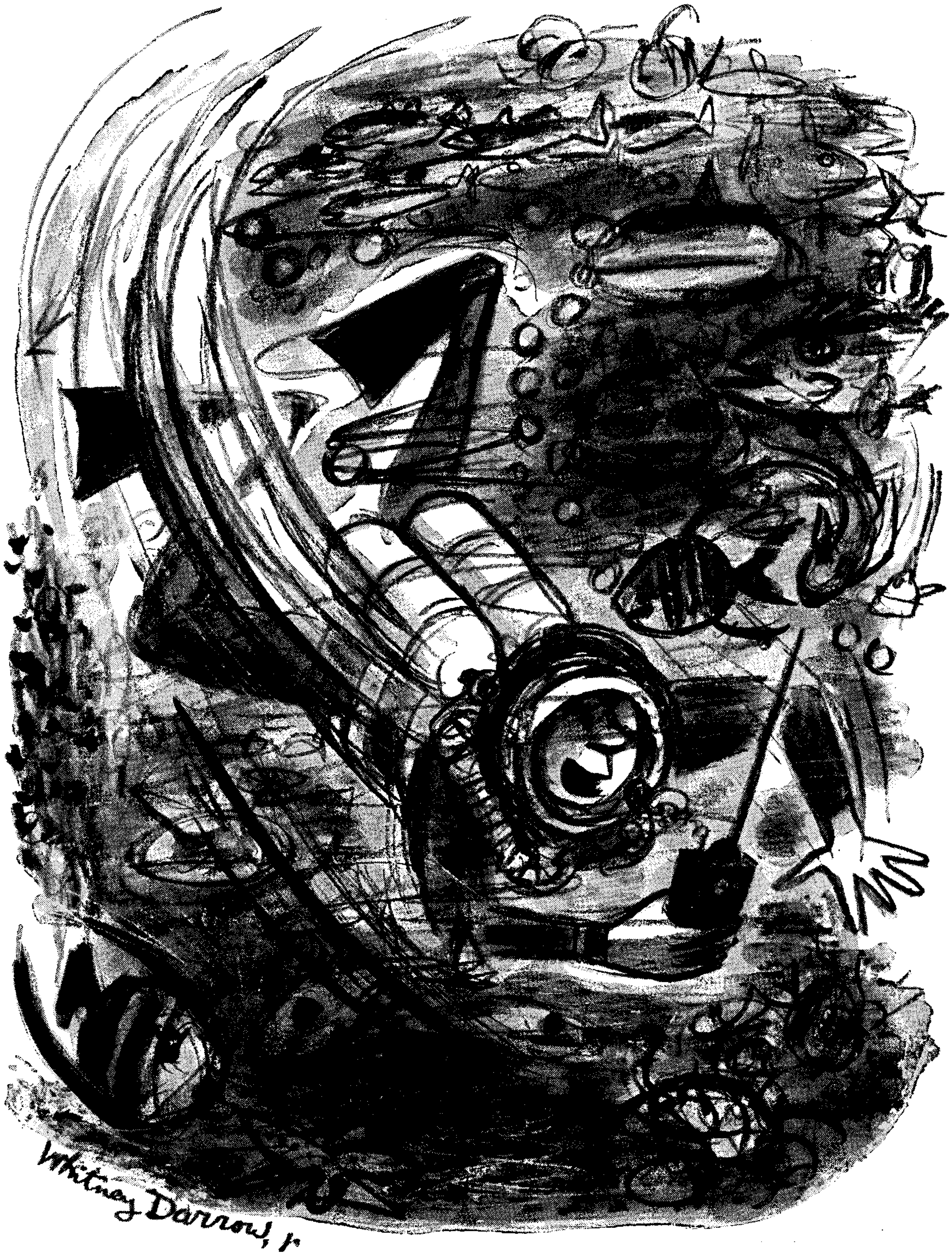
CHARLES WERTENBAKER (to get back to the moon by a special avenue) coined the paraphrase “Lo, the poor idiom.” He couldn’t have realized that he was dealing in terms of prophecy, since he died before his restless species began taking competitively to outer space in order to explore the neighborhood of what Alfred North Whitehead called “a second-rate planet with a second-rate sun,” thus wryly summarizing the Man-shaking discovery of Copernicus that the earth is not the center of the universe. We all know how Man loves to be the center of everything, from attention to eternity. What is going on now, or going up, would not surprise Whitehead, who would have been a hundred this year if he had lived. Man has reached both poles, the top of Everest, the bottom of the ocean, and the end of his mundane tether, and there is no place left for him to go but up.

The poor idiom now stands in danger of being turned inside out and upside down as the result of our compulsion to reach the moon and points beyond. It seems certain that many old familiar expressions and solid clichés will undergo, before long, a complete change in meaning and application. Many phrases connoting soundness and security will, it seems to me, become old-fashioned and even obsolete. “Both feet on the ground” will no longer indicate, as the century flies on and up, sanity in a man but cowardice, or, at best, apathy. The same will be true of “down to earth,” “well-grounded,” “stands his ground,” and “it suits me down to the ground.” Conversely, such common usages as “up in the air” and “going around in circles” and “looping” must lose their sense of flightiness and become symbols of flight. These prospective reversals of meaning are likely to contribute to what is already being called the “space neurosis.” “The world is too much with us” will not be easy to explain, in a decade or so, to a foreigner striving to learn and make sense out of the New English.

One of the inevitable changes that I view with alarm will be in the area of phrases now associated with nobility of character, gallantry, and beauty. Medical science will not be able to determine for many years, I understand, the effects of space travel on the human mind and organism—effects that may be grave and, for all anybody knows, fatal. Thus, “light-hearted” may come to mean a cardiac condition, and “high-minded” may be solely applied to mental states brought about by speed, momentum, and distance from the earth. I deplore the possibility that “earth goddess” may come to signify a female human being unwilling to accompany her husband into the wild blue yonder, hence maladjusted, behind the times, timorous, and even psychotic. Such a woman will not be, alas, “out of this world.” I shudder to think that “starry-eyed” may no longer describe a pretty girl, aglow with love, hope, and wonder, but an ophthalmological ailment similar to glaucoma. And let us pray that “out of sight, out of mind” will not mean, in the interstellar future, temporarily blinded and demented by soaring too close to the sun.

I can foresee in, say, the year 2000 the kind of phrases the disgruntled wife of an inveterate space traveller will hurl at her husband after he has been rocketing around in the empyrean off and on for a decade or so. I have a premonition that they will include “Go jump into space,” “Tell it to the Martians!,” “Get lost in the stars,” and “I’m tired of you throwing your weightlessness around.”

AN American friend of mine in London, where I recently spent several months trying not to think about the future, staggered into my hotel room one day, asked me for God’s sake to give him a drink, and, when I did, began pouring out his fears about the coming ominous effects of space mania upon certain popular songs in which the moon figures as a romantic symbol of love and lovers. “We can’t keep on singing ‘The moon belongs to everyone, the best things in life are free,’ ” he babbled, “if either Russia or the United States plants its flag on the moon first.” What especially worried my friend, he told me on his second drink, was what will happen to the last line of the old ballad called “I’ll Be Seeing You.” I didn’t happen to remember that last line offhand, and so he sang it for me: “I’ll be looking at the moon, but I’ll be seeing you.” He sang it so loudly and with such a note of terror in his voice that my wife rushed in from the next room and said, “Are you all right?” We both said “No,” in unison, and she withdrew and shut the door behind her. “The women


Whitney Darrow, jr.

"This is Ed Barney, your Weekend Angler, reporting. The blues are running off Montauk. Flounder and bass are plentiful . . ."

• •

are not worrying enough," my friend said.

"They're down to earth, that's why," I told him. "They have a leg to stand on." And then I asked, "What worries you so much about that last line you just sang?"

"I'll tell you what worries me about it," he said. "I woke up this morning and found myself singing 'I'll be looking at the moon, but I'll be seeing U.S.S.R.' Then I got into 'I've told every little star just how wonderful U.S.S.R.'" He sat down and put his head in his trembling hands.

"You're going to get the Birch Society after you if you don't look out," I warned him. "If you're going to go air-minded—that is, space-kooky—for heaven's sake do it patriotically."

"How?" he demanded.

"Well," I said, "take that old Crosby ballad 'Moonlight Becomes You.' Now, the last line of that goes, 'Moonlight becomes you so.' Why not change that to 'Moonlight becomes U.S.'? You might also try 'I told every milky way all about the U.S.A.'"

My moon-struck visitor wasn't listening, though, and suddenly began walking up and down again. "How do we know stars fell on Alabama?" he demanded. "Maybe they were thrown there—by a Castronaut!" he yelped. He walked over and waved a finger at me, as if I were to blame for it all. "Do you know what moonbeams will become?" he said. "They will become messages beamed at the moon! Even if the moon finally does belong to us, it will no longer be one of the best things in life that are free. It will cost forty-eight billion dollars."

"Nobody has planted a flag on the moon yet," I reminded him. "It still has its place in poetry and romance, and, as a satellite, it still goes on affecting the tides."

"It affects the tides and the fit-to-be-tieds," my friend said mournfully.

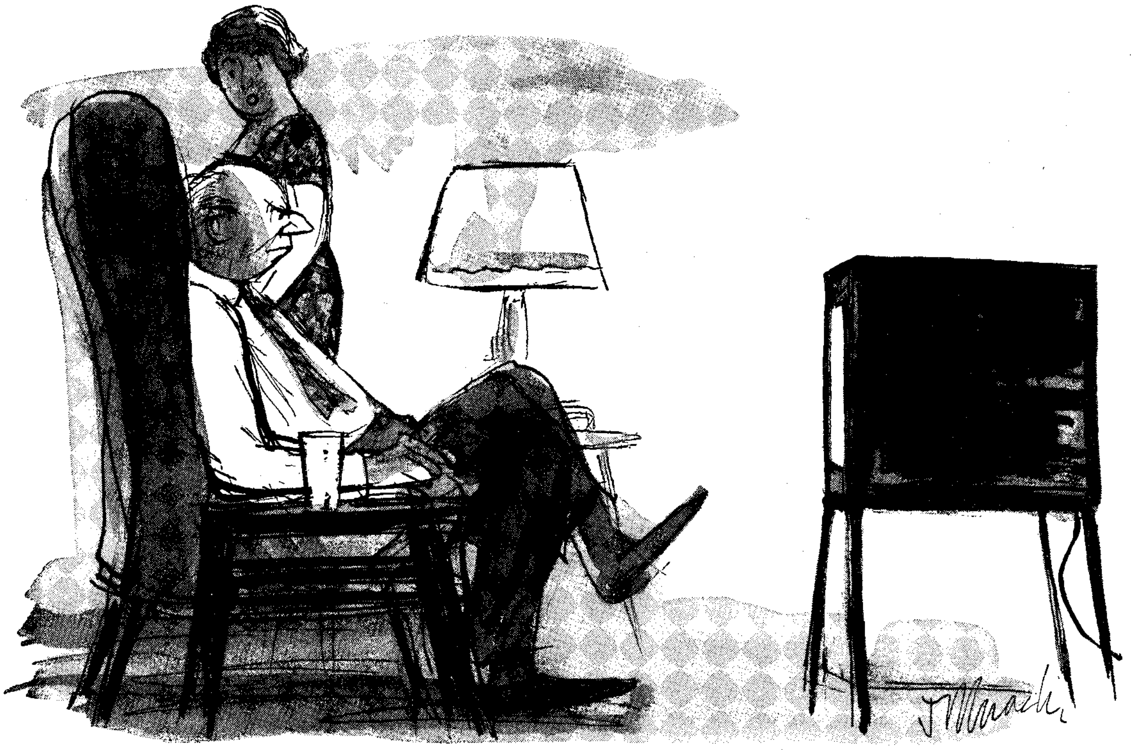
Before long, he went to sleep in his chair, and for a while I sat brooding about the imminent disfigurations of sense and meaning. "Inner man" would someday be nothing more than a man inside a space capsule, and "somebody up there loves me" would be an allusion to a husband, lover, father, or son in orbit.

I went into the bedroom and asked my wife what we should do about my visitor. "Why don't you call his wife and tell her to come over and get him?" she said. So I telephoned his flat, but his wife was out, and Clara, the maid, answered the phone. Clara is a foreigner who has always spoken an unknown language all her own, but I discovered, to my dismay, that it had become distorted by space thoughts.

"She has gone to the moonies," said Clara, "I mean the movies. Now wasn't that stupnik of me!"

"Get thee to a moonery," I said, and hung up on her.

"What's the matter with every-



"Oh, for heaven's sake, you'd think you had a monopoly! Right this minute it's insulting the intelligence of millions *of Americans."*

• •

body?" my wife asked, meaning me, my space-ridden friend in the next room, and all other men. I thought it over for a moment and then told her.

"*Everybody is talking in moonosyllables*," I said. "It's becoming moonotonous. It's a goddam moonstrosity." I thought that covered it, but my wife, as she so often does, topped me.

"You're moondoggling," she said. "Why don't you get your mind on something else?"

When I went back into the living room, my friend was wide awake again and fixing himself a double Scotch-and-soda. He took up his babbling where he had left off. "In ten years everything we now say will have a new meaning, or maybe I should say a new mooning."

"Please don't," I broke in, but he went right on.

"Footloose and fancy free will become footloose and fanny free, meaning the astronaut can't get his feet on the floor of the spaceship or his bottom on the chair. A fast woman will simply be one who is going at a speed of seventeen hundred miles a minute. If she is in a delicate condition, it will mean she is so far from earth that she weighs less than fifteen pounds."

I got him to his flat in Russell Square somehow, and turned him over to his wife, who had got back from the moonies. When she had put him to bed and returned to the living room, she pointed nervously at a potted plant on a table. "Do you know what he calls that?" she quavered.

"I can guess," I said. "He calls it a potted planet." I was right.

"When I got home, I found Clara in tears," she told me. "She said you told her to get her to a moonastery."

"I did not," I said. "I would never tell a woman to get her to a moonastery. *You* know that."

"I don't know what I know. I don't know what anybody is talking about any more."

MY hotel in London is near Green Park, and when I am there in spring and summer I am waked each morning by the gay singing of a blackbird. His song takes my mind off the moony present and the star-crossed future, and back to the tranquil years that W. E. Henley wrote about. The morning after my friend's descent upon me, I began whistling in bed, accompanied by the blackbird's boxwood flute. This woke up my wife, who said drowsily, "I'm glad you're in a better moon—I mean—"

"I know what you mean," I told her, "but for God's sake don't tell me I'm in high spirits. High spirits is what you drink from a flask when you are two hundred and fifty thousand miles from earth."

"It isn't far enough," my wife murmured as she dropped off to sleep again. I wasn't so lucky.

When I got back to my home in the United States, I turned to the Oxford English Dictionary and looked up "moon." One of the definitions I encountered was "moon-proof: proof against the moon's light or influence." Obviously, we are going to need moon-proofers as time goes onward and upward. The practice of moonproofing may even become a branch of psychiatry, like psychotherapy. The expression "in a moon" once meant "in a fit of frenzy," and the moon-proofers will have to get their patients out of that condition.

Paul Nash, the English painter and critic, who died long before the race into space began, once did a collage showing the moon being attacked by a certain European herb with showy flowers, and he called his creation "Last Night Light and Heavy Hellebores Bombed the Mountains of the Moon." I found, on looking up the herb in the dictionary, that the powdered root of the white American hellebore is used to kill lice and caterpillars. Now, it happens that lice and caterpillars are not two of my many problems, but I keep thinking about Paul Nash's floral bombers, and I wish he were still on earth to do another, more timely collage, one to be entitled "Last Night Light and Heavy Moonbores Attacked the Mountains of the Earth."

What do you say we all sleep outdoors one of these balmy summer nights, braving the agitating effects of moonlight? We might even try to remember the years when tranquillity did not come in bottles but was a simple anodyne of nature, the years when the outdoors at night, under the light of our so disturbing satellite, was serenely known as the Inn of the Silver Moon.

—JAMES THURBER

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Examiner*]

BATESVILLE (ARK.)—(AP)—When leaves on an elm tree turned mysteriously red, newspaper editor Paul Buchanan sought an explanation from various observers.

It wasn't blight nor insects, experts agreed. Then Buchanan solved his own mystery.

PIGEON FEATHERS

WHEN they moved to Firetown, things were upset, displaced, rearranged. A red cane-back sofa that had been the chief piece in the living room at Olinger was here banished, too big for the narrow country parlor, to the barn, and shrouded under a tarpaulin. Never again would David lie on its length all afternoon eating raisins and reading mystery novels and science fiction and P. G. Wodehouse. The blue wing chair that had stood for years in the ghostly, immaculate guest bedroom in town, gazing through windows curtained with dotted swiss at the telephone wires and horse-chestnut trees and opposite houses, was here established importantly in front of the smutty little fireplace that supplied, in those first cold April days, their only heat. As a child, David had always been afraid of the guest bedroom—it was there that he, lying sick with the measles, had seen a black rod the size of a yardstick jog along at a slight slant beside the edge of the bed, and vanish when he screamed—and it was disquieting to have one of the elements of its haunted atmosphere basking by the fire, in the center of the family, growing sooty with use. The books that at home had gathered dust in the case beside the piano were here hastily stacked, all out of order, in the shelves that the carpenters had built low along one wall. David, at fourteen, had been more moved than a mover; like the furniture, he had to find a new place, and on the Saturday of the second week tried to work off some of his disorientation by arranging the books.

It was a collection obscurely depressing to him, mostly books his mother had acquired when she was young: college anthologies of Greek plays and Romantic poetry; Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy;" a soft-leather set of Shakespeare with string bookmarks sewed to the bindings; "Green Mansions," boxed and illustrated with woodcuts; "I, the Tiger," by Manuel Komroff; novels by names like Galsworthy and Ellen Glasgow and Irvin S. Cobb and Sinclair Lewis and "Elizabeth." The odor of faded taste made him feel the ominous gap between himself and his parents, the insulting gulf of time that existed before he was born. Suddenly he was tempted to dip into this time. From the heaps of books around him on the broad old floorboards, he picked up Volume II of a four-volume set of "An Outline of History," by H. G. Wells. The book's red binding had faded to orange pink on the spine. When he lifted the cover, there was a sweetish, atticlike smell, and his mother's maiden name written in unfamiliar handwriting on the flyleaf—an upright, bold, yet careful signature, bearing a faint relation to the quick scrunched backslant that flowed with marvellous consistency across her shopping lists and budget accounts and notes on Christmas cards to college friends from this same, vaguely menacing long ago.

He leafed through, pausing at drawings, done in an old-fashioned stippled style, of bas-reliefs, masks, Romans without pupils in their eyes, articles of ancient costume, fragments of pottery found in unearthed homes. The print was determinedly legible, and smug, like a lesson book. As he bent over the pages, yellow at the edges, they were like rectangles of dusty glass through which he looked down into unreal and irrelevant worlds. He could see things sluggishly move, and an unpleasant fullness came into his throat. His mother and grandmother fussed in the kitchen; the puppy, which they had just acquired, "for protection in the country," was cowering, with a sporadic panicked scrabble of claws, under the dining table that in their old home had been reserved for special days but that here was used for every meal.

Then, before he could halt his eyes, David slipped into Wells' account of Jesus. He had been an obscure political agitator, a kind of hobo, in a minor colony of the Roman Empire. By an accident impossible to reconstruct, he (the small "h" horrified David) survived his own crucifixion and presumably died a few weeks later. A religion was founded on the freakish incident. The credulous imagination of the times retrospectively assigned miracles and supernatural pretensions to Jesus; a myth grew, and then a church, whose theology at most points was in direct contradiction of the simple, rather communistic teachings of the Galilean.

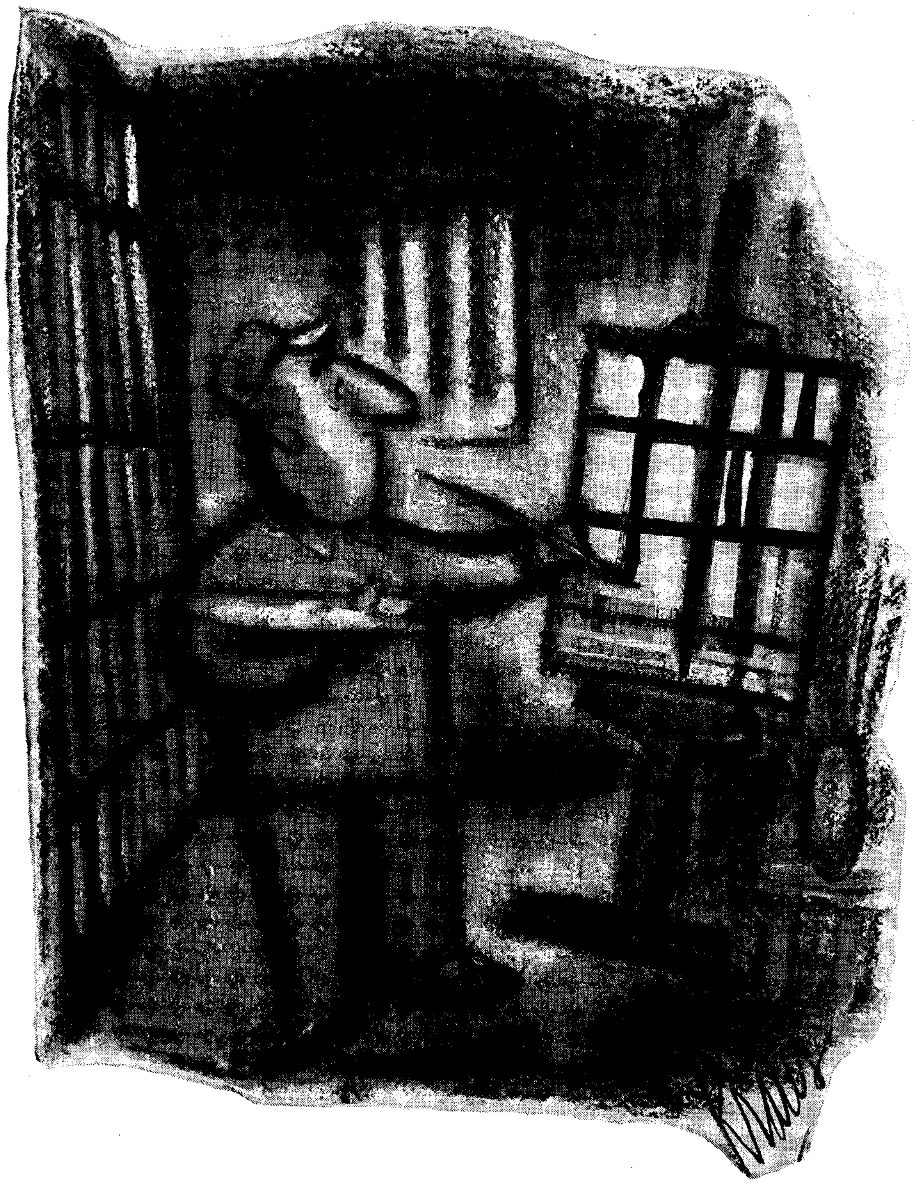
It was as if a stone that for weeks and even years had been gathering weight in the web of David's nerves snapped them, plunged through the page, and a hundred layers of paper underneath. These fantastic falsehoods (plainly untrue; churches stood everywhere, the entire nation was founded "under God") did not at first frighten him; it was the fact that they had been permitted to exist in an actual human brain. This was the initial impact—that at a definite spot in time and space a brain black with the denial of Christ's divinity had been suffered to exist; that the universe had not spit out this ball of tar but allowed it to continue in its blasphemy, to grow old, win honors, wear a hat, write books that, if true, collapsed everything into a jumble of horror. The world outside the deep-silled windows—a rutted lawn, a whitewashed barn, a walnut tree frothy with fresh green—seemed a haven from which he was forever sealed off. Hot washrags seemed pressed against his cheeks.

He read the account again. He tried to supply out of his ignorance objections that would defeat the complacent march of these black words, and found none. Survivals and misunderstandings more farfetched were reported daily in the papers. But none of them caused churches to be built in every town. He tried to work backward through the churches, from their brave high fronts through their shabby, ill-attended interiors back into the events at Jerusalem, and felt himself surrounded by shifting gray shadows, centuries of history, where he knew nothing. The thread dissolved in his hands. Had Christ ever come to him, David Kern, and said, "Here. Feel the wound in My side"? No; but prayers had been answered. What prayers? He had prayed that Rudy Mohn, whom he had purposely tripped so he cracked his head on their radiator, not die, and he had not died. But for all the blood, it was just a cut; Rudy came back the same day, wearing a bandage and repeating the same teasing words. He could never have died. Again, David had prayed for two separate photographs of movie stars he had sent away for to arrive tomorrow, and though they did not, they did arrive, some days later, together, popping through the clacking letter slot like a rebuke from God's mouth: *I answer your prayers in My way, in My time.* After that, he had made his prayers less definite, less susceptible of being twisted into a scolding. But what a tiny, ridiculous coincidence this was, after all, to throw into battle against H. G. Wells' engines of knowledge! Indeed, it proved the enemy's point: Hope bases vast premises on foolish accidents, and reads a word where in fact only a scribble exists.

His father came home. They had supper. It got dark. He had to go to the bathroom, and took a flashlight down through the wet grass to the outhouse. For once, his fear of spiders there felt trivial. He set the flashlight, burning, beside him, and an insect alighted on its lens, a tiny insect, a mosquito or flea, so fragile and fine that the weak light projected its X-ray onto the wall boards: the faint rim of its wings, the blurred strokes, magnified, of its long hinged legs, the dark cone at the heart of its anatomy. The tremor must be its heart beating. Without warning, David was visited by an exact vision of death: a long hole in the ground, no wider than your body, down which you are drawn while the white faces above recede. You try to reach them but your arms are pinned. Shovels pour dirt into your face. There you will be forever, in an upright position, blind and silent, and in time no one will remember you, and you will never be called. As strata of rock shift, your fingers elongate, and your teeth are distended sidewise in a great underground grimace indistinguishable from a strip of chalk. And the earth tumbles on, and the sun expires, and unaltering darkness reigns where once there were stars.

Sweat broke out on his back. His mind seemed to rebound off of a solidness. Such extinction was not another threat, a graver sort of danger, a kind of pain; it was qualitatively different. It was not even a conception that could be voluntarily pictured; it entered you from outside. His protesting nerves swarmed on its surface like lichen on a meteor. The skin of his chest was soaked with the effort of rejection. At the same time that the fear was dense and internal, it was dense and all around him; a tide of clay had swept up to the stars; space was crushed into a mass. When he stood up, automatically hunching his shoulders to keep his head away from the spider webs, it was with a numb sense of being cramped between two huge volumes of rigidity. That he had even this small freedom to move surprised him. In the narrow shelter of that rank shack, adjusting his pants, he felt—his first spark of comfort—too small to be crushed.

But in the open, as the beam of the flashlight skidded with frightened quickness across the remote surfaces of the barn wall and the grape arbor and the giant pine that stood by the path to the woods, the terror descended. He raced up through the clinging grass pursued not by one of the wild animals the woods might hold, or one of the goblins his superstitious grandmother had communicated to his childhood, but by spectres out of science fiction, where gigantic cinder moons fill half the turquoise sky. As David ran, a gray planet rolled inches behind his neck. If he looked back, he would be buried. And in the momentum of his terror, hideous possibilities—the dilation of the sun, the triumph of the insects—wheeled out of the vacuum of make-believe and added their weight to his impending oblivion.



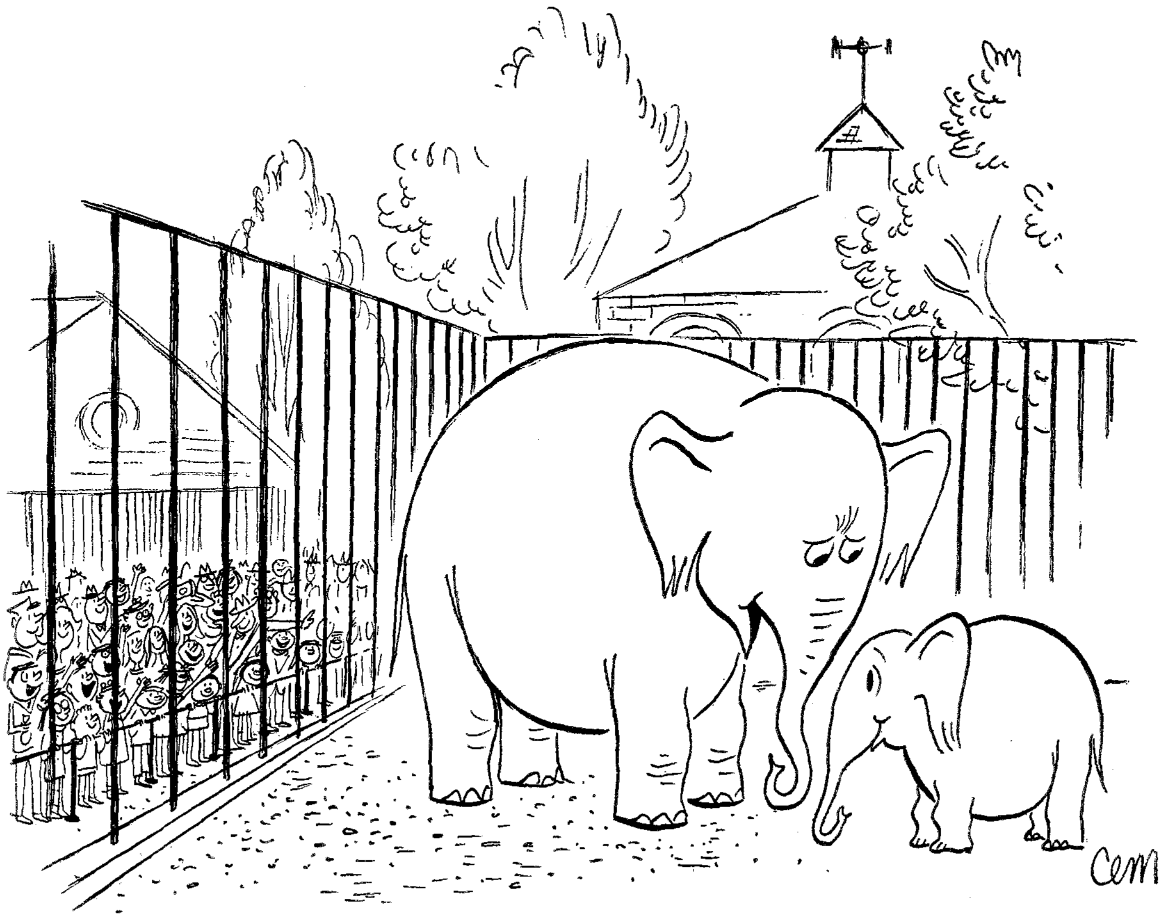
He wrenched the door open; the lamps within the house flared. The wicks burning here and there seemed to mirror one another. His mother was washing the dishes in a little pan of heated pump water; Granmom fluttered near her elbow apprehensively. In the living room—the downstairs of the little square house was two long rooms—his father sat in front of the black fireplace restlessly folding and unfolding a newspaper.

David took from the shelf, where he had placed it this afternoon, the great unabridged Webster's Dictionary that his grandfather had owned. He turned the big thin pages, floppy as cloth, to the entry he wanted, and read:

> **soul** . . . 1. An entity conceived as the essence, substance, animating principle, or actuating cause of life, or of the individual life, esp. of life manifested in psychical activities; the vehicle of individual existence, separate in nature from the body and usually held to be separable in existence.

The definition went on, into Greek and Egyptian conceptions, but David stopped short on the treacherous edge of antiquity. He needed to read no farther. The careful overlapping words shingled a temporary shelter for him. "Usually held to be separable in existence"—what could be fairer, more judicious, surer?

Upstairs, he seemed to be lifted above his fears. The sheets on his bed were clean. Granmom had ironed them with a pair of flatirons saved from the Olinger attic; she plucked them hot off the stove alternately, with a wooden handle called a goose. It was a wonder, to see how she managed. In the next room, his parents made comforting scratching noises as they carried a little lamp back and forth. Their door was open a crack, so he saw the light shift and swing. Surely there would be, in the last five minutes, in the last second, a crack of light, showing the door from the dark room to another, full of light. Thinking of it this vividly frightened him. His own dying, in a specific bed in a specific room, specific walls mottled with wallpaper, the dry whistle of his breathing, the murmuring doctors, the nervous relatives going in and out, but for him no way out but down into the funnel. Never touch a doorknob again. A whisper, and his parents' light was blown out. David prayed to be reassured. Though the experiment frightened him, he lifted his hands high into the darkness above his face and begged Christ to touch them. Not hard or long; the faintest, quickest grip would be final for a lifetime. His hands waited in the air, itself a substance, which seemed to move through his fingers; or was it the pressure of his pulse? He returned his hands to beneath the covers uncertain if they had been touched or not. For would not Christ's touch *be* infinitely gentle?



"Don't get carried away by all this adulation. Remember that it's very easy for an elephant to be a success in a zoo."

• •

THROUGH all the eddies of its aftermath, David clung to this thought about his revelation of extinction: that there, in the outhouse, he had struck a solidness *qualitatively different*, a rock of horror firm enough to support any height of construction. All he needed was a little help; a word, a gesture, a nod of certainty and he would be sealed in, safe. The assurance from the dictionary had melted in the night. Today was Sunday, a hot fair day. Across a mile of clear air the church bells called, *Celebrate, celebrate.* Only Daddy went. He put on a coat over his rolled-up shirtsleeves and got into the little old black Plymouth parked by the barn and went off, with the same pained hurried grimness of all his actions. His churning wheels, as he shifted too hastily into second, raised plumes of red dust on the dirt road. Mother walked to the far field, to see what bushes needed cutting. David, though he usually preferred to stay in the house, went with her. The puppy followed at a distance, whining as it picked its way through the stubble but floundering off timidly if one of them went back to pick it up and carry it. When they reached the crest of the far field, his mother asked, "David, what's troubling you?"

"Nothing. Why?"

She looked at him sharply. The greening woods crosshatched the space beyond her half-gray hair. Then she turned her profile, and gestured toward the house, which they had left a half mile behind them. "See how it sits in the land? They don't know how to build with the land any more. Pop always said the foundations were set with the compass. We must try to get a compass and see. It's supposed to face due south; but south feels a little more *that* way to me." From the side, as she said these things, she seemed handsome and young. The smooth sweep of her hair over her ear seemed white with a purity and calm that made her feel foreign to him. He had never regarded his parents as consolers of his troubles; from the beginning they had seemed to have more troubles than he. Their confusion had flattered him into an illusion of strength; so now on this high clear ridge he jealously guarded the menace all around them, blowing like a breeze on his fingertips, the possibility of all this wide scenery sinking into darkness. The strange fact that though she came to look at the brush she carried no clippers, for she had a fixed prejudice against working on Sundays, was the only consolation he allowed her to offer.

As they walked back, the puppy whimpering after them, the rising dust behind a distant line of trees announced that Daddy was speeding home from church. When they reached the house he was there. He had brought back the Sunday paper and the vehement remark "Dobson's too intelligent for these farmers. They just sit there with their mouths open and don't hear a thing he's saying."

David hid in the funny papers and sports section until one-thirty. At two, the catechetical class met at the Firetown church. He had transferred from the catechetical class of the Lutheran church in Olinger, a humiliating comedown. In Olinger they met on Wednesday nights, spiffy and spruce, in the atmosphere of a dance. Afterward, blessed by the brick-faced minister from whose lips the word "Christ" fell like a burning stone, the more daring of them went with their Bibles to a luncheonette and smoked. Here in Firetown, the girls

A LETTER FROM GUSSIE

If our father were alive
The stains would not be defiling
The walls, nor the splintery porch
Be supported mostly by ants,
The garden, gone to the bad,
(Though that was purely Mother's)
Would not have poked through the broken
Window like an arm,
And you would never have dared
Behave toward me in this manner,
Like no gentleman and no brother,
Not even a card at Christmas
Last Christmas, and once again
Where are my dividends?

This is my reward
For remaining with our mother,
Who always took your part,
You and your investments
With what she made me give you.
Don't you think I'd have liked
To get away also?
I had the brochures ready
And some nice things that fitted.
After all it isn't as though
You'd ever married. Oh
And the plumbing if I may say so
Would not have just lain down,
And the schoolchildren
Would not keep drilling the teeth
Which I no longer have
With their voices, and each time
I go out with a mouthful of clothespins
The pits of the hoodlums would not be
Dug nearer to the back steps.
Maybe you think my patience
Endures forever, maybe
You think I will die. The goat
If you recall I mentioned
I had for a while, died.
And Mother's canary, I
Won't pretend I was sorry.
Maybe you want me to think
You've died yourself, but I have
My information. I've told
Some people of consequence,
So anything can happen.
Don't say I didn't warn you.
I've looked long enough on the bright side,
And now I'm telling you
I won't stir from Mother's chair
Until I get an answer.
Morning noon and night
Can come and go as they please,
And the man from the funeral parlor
To change the calendars,
But I won't go to bed at all
Unless they come and make me,
And they'll have to bend me flat
Before they can put me away.

—W. S. MERWIN

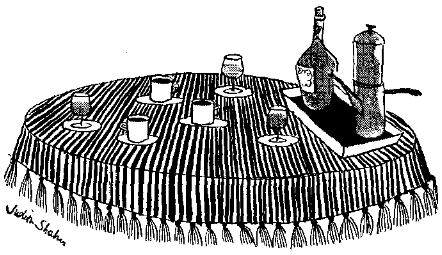
• •

were dull white cows and the boys narrow-faced brown goats in old men's suits, herded on Sunday afternoons into a threadbare church basement that smelled of stale hay. Because his father had taken the car on one of his countless errands to Olinger, David walked, grateful for the open air and the silence. The catechetical class embarrassed him, but today he placed hope in it, as the source of the nod, the gesture, that was all he needed.

Reverend Dobson was a delicate young man with great dark eyes and small white shapely hands that flickered like protesting doves when he preached; he seemed a bit misplaced in the Lutheran ministry. This was his first call. It was a split parish; he served another rural church twelve miles away. His iridescent green Ford, new six months ago, was spattered to the windows with red mud and rattled from bouncing on the rude back roads, where he frequently got lost, to the malicious satisfaction of many. But David's mother liked him, and, more pertinent to his success, the Haiers, the sleek family of feed merchants and innkeepers and tractor salesmen who dominated the Firetown church, liked him. David liked him, and felt liked in turn; sometimes in class, after some special stupidity, Dobson directed toward him out of those wide black eyes a mild look of disbelief, a look that, though flattering, was also delicately disquieting.

Catechetical instruction consisted of reading aloud from a work booklet answers to problems prepared during the week, problems like "I am the ____, the ____, and the ____, saith the Lord." Then there was a question period in which no one ever asked any questions. Today's theme was the last third of the Apostles' Creed. When the time came for questions, David blushed and asked, "About the Resurrection of the Body—are we conscious between the time when we die and the Day of Judgment?"

Dobson blinked, and his fine little mouth pursed, suggesting that David was making difficult things more difficult. The faces of the other students went blank, as if an indiscretion had been committed.



"No, I suppose not," Reverend Dobson said.

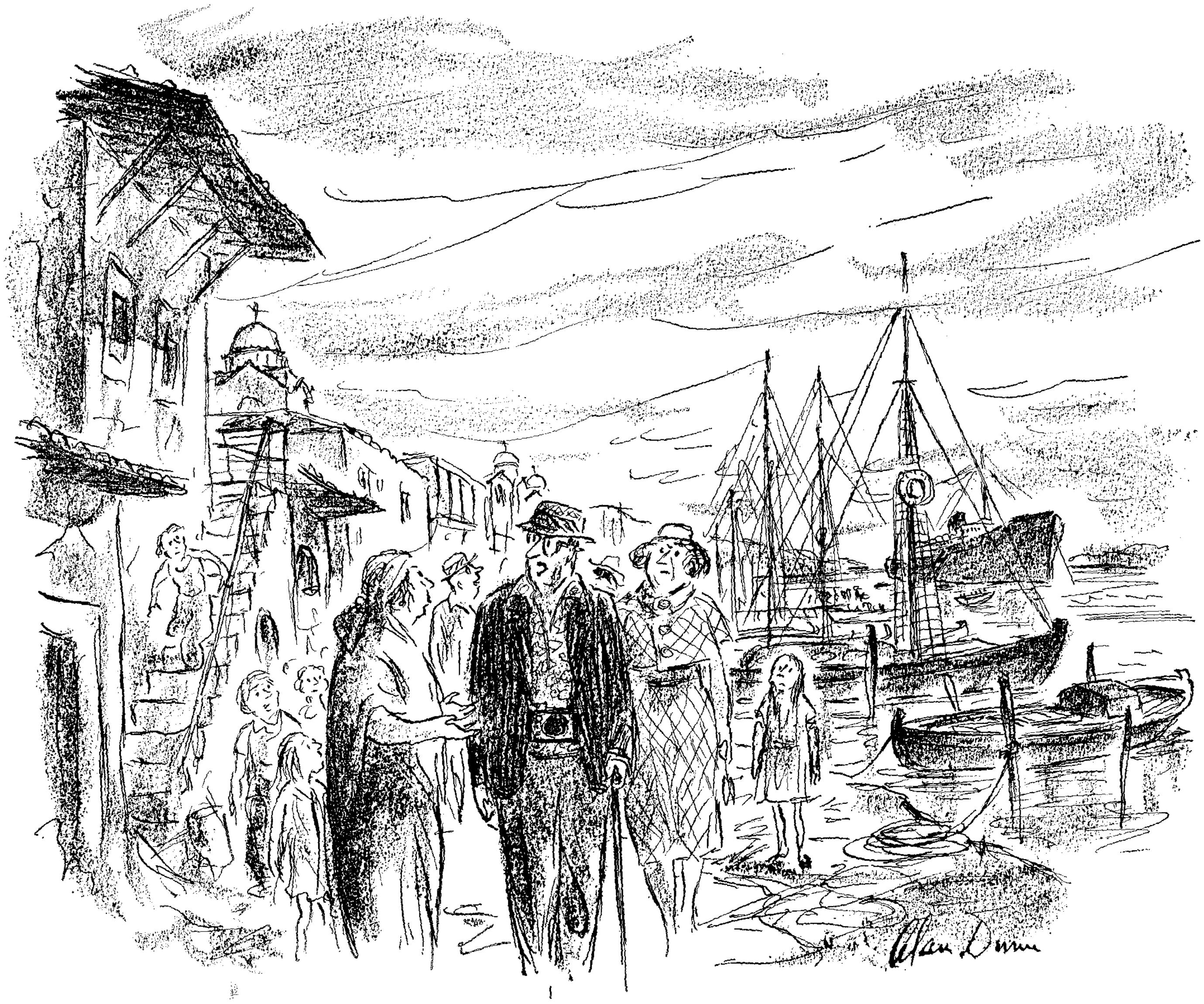
"Well, where is our soul, then, in this gap?"

The sense grew, in the class, of a naughtiness occurring. Dobson's shy eyes watered, as if he were straining to keep up the formality of attention, and one of the girls, the fattest, simpered toward her twin, who was a little less fat. Their chairs were arranged in a rough circle. The current running around the circle panicked David. Did everybody know something he didn't know?

"I suppose you could say our souls are asleep," Dobson said.

"And then they wake up, and there is the earth like it always is, and all the people who have ever lived? Where will Heaven be?"

Anita Haier giggled. Dobson gazed at David intently, but with an awkward, puzzled flicker of forgiveness, as if there existed a secret between them that David was violating. But David knew of no secret. All he wanted was to hear Dobson repeat the words he said every Sunday morning. This he would not do. As if these words were unworthy of the conversational voice.



"No, I am not Peace Corps!"

• •

"David, you might think of Heaven this way: as the way the goodness Abraham Lincoln did lives after him."

"But is Lincoln conscious of it living on?" He blushed no longer with embarrassment but in anger; he had walked here in good faith and was being made a fool.

"Is he conscious now? I would have to say no; but I don't think it matters." Dobson's voice had a coward's firmness; he was hostile now.

"You don't?"

"Not in the eyes of God, no." The unction, the stunning impudence, of this reply sprang tears of outrage in David's eyes. He bowed them to his book, where short words like Duty, Love, Obey, Honor were stacked in the form of a cross.

"Were there any other questions, David?" Dobson asked with renewed gentleness. The others were rustling, collecting their books.

"No." He made his voice firm, though he could not bring up his eyes.

"Did I answer your question fully enough?"

"Yes."

In the minister's silence the shame that should have been his crept over David; the burden and fever of being a fraud were placed upon *him*, who was innocent, and it seemed, he knew, a confession of this guilt that on the way out he was unable to face Dobson's stirred gaze, though he felt it probing the side of his head.

Anita Haier's father gave him a ride down the highway as far as the dirt road. David said he wanted to walk the rest, and figured that his offer was accepted because Mr. Haier did not want to dirty his bright blue Buick with dust. This was all right; everything was all right, as long as it was clear. His indignation at being betrayed, at seeing Christianity betrayed, had hardened him. The straight dirt road reflected his hardness. Pink stones thrust up through its packed surface. The April sun beat down from the center of the afternoon half of the sky; already it had some of summer's heat. Already the fringes of weeds at the edges of the road were bedraggled with dust. From the reviving grass and scruff of the fields he walked between, insects were sending up a monotonous, automatic chant. In the distance a tiny figure in his father's coat was walking along the edge of the woods. His mother. He wondered what joy she found in such walks; to him the brown stretches of slowly rising and falling land expressed only a huge exhaustion.

FLUSHED with fresh air and happiness, she returned from her walk earlier than he had expected, and surprised him at his grandfather's Bible. It was a stumpy black book, the boards worn thin where the old man's fingers had held them; the spine hung by one weak hinge of fabric. David had been looking for the passage where Jesus says to the one thief on the cross "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise." He had never tried reading the Bible for himself before. What was so embarrassing about being caught at it was that he detested the apparatus of piety. Fusty churches, creaking hymns, ugly Sunday-school teachers and their stupid leaflets—he hated everything about them but the promise they held out, a promise that in the most perverse way, as if the homeliest crone in the kingdom were given the prince's hand, made every good and real thing, ball games and jokes and big-breasted girls, possible. He couldn't explain this to his mother. Her solicitude was upon him.

"David, what are you doing at Granpop's Bible?"

"Trying to read it. This is supposed to be a Christian country, isn't it?"

She sat down on the green sofa that used to be in the sun parlor at Olinger, under the fancy mirror. A little smile still lingered on her face from the walk. "David, I wish you'd talk to me."

"What about?"

"About whatever it is that's troubling you. Your father and I have both noticed it."

"I asked Reverend Dobson about Heaven and he said it was like Abraham Lincoln's goodness living after him."

He waited for the shock to strike her.

"Yes?" she said, expecting more.

"That's all."

"And why didn't you like it?"

"Well; don't you see? It amounts to saying there isn't any Heaven at all."

"I don't see that it amounts to that. What do you want Heaven to be?"

"Well, I don't know. I want it to be *some*thing. I thought *he'd* tell me what it was. I thought that was his job." He was becoming angry, sensing her surprise at him. She had assumed that Heaven had faded from his head years ago. She had imagined that he had already entered, in the secrecy of silence, the conspiracy that he now knew to be all around him.

"David," she asked gently, "don't you ever want to rest?"

"No. Not forever."

"David, you're so young. When you get older, you'll feel differently."

"Grandpa didn't. Look how tattered this book is."

"I never understood your grandfather."

"Well I don't understand ministers who say it's like Lincoln's memory going on and on. Suppose you're not Lincoln?"

"I think Reverend Dobson made a mistake. You must try to forgive him."

"It's not a *question* of his making a mistake! It's a question of dying and never moving or seeing or hearing anything ever again."

"But"—in exasperation—"darling, it's so *greedy* of you to want more. When God has given us this wonderful April day, and given us this farm, and you have your whole life ahead of you—"

"You think, then, that there is God?"

"Of course I do"—with deep relief that smoothed her features into a reposeful oval. He was standing, and above her, too near for his comfort. He was afraid she would reach out and touch him.

"He made everything? You feel that?"

"Yes."

"Then who made Him?"

"Why, Man. Man." The happiness of this answer lit up her face radiantly, until she saw his gesture of disgust.

"Well that amounts to saying there is none."

Her hand reached for his wrist but he backed away. "David, it's a mystery. A miracle. It's a miracle more beautiful than any Reverend Dobson could have told you about. You don't say houses don't exist because Man made them."

"No. God has to be different."

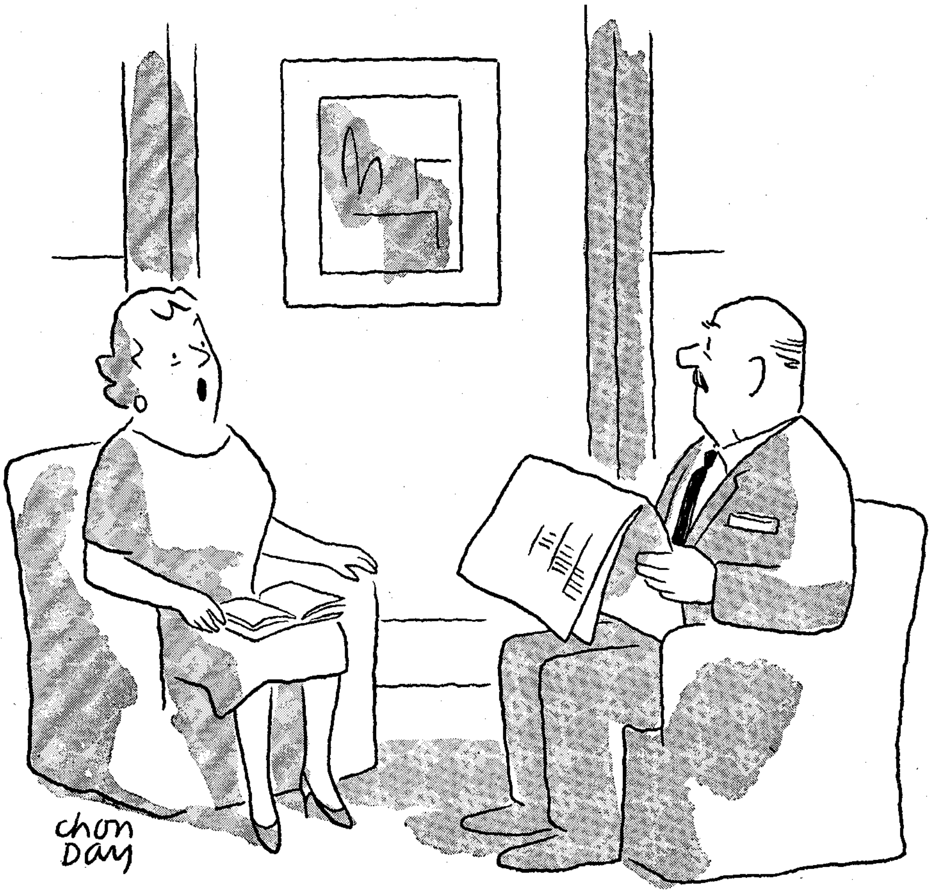
"But, David, you have the *evidence*. Look out the window at the sun; at the fields."

"Mother, good grief. Don't you see"—he gasped away the roughness in his throat—"if when we die there's nothing, all your sun and fields and what not are all, ah, *horror*? It's just an ocean of horror."

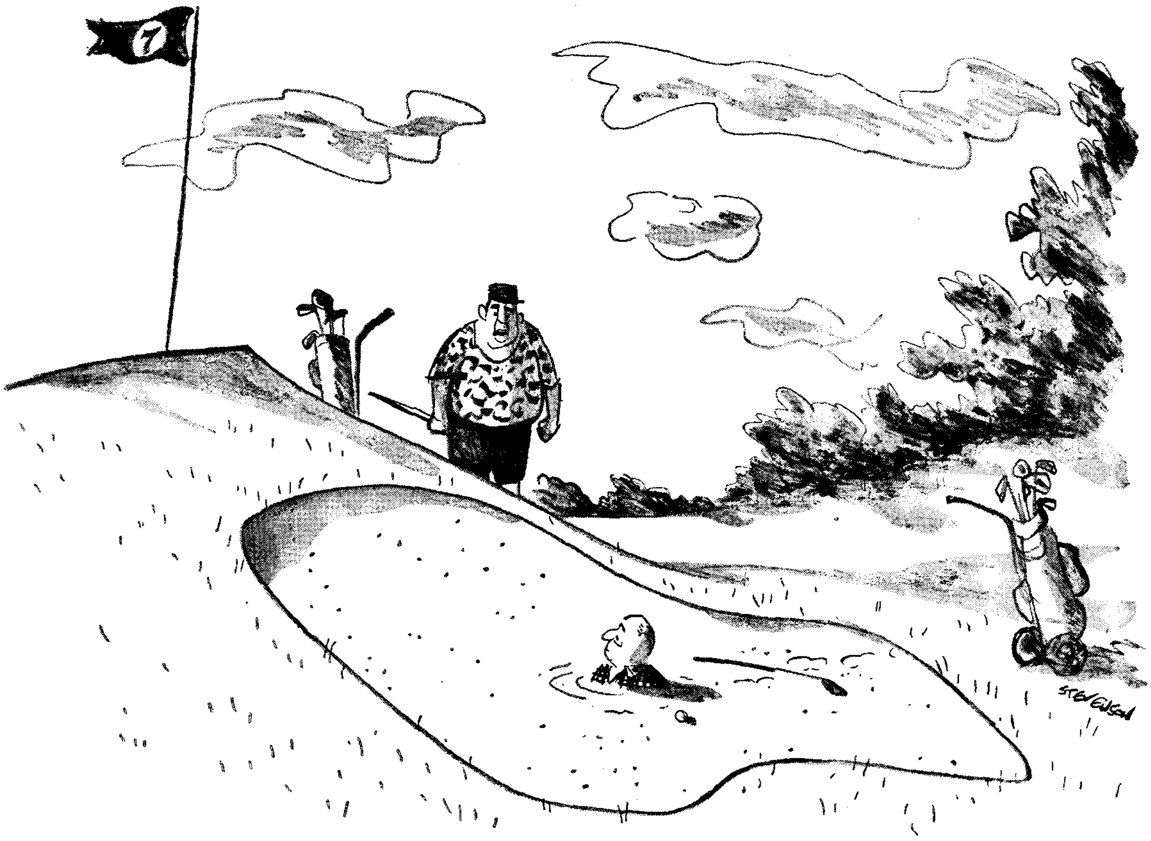
"But David, it's not. It's so clearly not that." And she made an urgent opening gesture with her hands that expressed, with its suggestion of a willingness to receive his helplessness, all her grace, her gentleness, her love of beauty gathered into a passive intensity that made him intensely hate her. He would not be wooed away from the truth. *I am the Way, the Truth—*

"No," he told her. "Just let me alone."

He found his tennis ball behind the piano and went outside to throw it against the side of the house. There was a patch high up where the brown stucco that had been laid over the sandstone masonry was crumbling away; he kept trying with the tennis ball to chip more pieces off. Superimposed upon his deep ache was a smaller but more immediate worry that he had hurt his mother. He heard his father's car rattling on the



"Just what is that new Miss Hall down at your office supposed to be, besides a member of the opposite sex?"



"*I can promise you one thing, Harry. The Greens Committee is going to hear about this.*"

straightaway, and went into the house, to make peace before he arrived. To his relief, she was not giving off the stifling damp heat of her anger but instead was cool, decisive, maternal. She handed him an old green book, her college text of Plato.

"I want you to read the Parable of the Cave," she said.

"All right," he said, though he knew it would do no good. Some story by a dead Greek just vague enough to please her. "Don't worry about it, Mother."

"I *am* worried. Honestly, David, I'm sure there will be something for us. As you get older, these things seem to matter a great deal less."

"That may be. It's a dismal thought, though."

His father bumped at the door. The locks and jambs stuck here. But before Granmom could totter to the catch and let him in, he had knocked it open. Although Mother usually kept her talks with David a confidence, a treasure between them, she called instantly, "George, David is worried about death!"

He came to the doorway of the living room, his shirt pocket bristling with pencils, holding in one hand a pint box of melting ice cream and in the other the knife with which he was about to divide it into four sections, their Sunday treat. "Is the kid worried about death? Don't give it a thought, David. I'll be lucky if I live till tomorrow, and I'm not worried. If they'd taken a buckshot gun and shot me in the cradle I'd be better off. The *world*'d be better off. Hell, I think death is a wonderful thing. I look forward to it. Get the garbage out of the way. If I had the man here who invented death, I'd pin a medal on him."

"Hush, George. You'll frighten the child worse than he is."

This was not true; he never frightened David. There was no harm in his father, no harm at all. Indeed, in the man's steep self-disgust the boy felt a kind of ally. A distant ally. He saw his position with a certain strategic coldness. Nowhere in the world of other people would he find the hint, the nod, he needed to begin to build his fortress against death. They none of them believed. He was alone. In a deep hole.

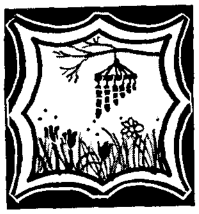
In the months that followed, his position changed little. School was some comfort. All those sexy, perfumed people, wisecracking, chewing gum, all of them doomed to die, and none of them noticing. In their company David felt that they would carry him along into the bright, cheap paradise reserved for them. In any crowd, the fear ebbed a little; he had reasoned that somewhere in the world there must exist a few people who believed what was necessary, and the larger the crowd, the greater the chance that he was near such a soul, within calling distance, if only he was not too ignorant, too ill-equipped, to spot him. The sight of clergymen cheered him; whatever they themselves thought, their collars were still a sign that somewhere, at some time, someone had recognized that we cannot, *cannot*, submit to death. The sermon topics posted outside churches, the flip, hurried pieties of disc jockeys, the cartoons in magazines showing angels or devils—on such scraps he kept alive the possibility of hope.

For the rest, he tried to drown his hopelessness in clatter and jostle. The pinball machine at the luncheonette was a merciful distraction; as he bent over its buzzing, flashing board of flippers and cushions, the weight and constriction in his chest lightened and loosened. He was grateful for all the time his father wasted in Olinger. Every delay postponed the moment when they must ride together down the dirt road into the heart of the dark farmland, where the only light was the kerosene lamp waiting on the dining-room table, a light that made their food shadowy, scrabbled, sinister.

He lost his appetite for reading. He was afraid of being ambushed again. In mystery novels people died like dolls being discarded; in science fiction enormities of space and time conspired to crush the humans; and even in P. G. Wodehouse he felt a hollowness, a turning away from reality that was implicitly bitter and became explicit in the comic figures of futile clergymen. All gaiety seemed minced out on the skin of a void. All quiet hours seemed invitations to dread.

School stopped. His father took the car in the opposite direction, to a construction job where he had been hired for the summer as a timekeeper, and David was stranded in the middle of acres of heat and greenery and blowing pollen and the strange, mechanical humming that lay invisibly in the weeds and alfalfa and dry orchard grass.

For his fifteenth birthday his parents gave him, with jokes about his being a hillbilly now, a Remington .22. It was somewhat like a pinball machine to take it out to the old kiln in the woods, where they dumped their trash, and set up tin cans on the kiln's sandstone shoulder and shoot them off one by one. He'd take the puppy, who had grown long legs and a rich coat of reddish fur—he was part chow. Copper hated the gun but loved David enough to accompany him. When the flat acrid crack rang out, he would race in terrified circles that would tighten and tighten until they brought him, shivering, against David's legs. Depending upon his mood, David would shoot again or drop to his knees and comfort the dog. Giving this comfort to a degree returned comfort to him. The dog's ears, laid flat against his skull in fear, were folded so intricately, so—he groped for the concept—*surely*. Where the dull-studded collar made his fur stand up, each hair showed a root of soft white under the length, black-tipped, of the metal color that had given the dog its name. In his agitation Copper panted through nostrils that were elegant slits, like two healed cuts, or like the keyholes of a dainty lock of black, grained wood. His whole whorling, knotted, jointed body was a wealth of such embellishments. And in the smell of the dog's hair David seemed to descend through many finely differentiated layers of earth: mulch, soil, sand, clay, and the glittering mineral base.



But when he returned to the house, and saw the books arranged on the low shelves, fear returned. The four adamant volumes of Wells like four thin bricks, the green Plato that had puzzled him with its queer softness and tangled purity, the dead Galsworthy and "Elizabeth," Grandpa's mammoth dictionary, Grandpa's Bible, the Bible that he himself had received on becoming a member of the Firetown Lutheran Church—at the sight of these, the memory of his fear reawakened and came around him. He had grown stiff and stupid in its embrace. His parents tried to think of ways to entertain him.

"David, I have a job for you to do," his mother said one evening at the table.

"What?"

"If you're going to take that tone perhaps we'd better not talk."

"What tone? I didn't take any tone."

"Your grandmother thinks there are too many pigeons in the barn."

"Why?" David turned to look at his grandmother, but she sat there staring at the orange flame of the burning lamp with her usual expression of bewilderment.

Mother shouted, "Mom, he wants to know why!"

Granmom made a jerky, irritable motion with her bad hand, as if generating the force for utterance, and said, "They foul the furniture."

"That's right," Mother said. "She's afraid for that old Olinger furniture that we'll never use. David, she's been after me for a month about those poor pigeons. She wants you to shoot them."

"I don't want to kill anything especially," David said.

Daddy said, "The kid's like you are, Elsie. He's too good for this world. Kill or be killed, that's my motto."

His mother said loudly, "Mother, he doesn't want to do it."

"Not?" The old lady's eyes distended as if in horror, and her claw descended slowly to her lap.

"Oh, I'll do it, I'll do it tomorrow," David snapped, and a pleasant crisp taste entered his mouth with the decision.

"And I had thought, when Boyer's men made the hay, it would be better if the barn doesn't look like a rookery," his mother added needlessly.

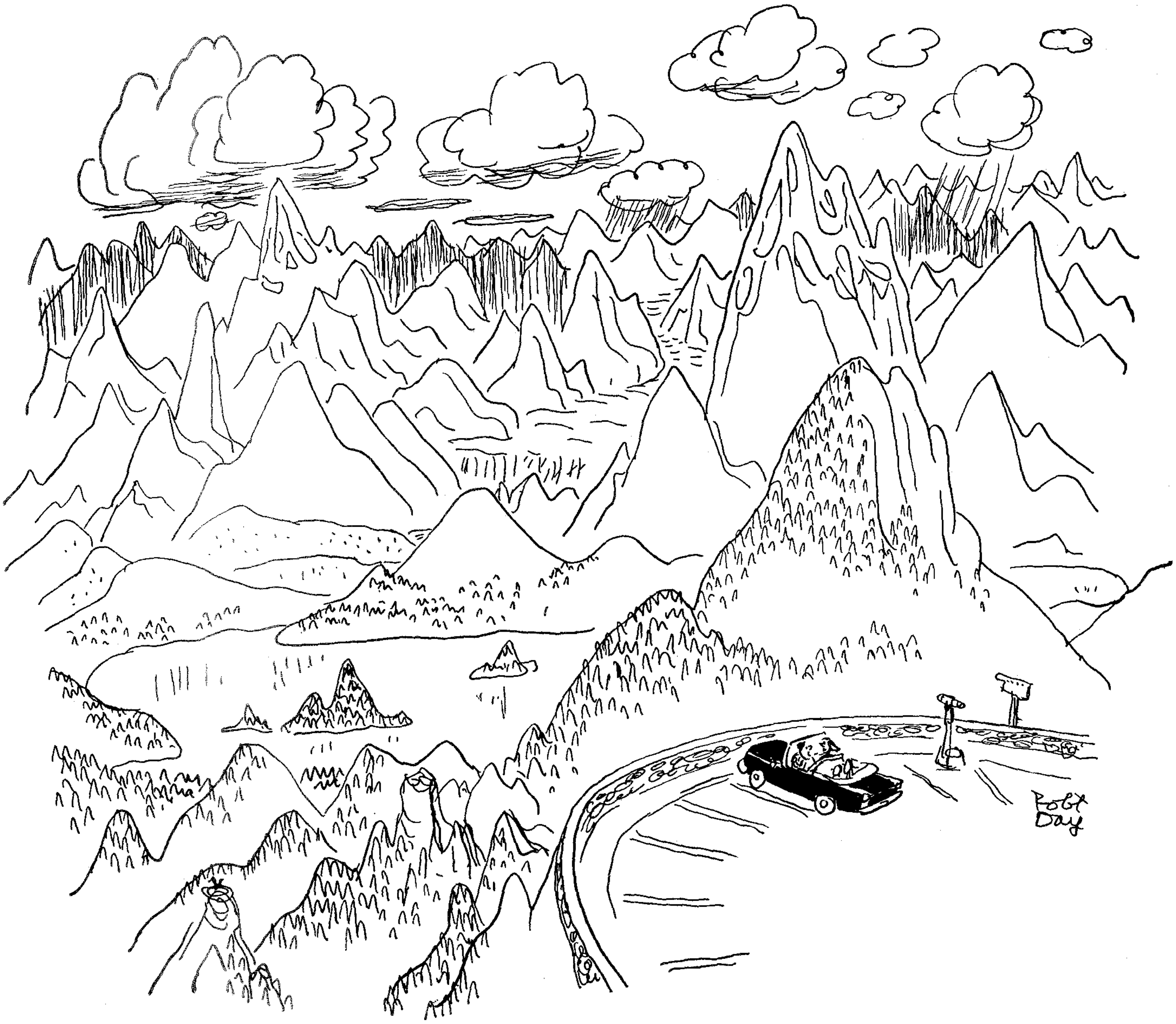
A BARN, in day, is a small night. The splinters of light between the dry shingles pierce the high roof like stars, and the rafters and crossbeams and built-in ladders seem, until your eyes adjust, as mysterious as the branches of a haunted forest. David entered silently, the gun in one hand. Copper whined desperately at the door, too frightened to come in with the gun yet unwilling to leave the boy. David stealthily turned, said, "Go away," shut the door on the dog, and slipped the bolt across. It was a door within a door; the double door for wagons and tractors was as high and wide as the face of a house.

The smell of old straw scratched his sinuses. The red sofa, half hidden under its white-splotched tarpaulin, seemed assimilated into this smell, sunk in it, buried. The mouths of empty bins gaped like caves. Rusty oddments of farming—coils of baling wire, some spare tines for a harrow, a handleless shovel—hung on nails driven here and there in the thick wood. He stood stockstill a minute; it took a while to separate the cooing of the pigeons from the rustling in his ears. When he had focussed on the cooing, it flooded the vast interior with its throaty, bubbling outpour: there seemed no other sound. They were up behind the beams. What light there was leaked through the shingles and the dirty glass windows at the far end and the small round holes, about as big as basketballs, high on the opposite stone side walls, under the ridge of the roof.

A pigeon appeared in one of these holes, on the side toward the house. It flew in, with a battering of wings, from the outside, and waited there, silhouetted against its pinched bit of sky, preening and cooing in a throbbing, thrilled, tentative way. David tiptoed four steps to the side, rested his gun against the lowest rung of a ladder pegged between two upright beams, and lowered the gunsight into the bird's tiny, jauntily cocked head. The slap of the report seemed to come off the stone wall behind him, and the pigeon did not fall. Neither did it fly. Instead it stuck in the round hole, pirouetting rapidly and nodding its head as if in frantic agreement. David shot the bolt back and forth and had aimed again before the spent cartridge stopped jingling on the boards by his feet. He eased the tip of the sight a little lower, into the bird's breast, and took care to squeeze the trigger with perfect evenness. The slow contraction of his hand abruptly sprang the bullet; for a half second there was doubt, and then the pigeon fell like a handful of rags, skimming down the barn wall into the layer of straw that coated the floor of the mow on this side.

Now others shook loose from the rafters, and whirled in the dim air with a great blurred hurtle of feathers and noise. They would go for the hole; he fixed his sights on the little moon of blue, and when a pigeon came to it, shot him as he was walking the ten inches or so of stone that would carry him into the open air. This pigeon lay down in that tunnel of stone, unable to fall either one way or the other, although he was alive enough to lift one wing and cloud the light. It would sink back, and he would suddenly lift it again, the feathers flaring. His body blocked that exit. David raced to the other side of the barn's main aisle, where a similar ladder was symmetrically placed, and rested his gun on the same rung. Three birds came together to this hole; he got one, and two got through. The rest resettled in the rafters.

There was a shallow triangular space behind the crossbeams supporting the roof. It was here they roosted and hid. But either the space was too small, or



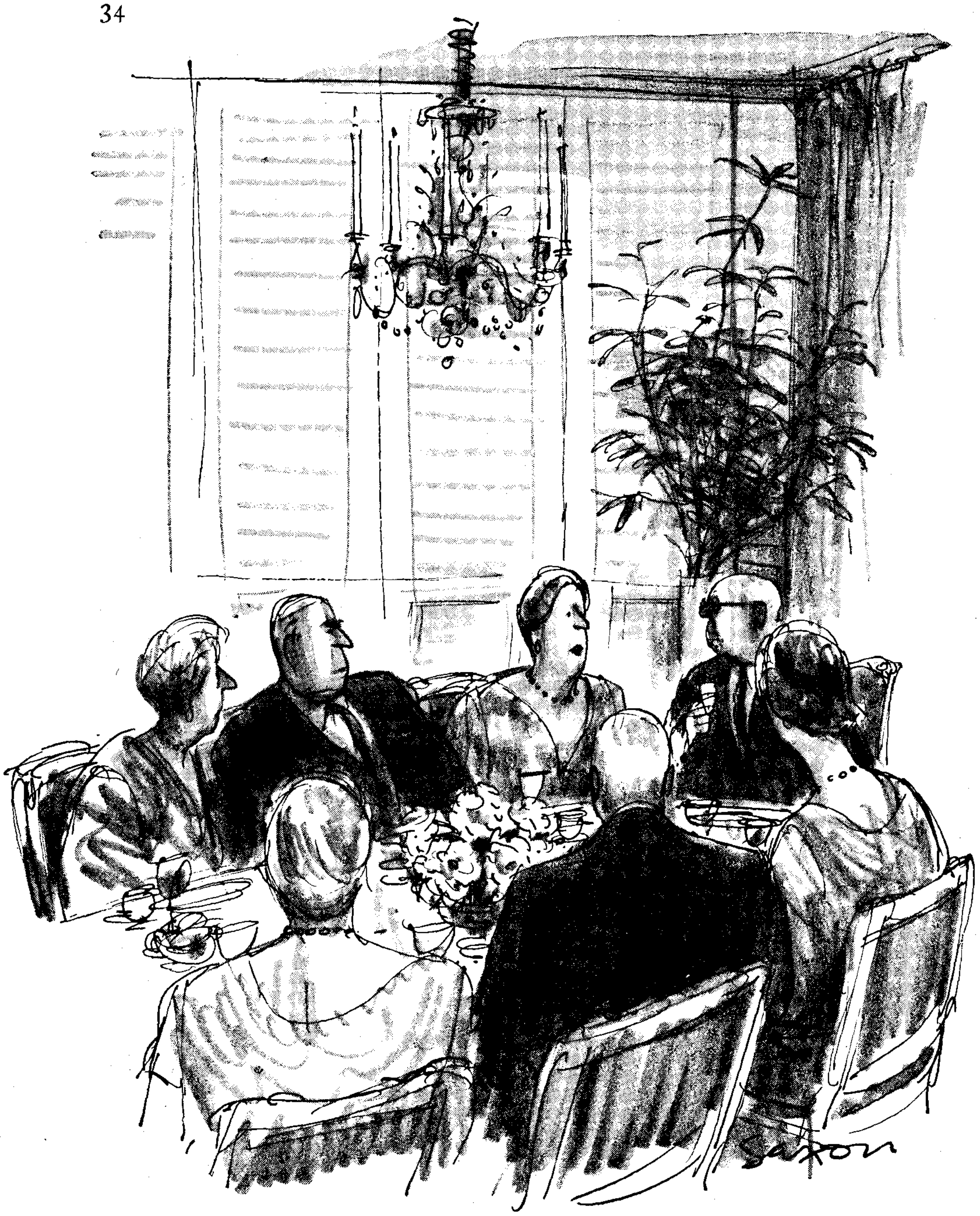
"Janet, does nothing leave you speechless?"

they were curious, for now that his eyes were at home in the dusty gloom David could see little dabs of gray popping in and out. The cooing was shriller now; its apprehensive tremolo made the whole volume of air seem liquid. He noticed one little smudge of a head that was especially persistent in peeking out; he marked the place, and fixed his gun on it, and when the head appeared again, had his finger tightened in advance on the trigger. A parcel of fluff slipped off the beam and fell the barn's height onto a canvas covering some Olinger furniture, and where its head had peeked out there was a fresh prick of light in the shingles.

Standing in the center of the floor, fully master now, disdaining to steady the barrel with anything but his arm, he killed two more that way. He felt like a beautiful avenger. Out of the shadowy ragged infinity of the vast barn roof these impudent things dared to thrust their heads, presumed to dirty its starred silence with their filthy timorous life, and he cut them off, tucked them back neatly into the silence. He had the sensations of a creator; these little smudges and flickers that he was clever to see and even cleverer to hit in the dim recesses of the rafters—out of each of them he was making a full bird. A tiny peek, probe, dab of life, when he hit it, blossomed into a dead enemy, falling with good, final weight.

The imperfection of the second pigeon he had shot, who was still lifting his wing now and then up in the round hole, nagged him. He put a new clip into the stock. Hugging the gun against his body, he climbed the ladder. The barrel sight scratched his ear; he had a sharp, bright vision, like a color slide, of shooting himself and being found tumbled on the barn floor among his prey. He locked his arm around the top rung—a fragile, gnawed rod braced between uprights—and shot into the bird's body from a flat angle. The wing folded, but the impact did not, as he had hoped, push the bird out of the hole. He fired again, and again, and still the little body, lighter than air when alive, was too heavy to budge from its high grave. From up here he could see green trees and a brown corner of the house through the hole. Clammy with the cobwebs that gathered between the rungs, he pumped a full clip of eight bullets into the stubborn shadow, with no success. He climbed down, and was struck by the silence in the barn. The remaining pigeons must have escaped out the other hole. That was all right; he was tired of it.

He stepped with his rifle into the light. His mother was coming to meet him, and it amused him to see her shy



"You can still go to the Canary Islands. They haven't been discovered yet."

• •

away from the carelessly held gun. "You took a chip out of the house," she said. "What were those last shots about?"

"One of them died up in that little round window and I was trying to shoot it down."

"Copper's hiding behind the piano and won't come out. I had to leave him."

"Well, don't blame me. *I* didn't want to shoot the poor devils."

"Don't smirk. You look like your father. How many did you get?"

"Six."

She went into the barn, and he followed. She listened to the silence. Her hair was scraggly, perhaps from tussling with the dog. "I don't suppose the others will be back," she said wearily. "Indeed, I don't know why I let Mother talk me into it. Their cooing was such a comforting noise." She began to gather up the dead birds. Though he didn't want to touch them, David went into the mow and picked up by its tepid, horny, coral-colored feet the first bird he had killed. Its wings unfolded disconcertingly, as if the creature had been held together by threads that now were slit. It did not weigh much. He retrieved the one on the other side of the barn; his mother got the three in the middle, and led the way across the road to the little southern slope of land that went down toward the foundations of the vanished tobacco shed. The ground was too steep to plant or mow; wild strawberries grew in the tangled grass. She put her burden down and said, "We'll have to bury them. The dog will go wild."

He put his two down on her three; the slick feathers let the bodies slide liquidly on one another. He asked, "Shall I get you the shovel?"

"Get it for yourself; *you* bury them. They're your kill," she said. "And be sure to make the hole deep enough so he won't dig them up."

While he went to the tool shed for the shovel, she went into the house. Unlike her, she did not look up, either at the orchard to the right of her or at the meadow on her left, but instead held her head rigidly, tilted a little, as if listening to the ground.

He dug the hole, in a spot where there were no strawberry plants, before he studied the pigeons. He had never seen a bird this close before. The feathers were more wonderful than dog's hair; for each filament was shaped within the shape of the feather, and the feathers in turn were trimmed to fit a pattern that flowed without error across the bird's body. He lost himself in the geometrical tides as the feathers now broadened and stiffened to make an edge for flight, now softened and constricted to cup warmth around the mute flesh. And across the surface of the infinitely adjusted yet somehow effortless mechanics of the feathers played idle designs of color, no two alike, designs executed, it seemed, in a controlled rapture, with a joy that hung level in the air above and behind him. Yet these birds bred in the millions and were exterminated as pests. Into the fragrant, open earth he dropped one broadly banded in shades of slate blue, and on top of it another, mottled all over with rhythmic patches of lilac and gray. The next was almost wholly white, yet with a salmon glaze at the throat. As he fitted the last two, still pliant, on the top, and stood up, crusty coverings were lifted from him, and with a feminine, slipping sensation along his nerves that seemed to give the air hands, he was robed in this certainty: that the God who had lavished such craft upon these worthless birds would not destroy His whole Creation by refusing to let David live forever.

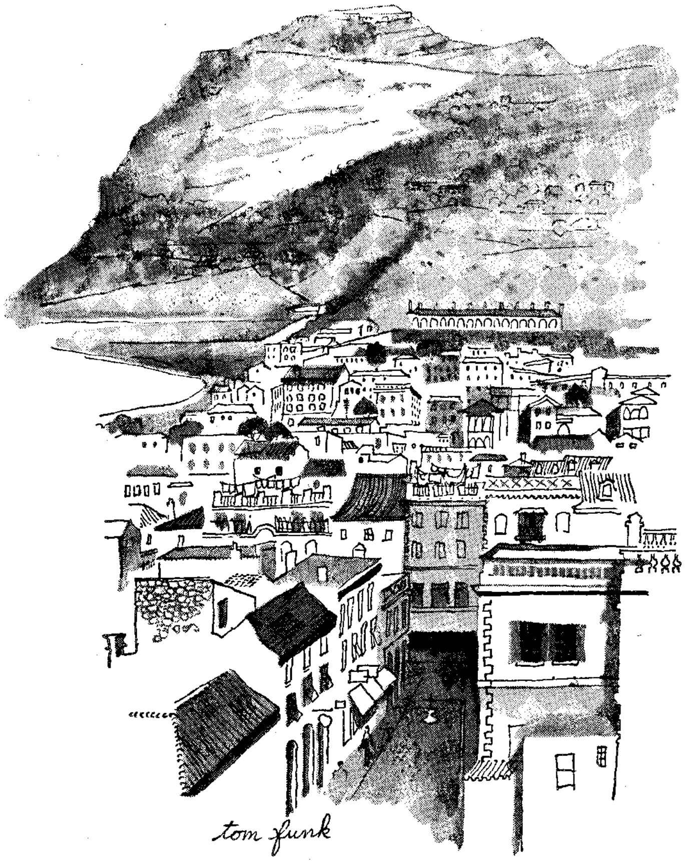
—JOHN UPDIKE

Bonvoyage
Dana

BON VOYAGE
A new perfume
imported from France by
Dana

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

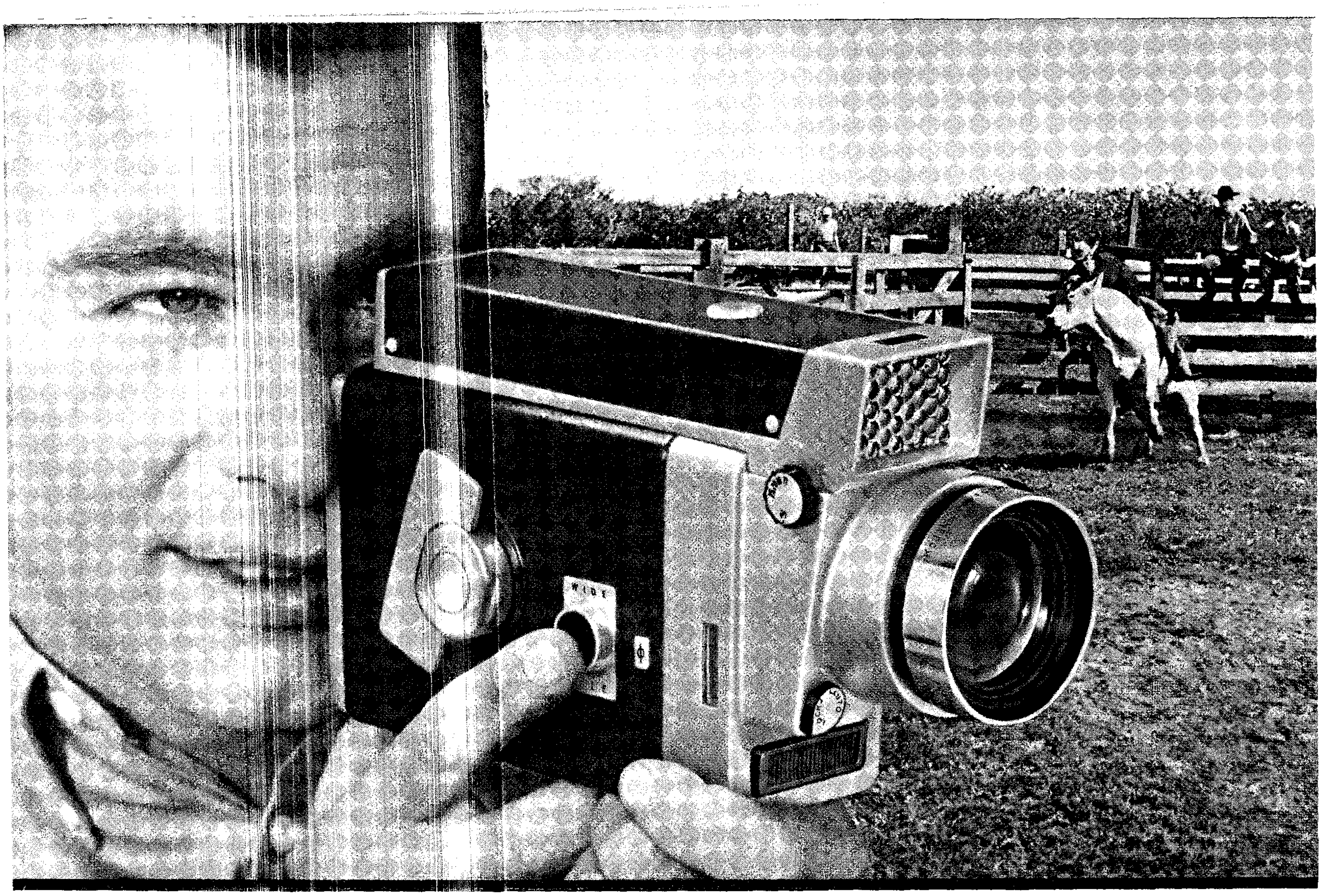
AUNT GIBRALTAR



Gibraltar, as all schoolboys and insurance men know, is not so much a place as a thing—a positive monument to durability. Oaths are readily sworn, and vows taken, on the assumption of its continuing existence. I saw Gibraltar often enough, during the war and after, without ever paying much attention to it beyond realizing that if anything would keep, it would be the Rock, but more recently I began to brood on the implausible fact of a British Crown Colony's existing on Spanish soil, for if ever two temperaments were unlikely to blend they are the English and the Spanish. So I decided to fly down one Sunday from Madrid, along with a smattering of American tourists who were catching a ship, three rawboned British businessmen, and a solitary, black-eyed Gibraltarian. At the Madrid airport, the Spanish police stamped our passports with a fixed official scowl, which did not surprise me—the resentment felt by Spain over Gibraltar is curiously sharp, considering it has been a British possession for over two hundred and fifty years. I have noticed that while the more sophisticated Spaniards dismiss "the Gibraltar question" airily as one of little importance, they always add, as a rueful afterthought, "Of course, it really *is* ours, you know!" And so I landed there with some curiosity, intent on finding out what Gibraltar felt about itself.

Gibraltar is whimsically small (it could be set down in Central Park, with some spilling over at the edges), but its situation and its blunt burliness lend it a pugnacious emphasis—it forms a kind of thumb on the eastern tip of the Bay of Algeciras, and misses being an island by dint of a narrow isthmus joining it to Spain. As English schoolboys can tell you, it was one of the Pillars of Hercules, and a gatepost of the entrance to the Mediterranean; from it you can easily spy the looming African coast, a mere twenty miles to the south, and the neat white Spanish town of Algeciras, across the bay to the west. Its air of spunky self-confidence comes in part from its being an autonomous British Crown Colony—the smallest one in the Commonwealth—with its own colonial government, its own stamps and police force, its own little frontier. To look at, the Rock is quite monumental, towering sheer up from the flat table of the airport to a height of almost fourteen hundred feet, pitted silver-gray, with occasional green wooded shelves. Its presence imposes a dwarfish proportion on the town of Gibraltar, which sprawls up its western side (the eastern side is only sparsely populated), and one finds oneself regularly glancing up at its brooding, changing bulk. It is so emphatically there, and time has endowed it with a great-grandfatherly aura.

A bus set me down in the middle of the town, and I asked the driver if the hotel was far. "Not at all," he replied. "I'm afraid nothing is far here." He was quite right. One finds oneself walking back and forth along Main Street several times a day, in the hope that it may actually be longer than it is, and I noticed also that after two or three days I began to be conscious of having seen a great many of the people before. With so little flat ground at the foot of the Rock, the town has had to clamber over itself to exist at all; the houses perch on one another's shoulders, and in the steeper streets you look from your basement window into your neighbor's attic. Fundamentally, the town has a Spanish look, with faded pink-and-brown walls, but on top of this has been imposed a brisk, shipshape British tidiness—a thoroughly un-Spanish spickness of fresh paint, lampposts, notices, and polished brass. Also, I had arrived on a Sunday, but it was far from being the lazy, garrulous Spanish Sunday I was used to; instead, the town was shut up in tight disapproval, with not a shop open and the streets haunted by idling sailors gazing aimlessly at windowfuls of silent cameras and watches—British sailors, to be sure, doomed to such shuttered Sundays ashore. As I came down at dusk from a long, climbing walk, a solid English hymn was manfully emanating from the Cathedral, but around another corner or two a cha-cha-cha was having its way in a grubby dance hall. In Gibraltar, you necessarily grow used to juxtapositions of this kind. The place is so many things at once—a fortress, a seaport, an international market, a British colonial capital, a place where people live, a fragment of Spain—and the representatives of these separate functions jostle one another comically and continuously. Stiff-faced service officers, gawking tourists with wallets and cameras cocked, Spanish workmen shuffling in from La Línea de la Concepción—the Spanish town at the top of the isthmus—for day labor, shopkeepers smiling expansively in their doorways, and retired English squires with tweedy dogs all mingle in buzzing coexistence. As far as the town goes, it is first a fortress. The massive gray walls and the names of the streets—Castle Ramp, Engineer Lane, Line Wall Road, Casemates Square, Bomb House Lane, King's Bastion, South Barrack Road—all smack of siege; an occasional sentry with fixed bayonet glares into space, and faraway bugle calls float up from the harbor. One morning, I ran into the changing of the Governor's Guard, a small pomposity in itself, with an apoplectic sergeant-major wrenching words of command from his apparently exhausted



NEW KODAK ZOOM 8 REFLEX CAMERA

Now! Push a button to zoom your movies!

Even the simplest scenes become dramatic when you zoom your movies. They pick up pace, interest, vitality—right in front of your eyes. All this, just by pushing a button on the new Kodak Zoom 8 Reflex Camera!

Reflex viewfinder

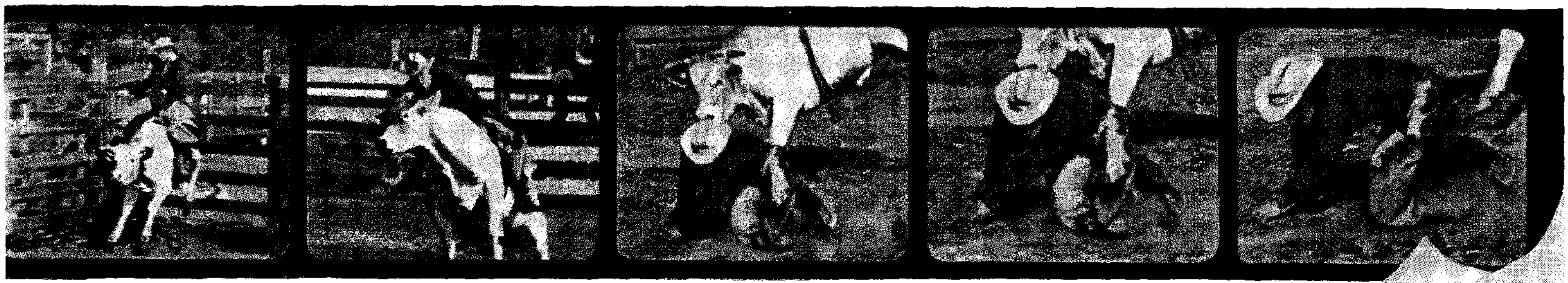
This remarkable 8mm camera has a *reflex* viewfinder, so you see your picture zoom—*right in the viewfinder*—exactly as the lens sees it. One moment you're shooting a bucking steer from a safe and sane distance. Next moment—*zoom*—you're close enough to grab an ear! And you haven't moved a single step! The same button that operates the camera also zooms the lens; or you can zoom manually.

The electric eye of the Kodak Zoom 8 Reflex Camera sets the exposure for you *automatically*. You don't have to do any figuring at all. For special effects or unusual light conditions, you can lock the electric-eye meter at any indicated exposure setting.

You take 15 feet of film at one winding—well over a minute of shooting. You'll find this camera extremely easy to load, too.

An outstanding value

When you see this superb camera firsthand . . . when you put it through its paces . . . you'll appreciate the advances and refinements that make the Kodak Zoom 8 Reflex such an extraordinarily fine movie camera. An extraordinarily fine *value*, too, at less than $200, or as little as $20 down at most dealers'. See your dealer for exact retail price.



This is what you see as you zoom. This is what you'll see on your screen. Because you actually view through the lens!

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Price is subject to change without notice.

Kodak
—a trademark since 1888

SEE KODAK'S "THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW" AND "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET"

WOLFSCHMIDT
SINCE 1847
WORLD'S FINEST VODKA
WOLFSCHMIDT'S
ORIGINAL
GENUINE VODKA
SINCE 1847
PRODUCT OF U. S. A. • 80 PROOF
VODKA
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

"You're some tomato.
We could make beautiful Bloody Marys together.
I'm different from those other fellows."

"I like you, Wolfschmidt.
You've got taste."

Wolfschmidt Vodka has the touch of taste that marks genuine old world vodka. Wolfschmidt in a Bloody Mary is a tomato in triumph. Wolfschmidt brings out the best in every drink. General Wine and Spirits Company, N.Y. 22. Made from Grain, 80 or 100 Proof. Prod. of U.S.A.

lungs; simultaneously, a stunted Spaniard, with beret and yellow cigarette end, teetered across the square behind a wheelbarrow of fish, calling "*Pescado!*" in a quavering tenor. I felt I had stumbled into the rehearsal of some strange multilingual musical. If I had waited about long enough, the English-looking policeman on the corner might have burst into flamenco, as he did on other occasions.

Eventually, it dawned on me that this apparent English-Spanish ambiguity was quite normal and that Gibraltarians are not only comfortably bilingual but quite distinct in character from both British and Spaniards. The British, for the most part, are attached either to the garrison or to the administration for a particular tour of duty, and seem to speak little Spanish; Spaniards come across the frontier—eleven thousand of them every day—to work in the dockyard or in hotels and restaurants, returning to Spain each evening. The Gibraltarians are the only ones who truly *live* in Gibraltar, and they form just over two-thirds of the population of twenty-six thousand. They are, both technically and passionately, British subjects, but at the same time, as they point out, Gibraltar is not Britain. "We are sometimes referred to as being embarrassingly British," one of them told me over a drink at his house, "but we are so out of respect, and also because it has been entirely in our interest to claim our British nationality—we have absorbed so much, and we have acquired our whole civic organization from the British, even to the extent of imposing income tax on ourselves. But at the same time, as far as our feelings for Britain go, it's like having a foster mother. We are, at bottom, more concerned with our distinctiveness than we are with being British. We tend to make fun of any Gibraltarian who becomes in our eyes too English, but at the same time you will scarcely find one of us who is not thankful for his British passport."

"But do you not feel strong attachments to Spain—temperamentally, I mean?" I asked him.

"Oh, tremendously," he said. "We are very much at home in Spain; in fact, I would say that we count entirely on Spain for our pleasure. Every time I can get away in summer, I drive to the *ferias*—I have a great passion for the bulls, and at the bullfight I react like a Spaniard. But remember, we Gibraltarians are also realistic. When we take a look at Spain economically and politically, we thank our stars for Gibraltar. We love going to Spain, but when we

the nicest things happen
to people who carry....*

* FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS, NATURALLY!
Ask for them by name at Your Bank

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

1 2 8
DISTANCE
NAUTICAL MILES

CHART © 1960 JEPPESEN & CO., DENVER, COLO.

DME

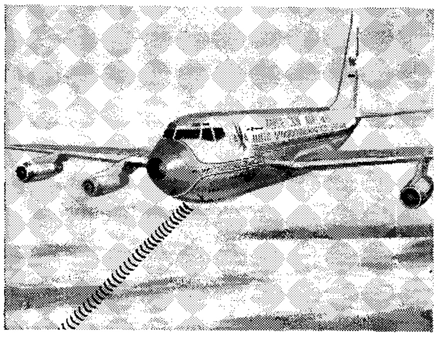
Distance Measuring Equipment: *Most significant advance ever made in airline navigation, beyond even radar. And American's is the first jet fleet completely equipped with it.*

DME is a brand-new electronic yardstick that never stops telling your American Airlines' Captain, instantaneously, how far he is from one of the hundreds of ground beacons that mark his course across the country. It is the most accurate instrument system for airline navigation ever developed. Even weather can't faze it. By 1965, every airline in the country will be DME equipped on its jets and other pressurized airplanes. American, the airline that brought you the Astrojets*, takes more than a little satisfaction in offering you this extra margin of dependability *today*. DME—another example of why American is America's leading airline.

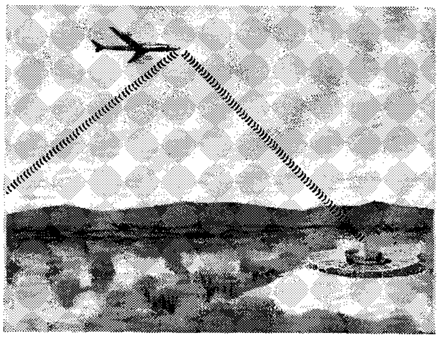
*Service mark of American Airlines, Inc.

AMERICAN AIRLINES

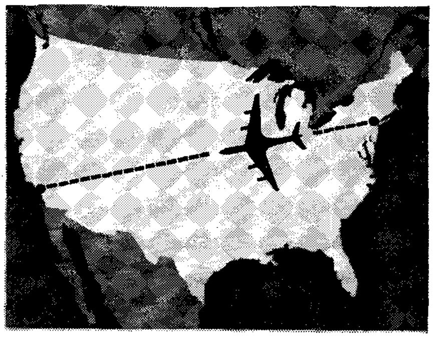
AMERICA'S LEADING AIRLINE



Using a powerful impulse beam, DME gives your jet Captain the information he needs to answer questions on arrival time and the shortest, clearest route to a landing.



Combined with a VHF radio unit, DME pinpoints your Astrojet's position by showing the exact mileage to the next ground beacon and from the last one along the jet route.



DME assures American's jet passengers even better service—greater confidence. One more reason why, in Jet Age: Stage II, American is *first choice of experienced travelers.*

Only the look is priceless

Arnel for perfectionists: slim, welt-seamed, sashed with leather. Crown Fabrics' classic lightweight flannel weave (of Arnel triacetate and rayon) is wrinkle-resistant, washes easily, irons breezily. Miller & Levine tailors it in red, green, gray; 8-20. About $35 at Hattie Carnegie, New York; Montaldo's, all stores & Doop's, East Orange; R. H. Stearns Co., Boston and Chestnut Hill, Mass. Celanese® Arnel®

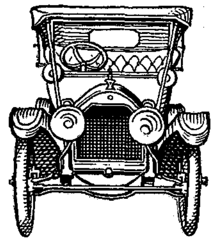
Celanese
contemporary fibers

return, we feel that we are returning to freedom. There is not one of us who would choose to become a Spaniard now—we'd rather be Chinese. We are both British and Spanish, but we are neither. We eat both *potaje* and eggs-and-bacon; we listen to flamenco and to military bands. You notice that we speak both languages equally badly—in fact, we scarcely realize which one we are speaking. My father was a Gibraltarian, but my mother was Spanish, and, as a child, when I wanted to annoy her, I used to speak English."

At that point, the telephone rang and he picked it up. "*Hola, qué tal? . . . Sí, pasa por aquí* about four o'clock," he said into it.

I saw what he meant. In time, I grew used to this quite contained bilinguality. Gibraltarians speak English with a decided (or, rather, an undecided) accent—a slightly staccato English altogether free of the characteristic Spanish "s"-stumblings—yet at the same time their Spanish is not the famously lazy, lisping Andalusian spoken across the frontier but a casual, slurred Spanish of their own, incorporating many English words, like "*tipol*" and "*sospán*" for "teapot" and "saucepan." They suffer no ambiguity of mind, however, and straddle both traditions quite jauntily, following the bullfights and filling in their English football-pool coupons. The ambiguity exists mostly in the eye of the beholder. I was told of an Englishwoman who, arriving in Gibraltar, stopped suddenly and remarked, "Oh, I say—your policemen dress just like *our* policemen!" The Gibraltarian who told me the story said he had spent a long time trying to think of a way to clarify her mind, but had finally given up, deciding that it would be simpler to work wholeheartedly for Gibraltar's independence.

PRESENT-DAY Gibraltarians have a bizarre racial background. When the British took the Rock, in 1704, the resident Spaniards were allowed to evacuate it peaceably, and they settled in the nearby Spanish village of San Roque, where they continued to regard themselves as the rightful inhabitants of Gibraltar. A small settlement of Genoese, however, elected to remain in Gibraltar under British rule, and later they were joined by other Italians and by some of the Sephardim—the descendants of the Jews of Spain, who had taken refuge in various parts of the world—who came to trade and settle in Gibraltar by way of Portugal and Leghorn. Since Queen Anne, in 1705, had declared Gibraltar a free port, the local population car-



Car Care

There's a royal welcome for you in Montreal at The Queen Elizabeth. While you step out and see this "Little Paris of North America," give your road-weary car a free rest in our convenient underground garage. Then take a few day-trips to the nearby Laurentians and see new sights.

Hotel Queen Elizabeth
In Gay Montreal

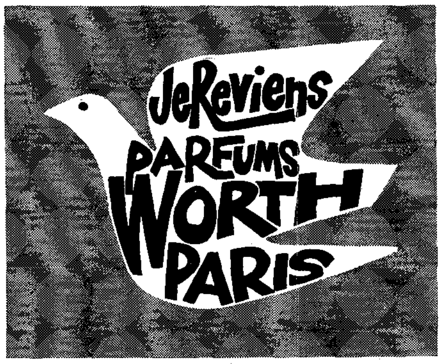
Family Plan • Free Garage • Single from $9
Double from $13 • See Travel Agent or Call N.Y.
Reservation Office • LO 3-6900 • or any Hilton Hotel
A CNR HOTEL OPERATED BY HILTON INTERNATIONAL

NEW AROMATIC DISCOVERY...

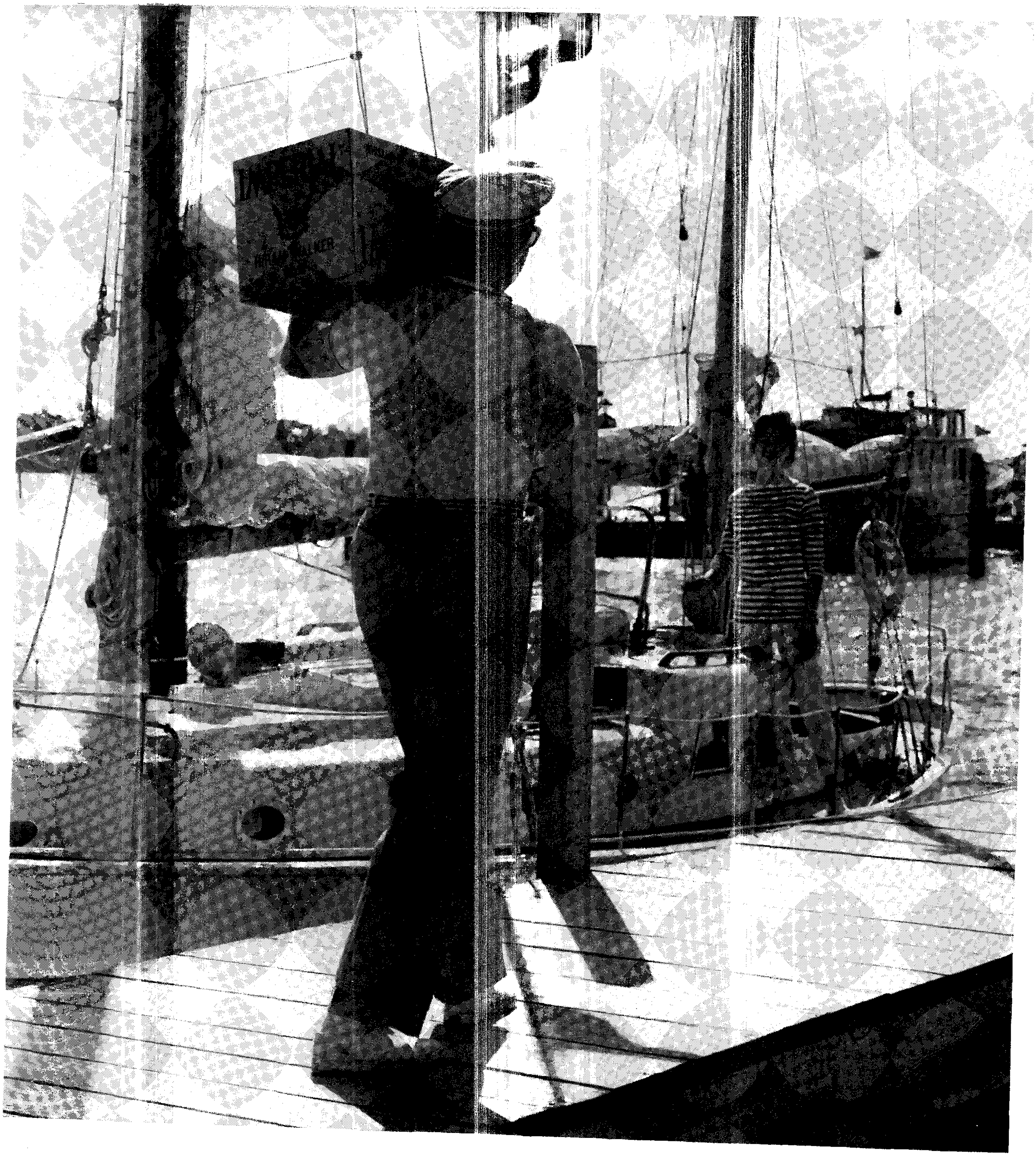
HOLIDAY
V·I·P
MIXTURE

This new and uniquely aromatic mixture blends tobaccos of rare excellence and elegance. The special cut assures easy packing, cool smoking. For a free, full-size pocket pouch, write today...giving your name and address and those of your favorite tobacco dealer. Send request to V.I.P., P.O. Box 6-S, Richmond, Va.

The House of Edgeworth
Larus & Brother Co., Inc. • Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877



FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER
WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT. B, 5 EAST 57TH ST., N. Y. C.


IMPERIAL
HIRAM WALKER

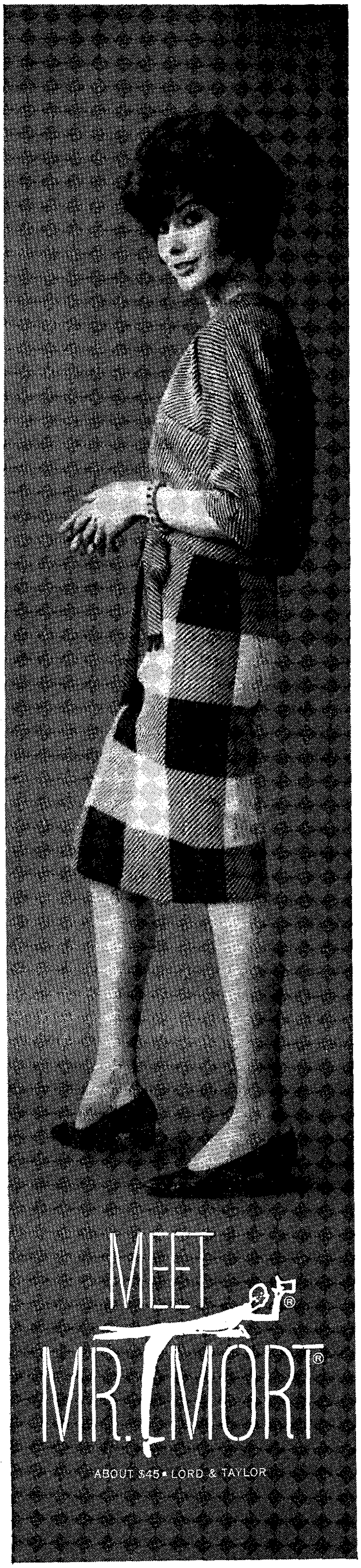
IMPERIAL
HIRAM WALKER

Knowledgeable people drink Imperial.

It's a matter of taste (and value).

Whiskey by Hiram Walker

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 30% STRAIGHT WHISKEYS
70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS



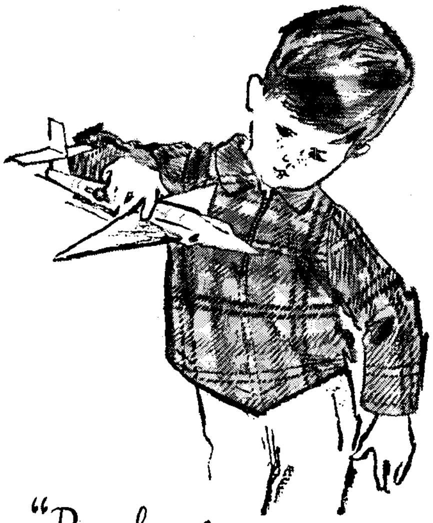
ried on a lively trade with North Africa and with Spain, and new strains gradually insinuated themselves into the native population; Portuguese settled in large numbers, members of the shifting British garrison often elected to stay in Gibraltar, and eventually Spaniards and Maltese and more Italians came and took root. The present population is a thorough fusion of these mainly Mediterranean elements, and is predominantly Roman Catholic; the Jews, however, have adhered to their faith, and have had a profoundly important influence on the well-being of the colony.

Gibraltar really has two quite separate histories: the small, private history of its native inhabitants (the noun "native" is frowned on, probably because it has always been used rather indiscriminately by the British), and its long, more spectacular history as a fortress that has never lost any of its importance through a succession of European wars—an importance that even now, for all the shift in strategic emphasis, has not in the least diminished in the eyes of any of the bristling military types I spoke to. I spent a good part of my time in the Garrison Library—a graceful, well-kept building with a notice board cluttered with small, diffident announcements of phonograph recitals, country-dance-group teas, and committee meetings—looking through its impressive collection of works on Gibraltar. Eventually, I settled down with the 1777 edition of "A Journey from Gibraltar to Malaga, with a View of That Garrison and Its Environs," by Francis Carter, Esq., F.S.A. His preface put me firmly in my place:

> There have been hitherto no other accounts of this coast published in our language but the cursory remarks and vague descriptions of English gentlemen, who, making but a few days' residence at its capital towns, often only as many hours, could not be expected (how much merit soever they might otherwise possess) to give any regular history of a people with whose language they were wholly unacquainted: I have known Spain from my very childhood, since the year 1753, to 1773; all my time (except for five years spent in France) was past in Andalucia and the kingdom of Granada; during so long an absence from my native country, I sought consolation through the study of that in which it was my lot to reside.

I decided to go respectfully on with Mr. Carter:

> The Moors under Tarif-Abenzarca, in the year of Our Lord 714, were the first who noticed the natural strength of the place; they built, peopled, and fortified both the castle and town. . . . The hill lost its ancient name of Calpe on the arrival of


"Poncho is
my plaid amigo"

S.F.A's little wool and mohair poncho is a boy's best blend for winter—because it's blanket-warm. With an easy-on ½ front zipper, in muted camel tones. Toddler 2-4 sizes, 7.00, 3-6x sizes, 8.00. Boys' Shops, Second Floor. Mail and phone orders filled.

Very SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
New York • White Plains • Springfield • Chicago • Skokie
Detroit • St. Louis • Beverly Hills • Miami Beach

HOLD THAT TIGER...
with an Easybaby Car Belt

Here is the answer to safe driving with young children on long trips or about town. Allows child to stand, sit or lie down in comfort and safety. It need never be removed—is not in the way when not in use, replaces cumbersome car-seats. Made of strong blue webbing, this adjustable belt fastens around the child's waist with a dog leash catch and travels up and down a strap that buckles over the seat back. A perfect baby present. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send check or M.O., we pay postage . . . **$2.50**

HARVEST HOUSE, 1200 Niagara R649, Buffalo 13, N. Y.

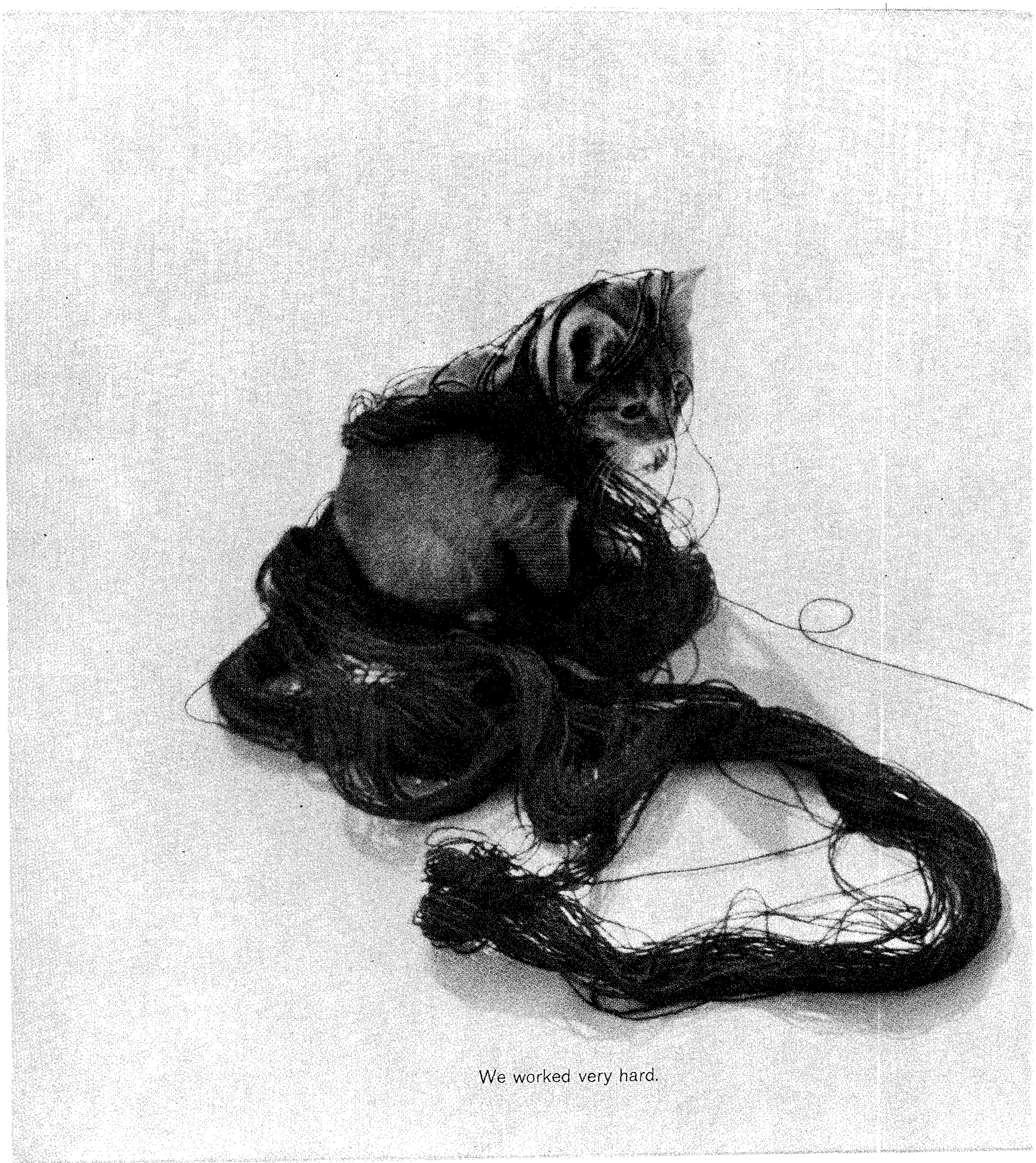
You and summer... enchanted forever in an island paradise of astonishing tropical beauty—Nassau. Your own castle in the sand, the Emerald Beach Hotel, awaits you. If you long for the embrace of an eternal June, fly now!

EMERALD BEACH HOTEL
Call your Travel Agent or: Atlanta, JA 4-3486; Chicago, MO 4-5100; Detroit, WO 2-2700; Miami, PL 4-1667; New York, MU 8-0123; Washington, FE 8-6481; Los Angeles, DU 8-1151; San Francisco, EX 7-2717; Toronto, EM 3-1648.

"DAS REINHEITSGEBOT" STANDS BEHIND EVERY GLASS OF LÖWENBRÄU. THIS IS BAVARIA'S PLEDGE OF PURITY, THE LAW IN MUNICH & YOUR ASSURANCE THAT LÖWENBRÄU IS BREWED FROM NOTHING BUT GOLDEN BAVARIAN BARLEY, RICH HALLERTAU HOPS AND CRYSTAL PURE WATER FROM THE NEARBY ALPS. YOU WILL SENSE IN EVERY SIP OF THIS ELEGANT BREW THE UNIQUE BRAUMEISTER'S SKILLS DESCENDED FROM THE ORIGINAL MUNICH LÖWENBRÄU BORN IN 1383. TO TASTE IT ONCE IS TO FORGET IT NEVER. IT IS SUPERB DARK OR LIGHT, IN BOTTLES OR ON DRAUGHT FIND IT IN DISTINGUISHED RESTAURANTS TAVERNS AND SHOPS WHERE IT WAITS YOUR PLEASURE.

MUNICH
LÖWENBRÄU

LÖWENBRÄU / MUNICH / GERMANY GENERAL U.S. IMPORTERS: HANS HOLTERBOSCH, INC., NEW YORK 51, N.Y.



We worked very hard.

*REG. T.M. OF CHEMSTRAND

And now we've got it. The Perfect Sweater.

The perfect sweater is soft. It's got the right amount of bounce. And it's got all kinds of proof. Moth-proof, mildew-proof, beetle-proof, fool-proof. It comes in the season's most pungent fashion colors (peacock, claret, bitter green, burnished gold). And it comes out of the washer-dryer looking most beautiful. The perfect sweater is 100% virgin Acrilan* acrylic fiber. We're proud to claim it. **The Chemstrand Corporation,** New York 1, makes Acrilan® acrylic fiber and Chemstrand® nylon. The sweater is by Premier.

A
ACRILAN
*
acrylic fiber

Champagne
FULLY COOKED
HAM
IN
Champagne
Rath
BLACK HAWK

We cook this magnificent, hickory-smoked ham in real champagne (you'll pop your cork when you taste it!)

When a genuine Rath Black Hawk Ham from Iowa meets up with genuine champagne, you get a mingling of flavors that's irresistible. Wood smoke with a champagne accent! And you don't even need a recipe. Serve this ham cold in its own delicious champagne aspic. Or hot in its own champagne sauce... Your guests will toast your good taste

In 3 and 5 pound sizes so you can celebrate anything (just being alive!) with this festive treat.

THE RATH PACKING COMPANY, WATERLOO, IOWA

Rath Black Hawk Hickory-Smoked *Ham in Champagne*

Tarif, who called it after himself Gibel-Tarif, or Tarif's mountain; Abdulmalic, historian of the kings of Morocco, deduces its present name from Gibel-tath, or the Mountain of the Entrance, being the key that led them into Spain; but Leo Africanus says expressly its truest derivation is from Gibel-fetoh, which in Arabick signifies the Mountain of Victory, [and] Abulcacim Tarif Abentarique calls it by a similar name, Jabal-fath. Hence Gibraltar by the Spaniards.

Gibraltar was occupied and reoccupied several times in the wars between Moors and Spaniards before Spain settled down in possession of it, in 1462, and set about restoring its fortifications. When Queen Isabella of Spain died, in 1504, she commanded in her will that her heirs undertake the sacred charge of holding Gibraltar. It was she who awarded Gibraltar its coat of arms—a castle with a key pendent and an inscription that reads, "Seal of the Noble City of Gibraltar, the Key of Spain." In spite of her injunction, Gibraltar fell to a combined British and Dutch fleet in 1704, during the War of the Spanish Succession, and, over Dutch protests, the British dug themselves in, fending off a few abortive Spanish attempts to regain it until the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, left them in ratified possession. In a Gibraltar bar one night, I overheard an intricate argument over what was precisely implied in the wording of the treaty, which made it clear to me that loose prose, particularly in treaties, is not a thing to leave lying about.

Treaty or no treaty, the Spaniards seem never quite to have given up hope of recovering the Peñón, as they call the Rock. Throughout most of the eighteenth century they besieged it with waspish repetition, but it was in 1779, during the Maritime Wars, in which Spain allied herself to France for the single purpose of recovering Gibraltar and Minorca, that the four-year-long Great Siege—the most dramatic single episode in Gibraltar's knobbled past—was launched. An enormous and excited Franco-Spanish Army entrenched itself on the isthmus facing the Rock, little more than a cannon shot away. As every American schoolboy knows, the British were greatly extended elsewhere at the time, and could not reliably be expected to sustain the garrison (which amounted to about five and a half thousand men) from the sea. Gibraltar's number appeared to be up.

I read several accounts of the Great Siege in the Library—even one in the faded handwritten original—and it was not difficult for me to imagine myself back to the circumstances of it, particularly since I had only to glance

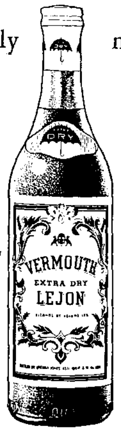
CAN YOU JOIN THE LEJON-AIRES IF YOUR WIFE MAKES THE MARTINIS?

First off, a great deal depends on your wife. Have you trained her properly? Are her martini proportions sensible, (3, 4, or 5 parts gin to 1 part Vermouth)?

And does she always use Lejon *extra-dry* Vermouth? Lejon, you must explain to her, is so delicately herbed it enhances, never overwhelms, the flavor of the gin.

But why take chances. Men just naturally make better martinis than do women. So, mix your own with Lejon Vermouth. Mix her one, too.

You'll have joined the Lejon-aires, and helped make the world safe for the dry martini.



LEJON *Extra Dry* VERMOUTH

PRODUCT OF U.S.A., SHEWAN-JONES, ASTI, CALIFORNIA

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Detroit Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Atlanta • St. Paul Minneapolis • Indianapolis • Buffalo • Kansas City Cincinnati • Washington, D.C. • Hartford • Providence

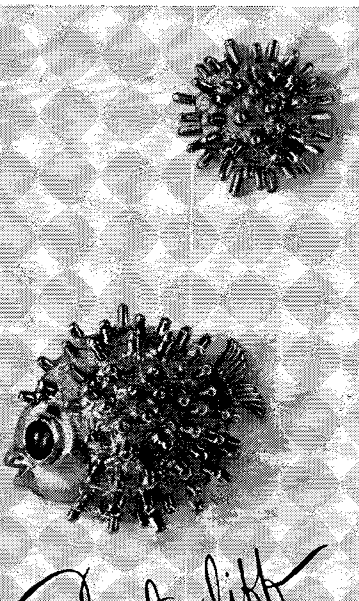
Peck and Peck

Our knack for knits

A happy pairing; our two piece wool with stand away cowl neck, equally at ease circled with its own self-sash or smoothed to a straight line overblouse. In royal blue, beige or black. 8 to 16, 29.95

Crest Collection

out of the window to verify locations and distances. In the same way, both sides must have noted each other's every activity throughout the four years. The garrison had the good fortune to be commanded by General George Augustus Eliott, in every sense the right man to have on one's side. (In the Alameda Gardens there is a greening bust of him—beetle-browed, with a great hook nose—and a copy of a portrait of him by Reynolds hangs in the Gibraltar Museum.) All during the cruel deprivations of the siege—at one point, ammunition was so low that the batteries had to restrict themselves to firing three shots a day, which they referred to as the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—Eliott maintained a roistering, good-humored discipline, and, beyond that, was able to show remarkable military ingenuity. In November, 1781, he had the audacity to launch a secret night attack, using a third of his men, on the forward Spanish batteries, and completely destroyed them. (Sortie Day is still observed by the Army in Gibraltar.) Eliott also encouraged his men to think up schemes that might break the stalemate, and eventually gave his permission to one Sergeant-Major Ince to tunnel long galleries close to the surface of the Rock, at a height of six hundred feet, from which to fire down on the Spaniards. The galleries still exist, with some of the guns in position, pointing dizzily down at the present airstrip. It was an astonishing piece of engineering, considering the times and circumstances, and one that made a good deal more practical sense than the detailed plan with which a Spanish engineer approached the Duc de Crillon, the French commander, for building a vast mountain, higher than Gibraltar, a short way inland, "thus depriving the fortress of its chief advantage." Crillon declined to build the mountain, but he did put all his eggs into building ten floating batteries—huge, heavily armed hulls filled with damp sand and cork to prevent their catching fire. The British could watch them being readied across the bay, and as the climax of the siege drew near, thousands of spectators gathered on the surrounding hills to see Gibraltar fall. On the morning of September 13, 1782, the ten batteries lumbered to their stations, about a thousand yards from the shore. At his home in Sussex, prior to coming out to assume the Governorship, Eliott had with quiet aplomb practiced using heated cannon balls, and he now proceeded to rain red-hot fire on the batteries until, by afternoon, wispy flames began to show from



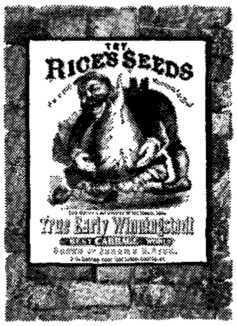
Castlecliff

SEA-SHAPE
. . . A FRESH
FASHION ACCENT.
PIN 5.00
EARCLIPS 4.00
PLUS FED. TAX

design copyrighted
shown actual size

BURDINE'S, MIAMI AND BRANCHES
FOR OTHER FINE STORES, WRITE
CASTLECLIFF, INC., 366 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 1.

RARE American 19th Century POSTERS



Collection of 6 Mounted Posters—decorative—authentic—in color—of interest to discriminating buyers for living area, library, den-private study, univ. dorm or office.

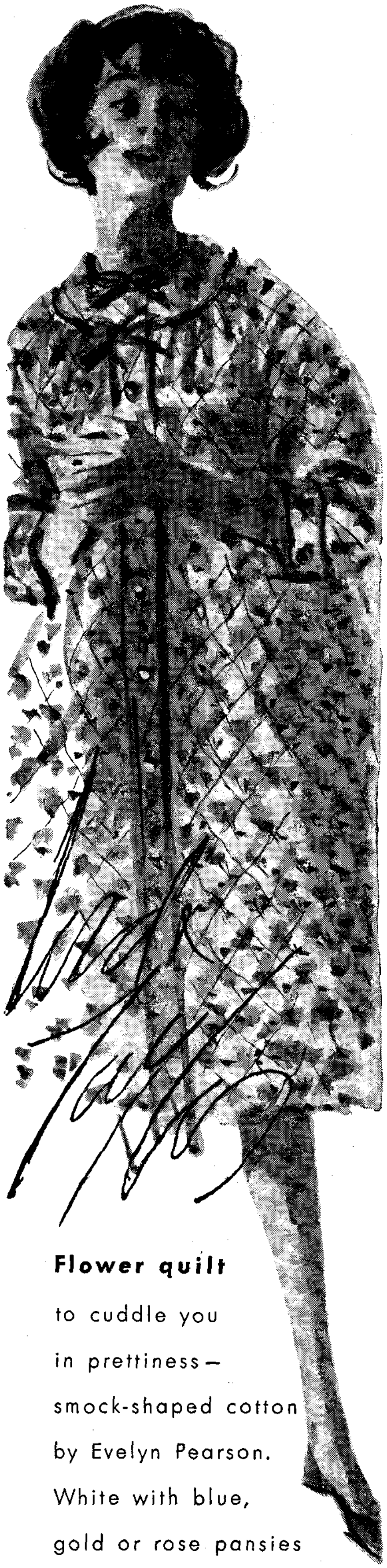
Poster a: **SEAMAN WANTED** for Ship Ranger (Capt. JP Jones) bears Hancock's authorization 1777. b: **JESSE JAMES—** theatrical billboard, J. James & horse engraving. c: **$100,000 REWARD FOR MURDERER OF LINCOLN** with ills. of three assassins. d: **CIVIL WAR RECRUITMENT** charging stallion ill. e: **THE GOLD RUSH** of Idaho—travel via side wheeler "avoiding attacks by Indians".

f: **RICE'S SEEDS colorful, very quaint. (see ill.)**
MOUNTED AND READY FOR HANGING
Posters of this Limited Numbered Edition are printed on the finest parchment. Each mounted on ⅛" masonite—size 10"x15" (approx.). Complete with wall tab.
Each poster **$3.25**. Set of six **$17.50**—unmounted posters **$2.00** ea. sent postpaid—or send for free prospectus.
• *You are invited to visit our gallery showroom* •
Dept. G., 112 4th Av.
FLAGHOUSE, INC., Fine Arts N.Y. 3, N.Y.

EUROPE • HAWAII • MEXICO
U.S. • CANADA • JAMAICA
CARIBBEAN • SO. AMERICA
CARTAN TRAVEL SINCE 1899
PACKAGES • TOURS
See your travel agent or write
108 N. State, Chicago 2
377 Geary, San Francisco 2
AMERICAN SOCIETY OF TRAVEL AGENTS ASTA

**this is a gamin
from the other side**

Italian to its very sole.
Handsome, soft at heart,
flexible by nature.
And molto simpatico,
because it's made on
an American last.
The collection, at 16.95,
in deep matte tones of
vino, castagno brown
or black above a small,
shaped, stacked heel.
These Gamins® and more
at Andrew Geller stores.



Flower quilt
to cuddle you
in prettiness—
smock-shaped cotton
by Evelyn Pearson.
White with blue,
gold or rose pansies
in sizes 8 to 18, 10.95
Negligees, Fourth Floor
Lord & Taylor, New York

the Pastora, the flagship of the attacking fleet. Crillon's supporting craft arrived too late, and by midnight most of the anchored ships were ablaze or had blown up. Spanish and French casualties numbered about two thousand, and Gibraltar was still intact. Crillon withdrew, and in the next month Lord Howe brilliantly maneuvered a relieving fleet into the bay. The siege petered out the following February, and although the Peace of Versailles clipped back the British Empire and let Spain keep Minorca and Florida, Britain sat on Gibraltar, and Spain lost its last chance to negotiate for its restoration. On the Spanish and French side, the Great Siege was mismanaged, but this in no way dims the doggedness and audacity of the garrison. By the time I had read two or three accounts of the siege, and had noted General Eliott's elevation to the peerage, as Lord Heathfield, I might have cheered aloud had it not been for the presence of two formidable-looking ladies in the Library.

"If Jimmy gets a horse, he'll be absolutely all right," said the first.

"Yes, and since it *is* an English company . . ." said the other.

I replaced the heroic documents and left.

ALL British schoolboys, at some stage or other, are given a toy fort and a miscellany of tin soldiers, often handed down by a graduating generation, with which they acquire a tidy sense of nursery strategy, and something of this addiction has gone into Gibraltar's evolution as a fortress. It is so neatly ingenious. Burrowing in the wake of Sergeant-Major Ince, engineers ran rabbit-wild inside the Rock itself, and now there is an estimated thirty miles of tunnelling, concealing who knows what. (Characteristically, the loose excavated rock was used as the foundations for the reclaimed dock areas and for the seaward extension of the airstrip.) Since the place depends for its water supply mainly on rainfall, great catchments cover the higher and steeper slopes, the rain running into enormous reservoirs inside the Rock. Roads have been masterfully imagined to give unlikely access to even the upper Rock—tidy little roads, with a goodly lining of green shade. Bare though the Rock may look from the sea, its semitropical vegetation is surprisingly profuse and varied—pines, cypresses, and wild olives abound—and throughout the town there are, of course, multitudes of those small, parade-ground garden patches that British servicemen

DRY FLY SHERRY
DRY FLY
SHERRY
FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD & CO LTD

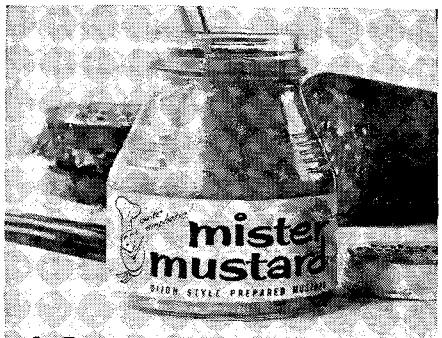
A gracious welcome to your guests

IMPORTED SPANISH SHERRY IN THE FAMOUS MALLET-SHAPED BOTTLE

Consumer resale price in New York State $3.95

Importers:
Peerless Importers, Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

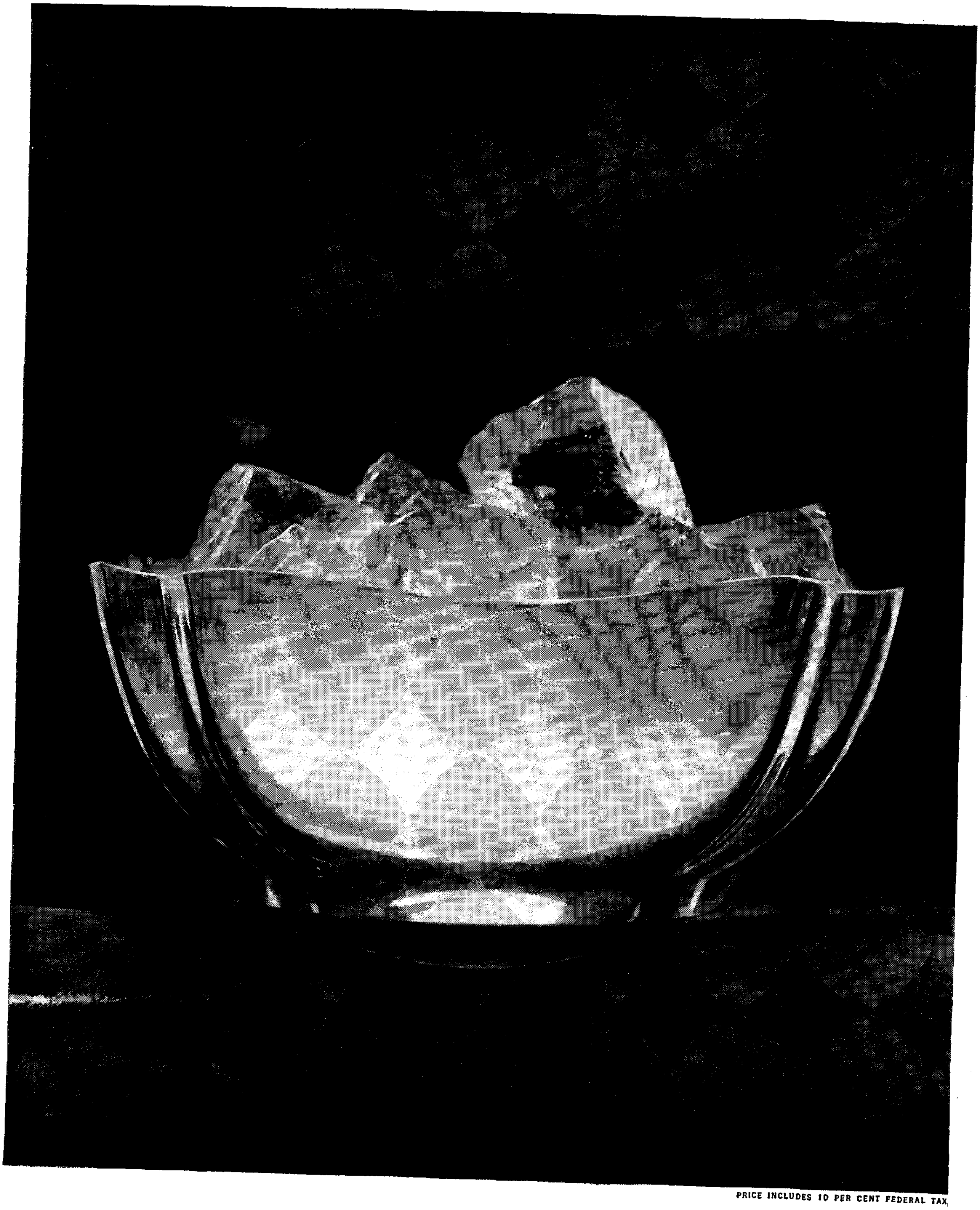
U.S. Agent:
Robert F. Philipp, Wildwood Road, Stamford, Conn.



Keep me cold and I'll stay hot

Look for this remarkable Dijon-style mustard in the *refrigerator* section of your food store. Write for free recipe booklet. The Frank Tea and Spice Co., Dept. NY, Cinti. 2, O.

900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
CHICAGO
Dine in our beautiful outdoor garden or air-conditioned dining rooms.
Reservations Suggested
OPEN DAILY... 11:30 A.M. TO 12:00 P.M.



PRICE INCLUDES 10 PER CENT FEDERAL TAX

SQUARED BOWL FOR ICE, FRUIT AND FLOWERS IN HEAVY SILVER PLATE.
7¼ INCHES ACROSS. $18.75. AT FINER SILVERWARE STORES.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

TRAVEL QUIZ

First U. S. circus was held in:

☐ *New York* ☐ *Boston* ☐ *Philadelphia*

A big attraction for Philadelphians in 1785 was a circus, the first to be held in the U. S. Today, on your trip to the City of Brotherly Love, carry The First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks. Checks are $10, $20, $50, $100—each denomination a different color for cashing ease.

World's largest zoo is in:

☐ *England* ☐ *France* ☐ *U. S.*

The world's largest zoo is the 560-acre Whipsnade Zoo in Bedfordshire, England. Whether it's a spot you're planning to visit or not, be sure to take along First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks. They're safe: only you can cash them!

Highest U. S. temperature was recorded in:

☐ *Florida* ☐ *California* ☐ *Utah*

Had you been visiting in Death Valley, California in 1913, you'd have experienced the U. S. heat record—134°. Even then you could have cashed The First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks there and they'd have been cheerfully accepted. Ask for them at your bank!

The First National Bank of Chicago

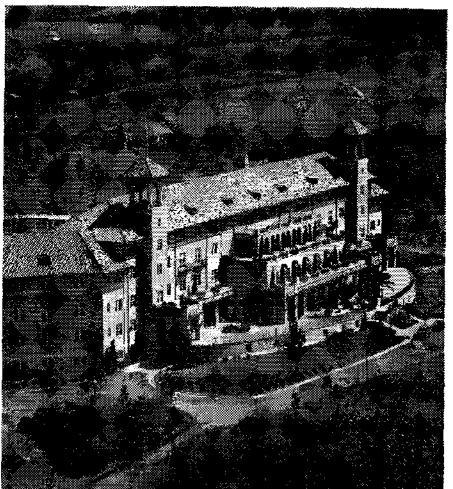
Travelers Checks

For All Business and Vacation Travel

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

manage to conjure out of whatever wilderness they find themselves in.

The First World War and, more dramatically, the Second underlined the stupendous importance of Gibraltar as a military, naval, and air base; it virtually kept Britain afloat in the Mediterranean, especially during the period when the Axis controlled practically the entire Mediterranean coastline. I recall putting in to the Rock a few times during the war, when the immediate vicinity was aboil, and finding it a brisk beehive of military efficiency—so much so that in the end we scarcely bothered to go ashore, for life in the fortress was even tenser and more controlled than it was on shipboard. Gibraltar's very existence at that point was like a blow struck. Whenever we spotted the great doubled fist of the Rock from seaward, it always cheered us up. On this occasion, the second morning I was there I watched three destroyers slip from the harbor, with much booping of sirens, and turn in line into the bay. I must say they looked stirring to me. It is the efficient compactness of everything—dockyard, harbor, airfield, fortifications, roads, barracks, hospitals—that gives the place its air of intense, concentrated importance, like a clockwork microcosm. Since, as my friend Francis Carter remarks, "the English being a nation that, in all their colonies spread over the face of the globe, study more the useful than the grand," and since Gibraltar still has its thumb on the approaches to the Mediterranean and its eye cocked toward Spain and Africa, there seems little likelihood that Britain will ever seriously consider giving it back to anyone. Even to the small gray pillow of cloud that, by repute, hangs perpetually over the forehead of the Rock, Gibraltar is stiff with Englishness, with that ripe, determined cheer and relentless go that the English emanate. When something has to be done or solved, however unpleasant, the English take a rare, secret pleasure in getting on with it; it is when there is no particular task or hardship in sight that they falter. Unlike the Spaniards, they have little natural talent for being alone, although they suffer their boredom dauntlessly. On Main Street, I noticed Spaniards eying pretty women with their habitual delighted Mediterranean wonder; the British servicemen, on the other hand, looked at them with quiet, furtive desperation, as they might have eyed forbidden candy. In the Alameda Gardens, I played on a fiendishly contrived miniature golf course, full of traps and obstacles, which seemed to represent,



THE HERSHEY HOTEL PAMPERS ITS GUESTS with sumptuous

Wamsutta® Supercale

sheets & pillowcases

...the ultimate in luxury

WAMSUTTA MILLS, 1430 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y.
Makers of Heritage Towels

ST. FRANCIS WITH BIRDS AND FAWN

Visit our showrooms for complete collection. ST. FRANCIS WITH BIRDS AND FAWN (By C. S. Paolo) 20" high 6" base in lead $65.00.
F.O.B. N.Y.C.

25¢ for Catalogue M-62 on complete line in coins or postage.

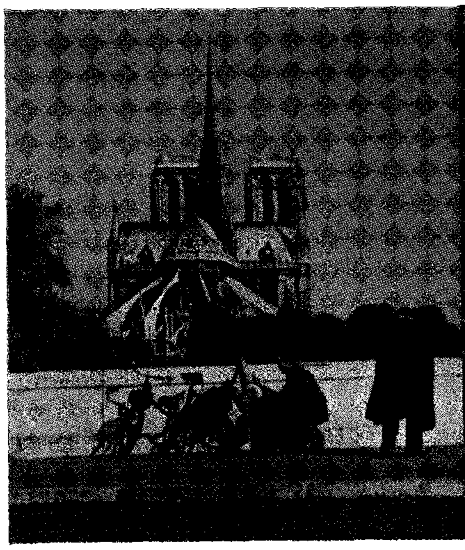
THE Florentine CRAFTSMEN, INC.
479 FIRST AVE. (28th St.) N.Y. 16
Phone LExington 2-3926

FOLONARI
PREMIUM
ITALIAN WINES

SOAVE • VALPOLICELLA
BARDOLINO • CHIARETTO

Schieffelin & Co., N. Y.

How much capital for each capital?



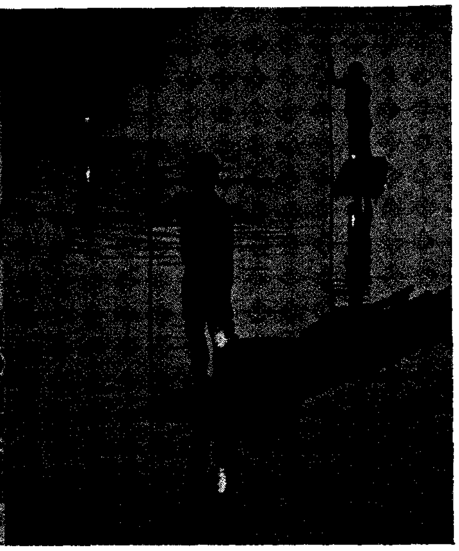
$390 is all you need to take Paris in your arms. Complete thrilling Parisian Jet-Away Holiday for only $494 complete.

$403 buys a round-trip ticket to Madrid. Or take a Mediterranean Holiday. Spain, France, Italy, 17 days, $614.

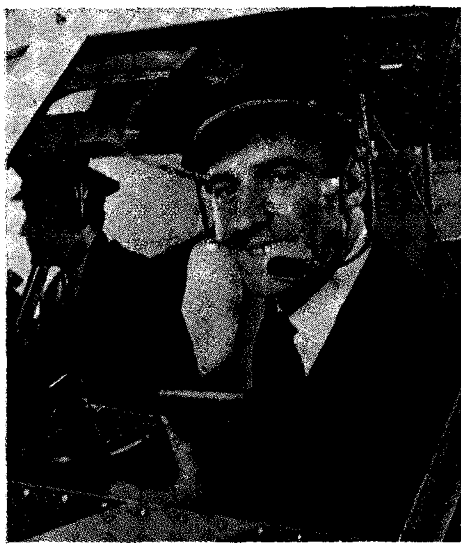
$485 puts you in Rome. Round-trip ticket also entitles you to stop over in up to 14 extra cities at no extra fare!

$741 Tel Aviv. 707 Jets fly one stop from New York via Paris. Stop over in Paris, 17 other cities, no extra fare.

$1,278 Standard Economy round-trip fare, N.Y. to Bangkok via the Atlantic. Or fly Air France Round-the-World.



$755 *jets you to Papeete, capital of Tahiti, last unspoiled Pacific paradise. Exciting Jet-Away Holiday available, too.



6,000,000-mile-experienced pilots fly your giant American-built Boeing 707 Jet. No other airline has higher standards for any flight personnel.

Your giant Boeing 707 whisks you to Paris non-stop in 7 hours from New York. In Europe, fly the incredible Air France Caravelle Jet.

AIR FRANCE JET

Consult your Travel Agent or write:
Air France
Department NY-4-61
683 5th Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me Free information on your new JET-AWAY HOLIDAYS:

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________

State____________________

All fares except Tahiti and Bangkok Economy Class, 17-Day Excursion from New York between October 1, 1961, and March 31, 1962.

*Round-trip standard Economy Fare from the West Coast via TAI DC-8 Jet.

Ronrico
RUM
WHITE
LABEL
Ronrico
Distilled
PUERTO RICAN
RUM
Distilled, Prepared and Bottled by
PUERTO RICO DISTILLING COMPANY
Arecibo, Puerto Rico
Best Rum
Bar None
COPYRIGHT 1959 PUERTO RICO DISTILLING CO.
TONIC
Schwep
QUININE

RONRICO RUM AND TONIC. "MARGE, YOU CAN PUT AWAY THE GIN"

As you descend the cool, Schweppervescing depths, you detect a curious dry, light aura. My, it's good. It has taken 91 years to make a rum this dry (even people who profess not to like liquor, like the taste of Ronrico). It makes the ultimate tonic (Screwdriver. Bloody Maria. Sour.). Anything gin can do, this rum does better. Take a sip. See? (Note the crest on the Ronrico label. It was granted to the Marqués de Arecibo of the Ronrico family in 1889 by the King of Spain. "El ron de los nobles." The rum of noblemen.)

RONRICO FROM PUERTO RICO: THE DRY RUM

PUERTO RICAN RUM. 80 PROOF. WHITE OR GOLD LABEL. GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS CO., N.Y. 22

in parvo, the ferocious ingenuity of the whole place, and as I came away, I passed a sign that read:

> These gardens are cultivated for your pleasure.
>
> Please coöperate by observing these rules:
>
> 1. Do not touch the plants or walk on the flower beds.
> 2. Keep dogs on a leash while in the garden.
> 3. Do not leave litter in the garden.

Below, the same text followed in Spanish, but the Spanish read as if it had been unwillingly dragged there, like a child forcibly dressed up for an occasion. All through the town, there is a tyranny of well-groomed signs. Every eventuality has been provided for in advance, every small aspect of the place accounted for. I read my way through no less than five volumes of statistics on the colony, and could not help marvelling at their minuteness. Perhaps this is why Gibraltar has no *mystique;* it has all been patiently organized down to the last detail. Even the resident ape population has an officer in charge of it. The colony has an impressive array of social services, and pays scrupulous attention to itself.

Relations between Gibraltarians and British, however, have not always been quite as amiable as they now appear to be. In the past, Gibraltar suffered from what is officially called a "fortress mentality;" Gibraltarians complained that military considerations were apt to take precedence over the well-being of the community, and the pointed aloofness of the British tended to put the local inhabitants on edge. It is not difficult to understand this ruffling of feelings. The British govern their colonies gently but

BOOKS
PAPER BACK
POCKET BOOKS 75¢
35¢ $.50¢
Fahy

SAN JUAN'S MOST COMPLETE RESORT
NOW ONLY **$11** A DAY PER PERSON, DOUBLE OCCUPANCY

No place in San Juan equals the fun of the San Juan Intercontinental Hotel. A 15-acre tropical playground with its own quarter-mile of palm-lined beach. Sparkling Olympic-size pool. A multitude of sports on the grounds. Golf just minutes away. Breathtaking Tropicoro nightclub, with famous stars. Superb Le Pavillon restaurant—a gourmet haven. The San Juan is completely air-conditioned. Every room has a private balcony. And all this as low as $11 a day, European plan! See your travel agent, or write to Intercontinental Hotels, Chrysler Bldg., N.Y. 17, N.Y., or Roper Bldg., 20 S.E. 3rd Ave., Miami, Fla.

SAN JUAN INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS
Familiar Comforts in Faraway Lands

SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER: "Turn to, mates. When we're all-a-taunt-o, we'll crack the Wanderer's Gloucester Grog".

Whaler Bar
HOTEL LANCASTER
(formerly Midston House)
MADISON AVE. AT 38th ST.

CHIPP CHIPP
Custom Tailors Chipp Furnishers

First Showing of New Fall Fabrics
Ready-to-Wear Clothing
Custom-Tailored Clothing

Chipp
14 E. 44th St. • New York 17, N.Y.
CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

firmly, as a nanny might ("Yes, dear, but Britain knows best"), with a kind of instinctive gamesmanship—a tacit underlying assumption of superiority that provokes a slow, shuffling resentment, although on the surface their rule is so cool, so efficient, so fair and just that one must always seriously admire it on paper and in retrospect. Now, however, the edginess has all but gone. In 1950, by Royal Instructions, a Legislative Council was created, presided over by the Governor and consisting of twelve members—three civil-service officials, two members nominated by the Governor, and seven elected members (a majority), all seven of whom are Gibraltarians. This naturally gave Gibraltarians a substantial measure of control over their own affairs, and has been taken extremely seriously by the local population; the British colonial officials, too, have been forced to concern themselves more minutely and less blandly with Gibraltar's internal affairs. Two or three times during my stay, I found myself in the midst of colony-shaking arguments—arguments that seemed to be a part of a regular, running conversation. They generally arose over some small local matter currently preoccupying the Legislative Council and almost always led into large speculations on the future of the colony, since the Gibraltarians, having now got a grip on their own destiny, feel the day to be at hand when they will have to choose—or at least approach Nanny with the question—whether they will have complete self-determination. Even though they have fought energetically for their present representation, they remain sharply divided over what they want next. From all the argument, I gathered that Gibraltarians are very proud of the steps they have taken toward governing themselves, and that their speculations on the future are a kind of muscle-flexing—a rather abrupt extension of their new-found sense of responsibility. The chances are that they will gain almost complete control over internal affairs in the colony, at the same time leaving the British pretty much in charge of the place qua fortress.

The local newspapers also reflect Gibraltar's changed air. The *Chronicle*, a four-page daily founded in 1801 (soon after its founding, it was called upon to report news of the Battle of Trafalgar), is little more than a rehash of yesterday's English papers and prints official notices, British football results, tide tables, movements of shipping, and the results of the lottery (Gibraltar has the distinction of being the only colony under the direct aegis of the British

ROSANNA'S LITTLE LOVE OF A JACKET... SO WEIGHTLESS, SO WASHABLE... WITH SHIMMER, SUBSTANCE, SMASH YOU COULDN'T BUY IN SWEATERS UNTIL NEW ANTRON® NYLON

DU PONT
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

"Antron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its trilobal multifilament nylon yarn. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the textured yarn or sweater shown here

BLACK, IVORY, BLUE, FIESTA. 34-40. ABOUT $15. SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN WEST. B. ALTMAN & CO., N.Y.; L. L. BERGER, INC., BUFFALO; JOSEPH MAGNIN, CALIFORNIA & NEVADA; STIX, BAER & FULLER, ST. LOUIS & BRANCHES; FROST BROS., SAN ANTONIO.

Lazy,
majestic...

. . . the living symbol of easy-going days. That's Hotel Dennis, where you can dream a day away on the beach, dance the stars to a standstill, dine to your appetite's content. And splash it up in a creamy surf (or our own private pool). It's all in fun. Dennis, anyone?

HOTEL Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY
On the Boardwalk at Michigan Ave.
Phone (Area Code 609) 344-8111
OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE BUZBY FAMILY

Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

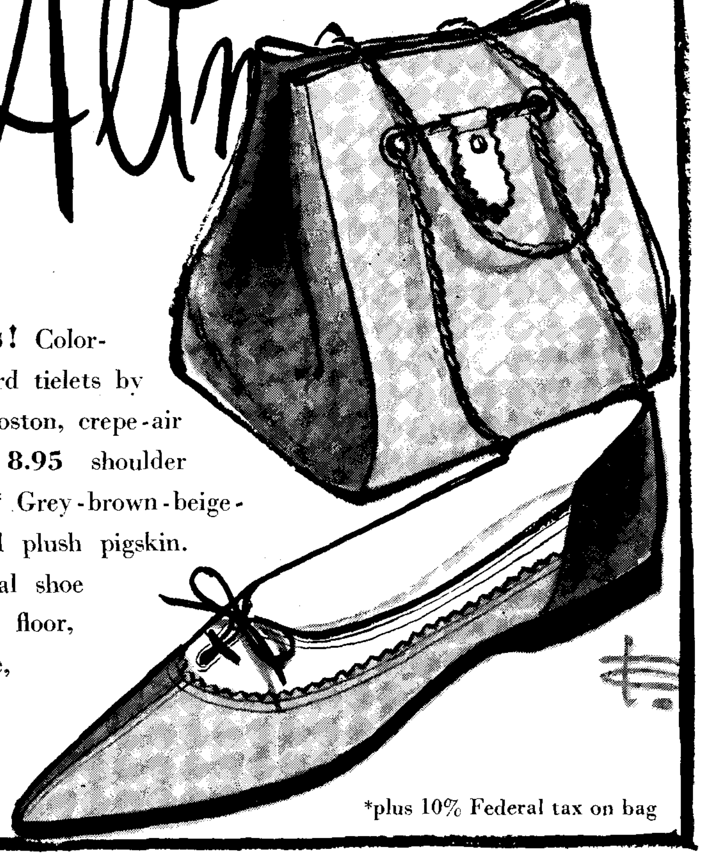
The EMPRESS
Authentic
CHINESE CUISINE
Free Parking after 6:30
770 THIRD AVE. (bet. 44-45 Sts.) YU 6-5995
Air Conditioned
Diners & Am. Express

GIAN MARINO
SUPERB ITALIAN CUISINE
Diners' Club
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER
716 LEX. AVE. • at 58 St. • EL 5-8923

Colonial Office to run a state lottery, in the Spanish manner), and is stoutly British. The other daily, *El Calpense*, published in Spanish, does the same thing for the Spanish-speaking population. The two English-speaking weeklies, however—the *Gibraltar Post* and *Vox*—are much more attentively read. They scarcely mention foreign news but are minutely and outspokenly busy with local affairs; they report Legislative Council meetings in great detail and are quite merciless in their comment—*Vox* waspishly, since it functions as an independent opposition paper and aims at keeping the legislature on its toes by finding chinks in its armor. Local happenings or national issues—Gibraltar has all the problems of being a full colony with no more resources than those of a small town.

Gibraltarians are serious people, and they are also awesomely industrious. Several times I met the mayor of Gibraltar, Mr. J. A. Hassan, C.B.E., M.V.O., J.P., as he darted in and out of other people's offices, but I was never able to corner him until one sunny afternoon when he picked me up on the road and drove me into the town. A small, high-voiced man with a wiry, intense intelligence, he talked eagerly and excitedly to me as we sat in his car outside the freshly painted Town Hall. "You've probably been trying to puzzle us out and put us in pigeonholes," he said, with a sudden, charming smile. "Well, I'm glad to tell you that we won't fit, either as Spaniards or as Englishmen. We have learned enormously from the British in that we follow the rules—we respect punctuality and efficiency, we keep our word, and we believe in fair play, the law, and an ordered way of life. Spaniards find us puzzling. For instance, I was talking recently to a Spanish officer, and he said to me, 'Look, Hassan, you've been mayor now for the last twelve years—you must be doing well for yourself.' The truth is that I have been so absorbed in civic affairs and in constitutional reform, which is my preoccupation, that I have had scarcely any time for my law practice, and, as you know, we receive only a token salary for our administrative duties. The officer was horrified when I told him. We like to think that we embody the best elements of our dual temperament. Our elections are orderly and fair, and we would not think of corrupting them. At the same time, we do feel ourselves to be Latin in the sense that the positions we take are never purely theoretical ones—we shift and adjust them until they fit our particular situa-

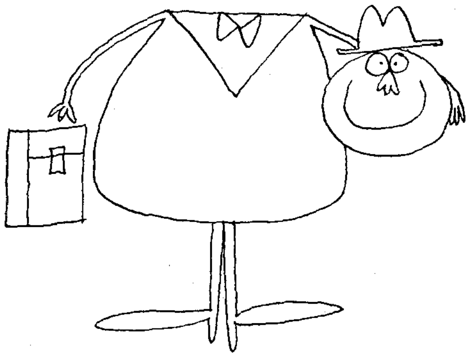
B Altman



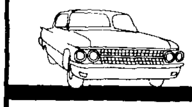
vagabonds! Color-patched oxford tielets by Sandler of Boston, crepe-air rubber soles, 8.95 shoulder pouch, 3.95* Grey-brown-beige-cinnamon-red plush pigskin. Altman casual shoe salon, second floor, Fifth Avenue, suburban stores.

*plus 10% Federal tax on bag

RESERVE AHEAD



Pretend you are someone reading a magazine. Wouldn't this headline make sense? Yet many people never phone Avis. They just appear. So there's a 3, 4 minute wait for their car. Next time, get INSTANT AVIS...reserve ahead whenever you can, and your car will be waiting!



® Avis RENT-a-CAR

Avis Rents All Makes of Cars...Features Fords. For more information, call your nearest Avis Office or write Avis Inc., 18 Irvington Street, Boston 16, Mass. Avis International, Avis Visa, American Express, Diners' Club, Carte Blanche, Sheraton Hotel, air travel, rail travel, and other accredited charge cards are also honored. ©1961 Avis Inc.

THAT ITALIAN KNIT IN AMERICA

BORN IN MILAN... the marvelous mobility of "Carina," from the world famous **AVAGOLF MILLS.** A treasure to wear as a two-piece suit. Add the short-sleeved pullover sweater for a three piece ensemble. Marine blue, cyclamen, clay beige, black, sizes 8 to 16. Suit 80.00, sweater 18.00. At De Pinna, New York; Blums Inc., Chicago; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas and Houston; and other fine stores everywhere.

Korrigan Lesur

Korrigan Lesur, 70 W. 40 Street, New York, N.Y.

tions, bearing individuals in mind. Gibraltar politics are *human* politics, not in the least theoretical. I would call myself a Socialist in economics and a liberal in politics, yet in *Vox* you may see me occasionally referred to as a right-wing capitalist. Actually, the definitions need scarcely ever arise here; the place is small enough to allow us to act *particularly*, in terms of what we immediately want to achieve, for the general good. I have lost count of the number of committees I sit on, but we get our business done because we are all so continuously in touch with one another." So saying, he darted quickly out of the car.

Later, I spoke to him in his office overlooking John Mackintosh Square, and again I got the impression that even if plans and decisions on the future of the colony did not yet exist on paper, they were already humming about in the mayor's head. "We have all had to learn the art of compromise with the British," he told me. "But I think that we have also taught them many things, and have made them grow a little more human in their application of principle. As you probably realize, we have been trying our wings for the last ten years, and we fly, on the whole, pretty well." Here, he broke off to sign two documents brought in by the town clerk and to conduct a rapid conversation in Spanish on the telephone. "As to the future, we feel we are quite capable of governing ourselves," he went on, "but the big question for us is: Do we want to break our very real link with the United Kingdom?" Then, as he rose to leave for a meeting of the City Council, over which he presides, he added, "Anyway, let us just say that time will tell." Time undoubtedly will, but I have no doubt that time will not be allowed to decide without an energetic word from Mr. Hassan, always assuming that he has a moment to spare.

GIBRALTAR'S Main Street has a surprising habit of filling up and emptying quite suddenly; cruise ships arrive and land their passengers for a two-hour jaunt through the bulging shops, and as quickly spirit them away. (It is quite astonishing how many people turn out to have either landed at or touched at Gibraltar. In 1878, General U.S. Grant was given a banquet in St. George's Hall, the chamber that Sergeant-Major Ince hollowed out of the rock, and in 1919 the Abbé Henri Breuil discovered, in the course of a walk, the site of a shelter of the Mousterian period, about 40,000 B.C.,

Smart Move!
SMART PEOPLE
ARE MOVING
INTO
THE
Westbury
Madison Avenue
at 69th Street, New York

The fashionable East Side hotel of good taste and individuality.

Magnificent furnished suites of 1 to 6 rooms (with serving pantry and air conditioning available) . . . for permanent occupancy on lease or monthly rental.

ALSO a number of rooms and suites for transient guests.

Complete hotel services
Restaurant
Famous POLO BAR

KNOTT HOTELS
reservations · information
Charles L. O'Connor, Mgr.
Tel.: LEhigh 5-2000
TWX.: NY 1-138

Imported Bavarian BEER
It is 1643 when you drink
Würzburger Hofbräu
Unchanged for over 300 years
Original Beer Imp.& Dist.Co.Inc., New York 16, N.Y.

EAT LIKE A NORSE
NEW YORK'S MOST DISTINCTIVE
SCANDINAVIAN RESTAURANT
SMÖRGÅSBORD
LUNCHEON · DINNER · SUPPER
EVERY DAY AND SUNDAY TOO!
THE SCANDIA
45th STREET WEST OF BROADWAY
Call NICK Circle 6-6600
IN THE HOTEL PICCADILLY
HOME OF THE CIRCUS LOUNGE

FOOD . . . LIBATION . . . LODGING
Stonehenge
VICTOR GILBERT, Skinker
RIDGEFIELD, CONN., IDlewood 8-6511

SWISSAIR
THE AIRLINE OF S ERLAN

For the money you usually spend on a winter vacation

We'll give you Europe

Follow your dreams on one of these exciting tours and wind through places of beauty and history, sunshine and warmheartedness—for a vacation rich in discovery and joyfully low in cost.

Italian Holiday to Zurich, Lugano, Pisa, Rome, Capri, Naples, Assisi, Florence, Milan and Geneva. For 16 days – only $599 *complete**.

Iberian Holiday to Lisbon, Seville, Torremolinos, Madrid, Granada and Caceres. For 16 days – only $499 *complete**.

Mediterranean Cruise – (We jet you to Zurich and back.) Sail first-class from Venice aboard Typaldos Lines M/T Athinai to ports of call touched by magic. For 17 days – just $691 *complete**.

See your travel agent or call Swissair for a day-by-day schedule of all the things you'll see and do on the tour of your choice. Or send in this coupon today.

*Complete means everything, including round-trip Swissair DC-8 Jetliner from New York (based on the 17-day excursion fare), all meals, finest hotels, transportation, sightseeing trips & tips.

Swissair, 3 East 54th Street, New York 22, N.Y.
Please send me complete information about Swissair's special: ☐ Italian Holiday, ☐ Iberian Holiday, ☐ Mediterranean Cruise.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City & State____________________

N-819

SWISSAIR
SWISSCARE • WORLDWIDE

for that
REGAL
feeling

©REGAL KNITWEAR CO., 1961

The very special sweater for school or play. Bulky knit Orlon® acrylic cardigan from the "Regal Red Carpet Collection." Full-length, zipper front, neatly bound in black blazer stripes—the ideal sweater jacket for any wardrobe. Red, grey and cadet blue combinations. 7 to 14, about $10. At these fine stores; The Boys and Girls Shop, Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.•The J.L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.•Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C. or write Regal Knitwear Co., 1333 Broadway, N.Y. 18. (Enjoy a Regal swimsuit, too!)

at the base of the Rock on the north front.) Tourists are so important to Gibraltar's economy that shopkeepers enjoy a special dispensation to open on Sundays should a ship dock. The limited duty that, thanks to Queen Anne, makes almost everything cheaper in Gibraltar keeps its streets well trodden and its cash registers ringing, but Gibraltarians seem thoroughly bored with their own plenty. You cannot, after all, buy a watch or a high-power telescope all that often, nor can you go on gazing like a hungry sailor into windows draped with satin cushion covers and brimming over with papier-mâché models of the Rock that play "Annie Laurie." Nevertheless, tourism looms large in Gibraltar's future, and the foundations are already laid for two vast new hotels, even for a casino. It is, however, difficult to imagine how the Rock can, like some genial Gulliver, bear any more human traffic. The prosperity of the place has already caused every local inhabitant who can afford one to get himself a gleaming new car, with the almost comic result that there are more cars in ratio to the population in Gibraltar than practically anywhere else in the world. The consequences, though, are far from comic, since it is constantly necessary to press oneself flat against the walls of the already narrow streets to avoid being run down. Moreover, there is scarcely anywhere for cars to go except into the Rock itself. "Yesterday, I drove my car the quarter of a mile from my house to the office," one official told me, "and then, after I had crawled about for half an hour looking for a parking place, I had to drive back home, only to find that the space outside my house had been filled. I was an hour late for work." The steps to be taken are so obvious that it is only a matter of time until cars are eliminated from the town, yet the people have grown so to look forward to their weekend jaunts into Spain that their cars have become for them symbols not only of prosperity but of escape from the cramped confinement of the place.

Relations between Spain and Gibraltar, like those between Britain and Gibraltar, have not always been as temperate as they now are; in fact, it is only in the past two years that they have returned to being at all easy. As recently as 1956, General Franco, drawing himself up to his full height of five feet four inches, declared in a rare press interview that the return of Gibraltar to Spain was a matter of honor for every Spaniard, adding that "the present state of Gibraltar is contrary to the whole spirit of postwar Europe"—a typically

In NEW YORK CITY

The smart place
to stay

HOTEL St. Regis

Leaders in society and business make the St. Regis their home in New York. They select the St. Regis for its convenient midtown location among the finest Fifth Avenue shops, its faultlessly appointed rooms and suites, with individual air-conditioning controls. Sign our register —the St. Regis edition of Who's Who.

Fifth Ave. at 55th St. • PL 3-4500 • Pierre Bultinck, Gen. Mgr.

LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St. N.Y. 19, N.Y.

PLAY IT COOL

at Crystal Lake Lodge high in the cool, cool Adirondacks. 1500 breezy woodland acres, 60 acre private lake, swimming, boating, canoeing, water skiing, 9 pro clay tennis courts. All sports. Playhouse. Dancing under stars at Lakefront pavilion. Leonid Hambro at the mike and piano through August. Open till Sept. 17.

CRYSTAL LAKE LODGE
Chestertown 4, N.Y.
Phones: 3830 N.Y.C. EN 2-5633

Exotic Latin Cuisine Perez Blanco's
LIBORIO
West Side's Smartest Restaurant
Welcomes you to its larger, more luxurious quarters.
150 West 47th Street JU 2-6188

bizarre statement, considering the present state of Spain. In 1954, the year marking the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the British seizure of the Rock, Franco gave vent to a savage burst of propaganda and invective against the proposed visit of the Queen in that year to Gibraltar, and he managed to whip up a great deal of agitation at the time, perhaps because he felt then that he had the United States on his side, but more likely because he has always smarted under the slighting treatment he has had at the hands of the British. At any rate, the British Embassy in Madrid was stoned and mobbed, and the Queen's life was actually threatened by letter. Franco also referred obliquely to a secret agreement allegedly made by Churchill during the Second World War, by which Spain would receive Gibraltar in return for staying neutral. But the British did not budge, and the Queen made her visit in peace. Franco's rampage subsided in the following year, but not before he had closed the Spanish consulate in Gibraltar, barred Spanish tourists from visiting the Rock, and provoked a flurry of measures and countermeasures that made the crossing of the frontier, for both Spaniards and Gibraltar residents, corrosively difficult. Most of my Spanish friends conceded that "the Gibraltar question" was nothing more than a convenient escape valve for the General, through which he expressed his more sinister irritations; in any case, not one of the Spanish workers with whom I spoke in cafés on both sides of the frontier considered the return of Gibraltar anything short of a disastrous prospect. "It's not a matter of honor in *my* soul," said one cheerful little waiter. "It's a matter of daily bread—or, let's say, daily cigarettes. I'd like to see Franco feed us just once the way we eat off Gibraltar." Since Franco has subsequently become much more of a beggar than a chooser, the animosity has subsided, and Gibraltarians are again able to take their pleasure in Spain. "Lot of fuss about nothing," growled one Army major when we discussed it. "There's only one thing that Franco can do about Gibraltar, and that's to saw it off."

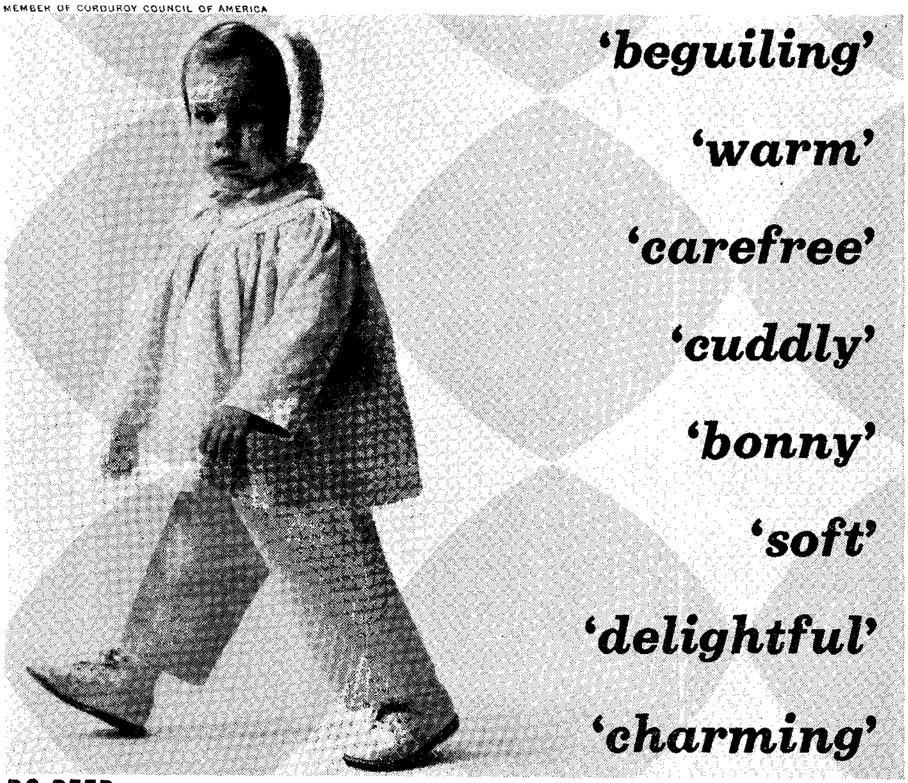
WHEN the time came to leave Gibraltar, I decided to walk to La Línea and take a bus along the coast of Málaga, more or less following the route of my mentor Mr. Carter. The morning was sunny, and so still that the sound of hammering, and even of voices, floated up from the dockyard. In front of the Governor's Residence, the guard

Dashing cold weather coat
with fly-away scarf.
Imported melton wool
in charcoal with pumpkin-pile lining
by Modelia Inc.
6-14 sizes 69.95

Doop's
East Orange, N.J.

MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Columbus, Ohio

MEMBER OF CORDUROY COUNCIL OF AMERICA



BO-PEEP knows it's not just corduroy, it's Crompton! Three-piece wash-loving fashion in Crompton's softest pinwale corduroy. Blue or pink. Sizes: 12 to 24 months. About $15. Bloomingdale's, New York & branches; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Himmelhoch's, Detroit; The May Co., Los Angeles.

corduroy by
CROMPTON
1071 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, N.Y. 18

Vandervoorts

Van Crest Urbanite

City-wise coat dress of smoke grey wool flannel is made for our exclusive Van Crest label by Serbin of Miami. Wear it belted or not in sizes 7 to 15, 8 to 16. **17.95**

Order by mail, write Vandervoorts,
Saint Louis 1, Missouri
Please add 35¢ for postage.

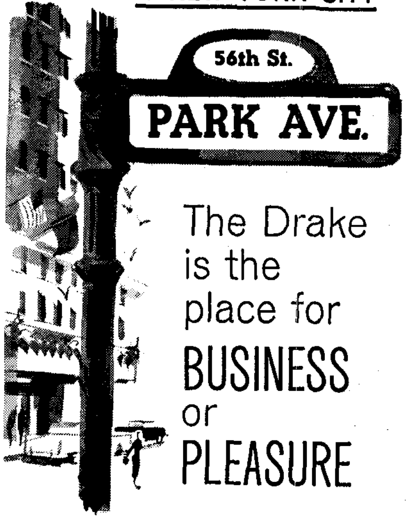
SCRUGGS VANDERVOORT BARNEY
Saint Louis, Clayton, Crestwood

was changing itself again, with a crunch of boots and a tight punctuation of commands. I stopped to read one last notice, which in itself was a monument to the place:

THE PUBLIC ARE WARNED THAT UNDER THE PROVISIONS OF PARAGRAPH (35) OF SECTION 3 OF THE SUMMARY CONVICTION ORDINANCE IT IS AN OFFENCE TO ENCOURAGE THE ROCK APES TO COME DOWN FROM THE UPPER ROCK OR TO FEED THEM AT ANY PLACE OTHER THAN THE QUEEN'S GATE ROAD, BETWEEN THE AERIAL STANDARD AND THE QUEEN'S GATE OR AT QUEEN'S GATE, AND ANY PERSON CONVICTED OF SUCH AN OFFENCE SHALL BE LIABLE TO A PENALTY NOT EXCEEDING £10.

In Gibraltar town, shops were beginning to open up, and barrowloads of flowers stood in the main square. As one walks toward Spain, the town actually grows more Spanish—the cafés are dingier and smaller, and a crowd of women buzzes about the open fish market. I began to meet the steady stream of workers tramping in for their day's work, lunch in hand and brown, creased faces squinting in the sun. As I left the town and started to cross the width of the airstrip, I already felt Gibraltar beginning to recede and loom. Looking up at the face, I could just distinguish the small dotted line of Ince's gun ports across it, and I felt that from some small lookout on its woody forehead an ape might possibly be watching me go. To reach the Spanish frontier, one has to cross the Neutral Ground, a windswept expanse of scrub, smelling of the sea, with occasional concrete pillboxes dotted about. At the gate on the British side, two blue-uniformed policemen saluted briskly, glanced at my passport, and, addressing me by name, wished me a good morning and passed me through to the Spanish policemen on the other side. These leafed their way slowly through the passport, peering at it page by page. It was all very formal. How long was I to be in Spain? I replied that I lived in Spain. Oh? Then what was I doing in Gibraltar? I had been visiting Gibraltar. Oh. The faces of the Spanish policemen had not mastered the impassivity of their British counterparts. They changed quickly from suspicion to puzzlement to curiosity to wonder. I could go now.

At the other end of the Neutral Ground, I walked through an arch, past an indifferent customs official who was picking his nails, and came into the main plaza of La Línea. The transition was comically sudden. Rickety café tables and chairs sprawled across the sidewalks and into the road. The white


56th St.
PARK AVE.

In NEW YORK CITY

The Drake is the place for BUSINESS or PLEASURE

Travelling on business? The Drake is in the heart of New York's fast-growing new big-business district.

Travelling for pleasure? The Drake is surrounded by the smartest shops, finest restaurants, most exciting nightspots.

Add to this luxurious rooms and suites, transient or permanent, superb cuisine in its famous restaurants, flawless service and the best address. No hotel has more to offer!

THE Drake
Park Avenue at 56th Street
PLaza 5-0600 • John F. Isard, General Manager

Back to School

Miller's is at the head of the class with riding clothes that feature correct cut and comfort. You'll be pleased with **Miller's** prices. Send today for our free folder of riding clothes, saddlery and accessories.

CLOSED SAT. IN AUG.

MILLER'S
123 EAST 24 ST. N.Y. 10 • OR 7/0800

SUPERIOR COLLEGE PREPARATION
Carteret
CLASSES PLUS PRIVATE TUTORING

Extremely effective college preparatory course, with additional tutors to assist students obtain a complete command of the subjects studied. Not a remedial school, but each student's personal needs are recognized and served. HOW TO STUDY is taught and stressed. Sports program. Home-like dormitory. Write for your copy of "Royal Roads" on proper study procedure. Guidance Director, Box H-10.

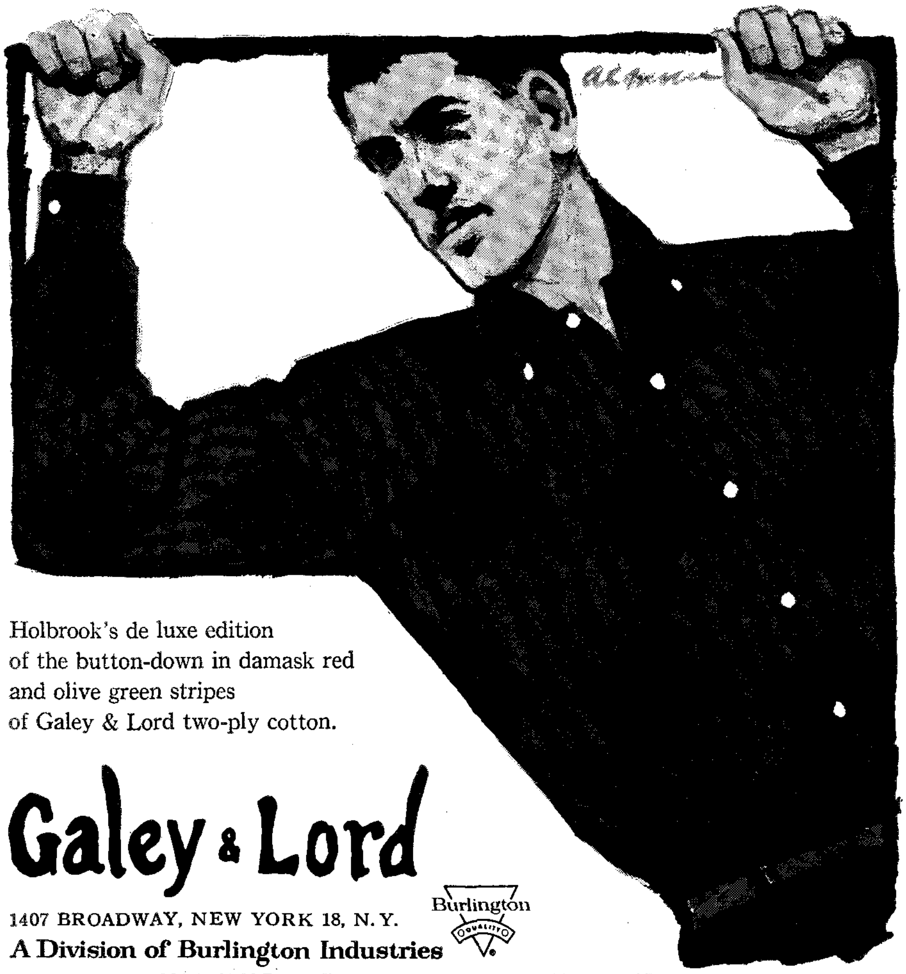
CARTERET SCHOOL • WEST ORANGE, N. J.

EL CHICO
"As Spanish as Spain"
Excellent Food
Entertainment — Dancing
80 GROVE STREET • CH 2-4645

walls were blinding in the sun. Dogs lay snoring in the gutters. Children were splashing water over one another from a fountain, spraying it into the air in great, glistening arcs. Men lounged about in twos and threes, talking and gesticulating. Women with bulging vegetable baskets called out, laughed, and scolded. It was hard even to think myself back across the odd half mile into Gibraltar. There everything had been so polite and brisk and private; here the life of the place was spilling out of the houses into the street—old clothes and slippers replaced the neatness of uniforms. I pushed my way past two donkeys into the cool dark interior of a café on the heels of a fat little Spaniard who had waddled across the frontier in front of me and who was greeted jovially by the two or three men sitting over dominoes at a zinc table close to the bar. They had begun to talk excitedly when one of the men jerked his head in my direction, and they all stopped and looked at me. The waiter came forward. What did I want? I replied that I wanted a glass of beer, and could he tell me where I could catch the bus for Málaga? The bus would be outside in the plaza in about twenty minutes' time, he told me, but I would not be able to get back to Gibraltar tonight. It did not matter, I said, since I had only been visiting the place. Officially? No, I was only curious to see what it was like, and what went on there. The men began to laugh, and the small, fat one came up to me. "The *señor* has come at a good moment," he said, and winked. "We can show him what goes on, all right, and how amiable we feel toward the Peñón. Although Spain is our mother, Gibraltar, you must understand, is our aunt, and, as it happens in human life, aunts are always kinder to us children than mothers are." As he spoke, he was undoing his belt, and, pulling on a string that was fastened to it, he reverently drew a bottle of whiskey from the recesses of his trouser leg. "A gift from the Queen of England to the disloyal subjects of General Franco!" he shouted, thumping it proudly on the bar.

The others cackled, and he wormed a bottle of English gin from his other trouser leg. "A gift from the Governor of Gibraltar to Lucho Montesinos! May he keep on his profitable fat feet these many years!"

While I drank my beer, he unpinned two cartons of cigarettes and a variety of small articles from the lining of his jacket and piled them up beside the bottles. "Now, *señor*," he said to me, "I am going to uncork this glorious whis-



Holbrook's de luxe edition
of the button-down in damask red
and olive green stripes
of Galey & Lord two-ply cotton.

Galey & Lord

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.
A Division of Burlington Industries

Burlington QUALITY

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
BERRY BROS & RUDD LONDON
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotlands best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
3 ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE CUTTY SARK

THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF

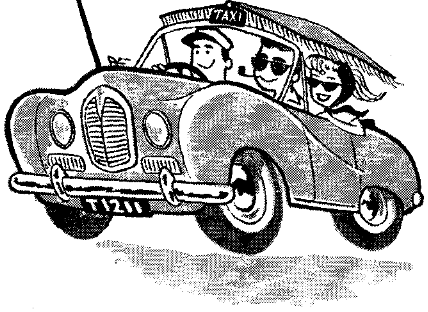
nossir...
nothing beats
Bermuda!

The beautiful
BERMUDIANA

Air-conditioned! Right in the heart of Hamilton—balconied rooms overlooking the harbour. All with unlimited hot and cold fresh water. Elegant Garden Pool and private South Shore beach club. Finest cuisine. Dancing, entertainment nightly in the starlit Sunken Garden or Moongate Garden. Shops and all sports nearby.

cozy
Harmony Hall
hotel

In picturesque Paget, it's delightfully informal—with service that includes all the little luxuries! Airy cottage-type rooms, many with balcony. French cuisine. Pool and tennis, private coral beach and golf nearby—and, by night, the Gombey Room, famed for its Gombey Dancers.



CARROLL F. DOOLEY, *Managing Director*

See your **Travel Agent.**

Robert Reid Associates, Inc., Representatives
610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.
Chicago • Miami • Toronto • Hollywood

key, and, early in the day though it is, we will drink a toast together to Aunt Gibraltar, who is so kind to us, and whom may God reward with many years of life. If ever it should be ours again, we will tidy it up and present it once more to the great Queen Isabel, who is so gracious. Is she not?"

The others nodded and smiled. We drank. —ALASTAIR REID

•

A GENERAL SURVEY OF EARLY SUMMER IN GLEN ULLIN, NORTH DAKOTA

[*Henry Genz in the Glen Ullin (N.D.) Times*]

The mounth of June has given us hot and dry weather. 2½ inches of rain in good neighborhood and down to .25 in the igoticed parts around this community.

Crops are pretty well gone, even pasture getting to short and dry.

Art Skimkat sure is moving the ground at 94 by Richter Coal Mine at 21 hr out of 24 and you see very little off time down machines setting around friendly people work live and let live too.

The word communisn is in the news all the time lately. The best known among them were Robert Owen 1771-1858 who founded the party in 1825 New Harmony Ind, his partner Francois Fourier of West Roxbury, Mass., that is 136 yas in USA Communisnion Karl Marx wrote a book Communist Manifesto I have not read it yet sure like to get it.

The grass on the other side of fence looks greener that is why the people like to hear about it.

Nothing is that good that you can say nothing bad about it and so bad you can not say anything good about it.

The Communist party also mobilized the orthodox church and quite some difference between and catholic in the U.S.A.

The big trouble is you can not criticise once it is in action in a major way.

I think criticism is the little big man in good government and should forever have a place in it or I may say the greaser or machanice that keeps it in running order.

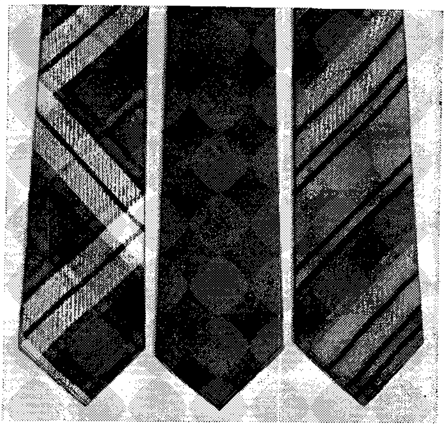
I remember back in the early twenty probation days alcohol was hard to get there where four times as many drunks on the streets of Glen Ullin than now with the four retail liquor store. Anything that had a sharp smell and made you dizzy was a drink. And the drinkers would drink a long as they could get some of it with his money. Many of the stomack troubles and canser can be trailed to a party that was out of control.

Some of the home brew was good if it was aged right.

The big trouble is the things we eat is what eats us up and it works phycal mentally and spirtually all troubles can be trailed to this statement. The things we eat is what eats us up the out of control is what dose the damage. When we do something and know it is wrong yet for the love of the gain in money we go through with the dirty deal it eats our life years down on exspectedly too soon.

Lets hope July bring us moisture so we can at least get feed for our milk cows and pony.

VIYELLA® TIES $2.50



By Excello Cravats—in the shades of auld Scotland

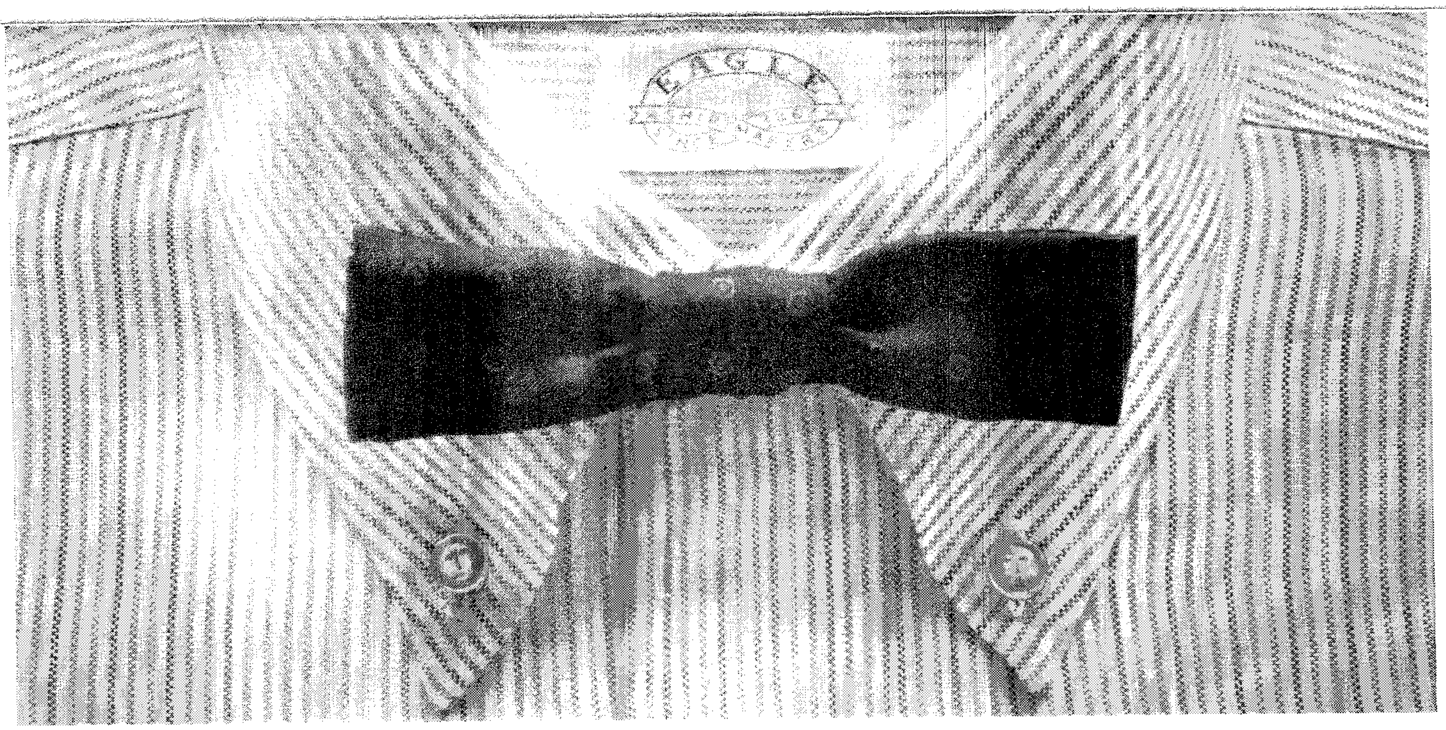
ENGLISH VIYELLA is a blend of downy wool and cotton. Great stuff for ties! It is never bulky. Makes a tidy knot. And wears for years. Viyella tartans, checks, solids, and stripes all come in the muted shades worn by 15th century clansmen. Four-in-hands are $2.50—bow ties, $2. For store names, write to William Hollins & Co., 347 Madison Ave., New York 17. Or call MU 4-7330.

FABIAN
Bachrach
PHOTOGRAPHER OF PRESIDENTS

48 East 50th St., New York
PL 5-6233

Serving Dairy Food Over 40 Years
82nd AT B'WAY N.Y.
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT
* COMPLETE DAIRY FOOD CATERING ANYWHERE

THE **Divan** PARISIEN SINCE 1923
RESTAURANT • Memorable French Cuisine
Famous for CHICKEN DIVAN
Luncheon • Dinner • OPEN SUNDAYS
33 E. 48th St. New York EL 5-6726



SHOULD YOU WEAR A BOW-TIE WITH A BUTTON-DOWN?

WHY NOT? ✶ Having disposed of that question, let us go on to what happened about the Shirtkerchief. We were going to give away a dozen shirts for the best suggestion as to what a napkin/handkerchief with a pocket and an Eagle Label was good for. A good deal happened, so much that we prepared a special ad which we were going to run instead of this one. But a cooler head—it might have been Miss Afflerbach's—pointed out that since this is the very heart of the button-down shirt buying season it would be shrewd to capitalize on it, and we have. It is a two-color stripe of oxford cloth. Notice the bulgy flare of the collar—shared by all our button-downs. You can buy them at fine men's stores throughout the country under their label or, occasionally, ours. If you will send in the coupon below we will tell you where in your community. ✶ So, we have moved up the other ad, titled "Dear Miss Afflerbach, or Shirtkerchief Revisited," to November. Those of you who are too curious to wait can send for our November ad now; don't be afraid of rushing the season, just fill in the form below. When you get it please don't show it to anybody else in the shirt game. This is a very competitive business and a scoop like this might give them a two month lead in their own Shirtkerchief plans. Thank you for your discretion.

REQUEST FOR PRE-PUBLICATION COPY OF EAGLE SHIRT NOVEMBER AD

Miss Afflerbach, Eagle Shirtmakers, Quakertown, Pa.

Dear Miss Afflerbach:

Please send it to me and also where I can find Eagle Shirts in my town.

Mum's the word about that other.

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City__________________ State____________

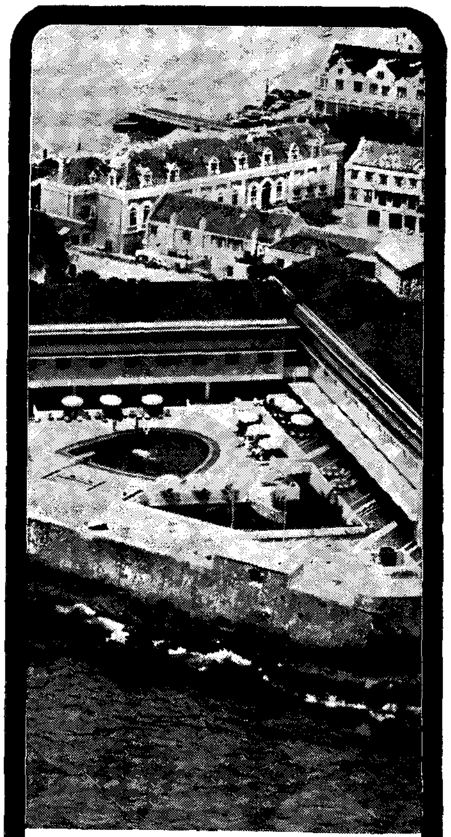
© 1961 EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS, QUAKERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Two Dreams

A NEW American picture, "The Sand Castle," is so attractively modest in intention and execution that it seems scarcely to be an American picture at all. If this be a treasonable compliment, let the Birch Society make the most of it. In any event, I fear it is as much of a compliment as I can offer, for though "The Sand Castle" has qualities that make me long to praise it to the skies, Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God, obliges me to praise it with reservations. My admiration for Mr. Jerome Hill, who has had the boldness to write, produce, and direct the picture, mustn't stand in the way of my saying that while it is full of innumerable little things that succeed, it is not a success. The notorious hazard of modesty in a work of art is that when the work of art fails there is no means of concealing the nakedness of its failure. "The Sand Castle" concerns a few people spending a few hours on a beach in southern California, and if the handful of mild incidents that make up the plot aren't enough to satisfy us, we are unable to console ourselves with "Well, but don't you think the torture scenes are terrific?"

No torture scenes, no chariot race, no race to bed—only a nine-year-old boy and his little sister, left to play on a stretch of sand beside the tumbling Pacific while their mother (evidently a woman with iron nerves or no imagination of disaster) goes off to spend the day in town. The boy is rebuffed by a gang of tougher contemporaries, who are engaged in building a sand fort; he picks up a shell that has, I'm sorry to say, the old human failing of speech, and is inspired by it to set about building something for himself. Having heaped up a great mound of sand, little by little he carves from it an extraordinary medieval village, not unlike Mont-Saint-Michel. The beach meanwhile accumulates its usual crowd: a scrawny girl in a bikini, peevishly pursuing the tan she has already acquired; a bizarre dowager, complete with hat, veil, beach umbrella, binoculars, chair, table, portable radio, and caged bird; a surf-casting fisherman; a skin diver; a fat man with a bawling infant; and a rookery of softball-playing nuns. As the tiny



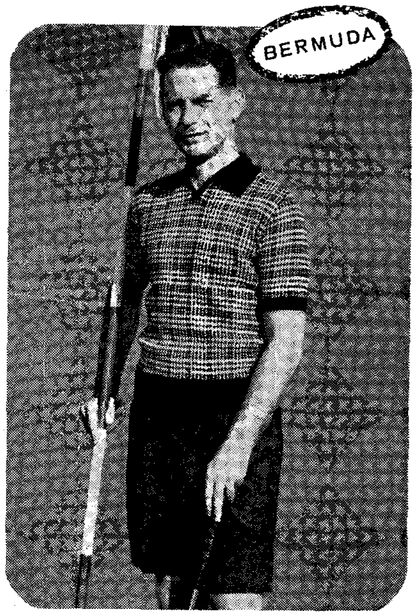
MOST UNUSUAL HOTEL IN THE CARIBBEAN!

Imagine—cruise ships pass your window. Yet you're in the heart of a colorful Dutch town! The Curaçao Intercontinental is built into a Napoleonic water-fort, but it's glass, tile, air-conditioned—as modern as can be! Dine atop the ancient stone walls. Plunge into the pool (or cocktail below; watch friends bubble by the portholes). Tennis, golf, deep-sea fishing, all at hand. And, fantastic bargains in this free port! Call your travel agent, or write to Intercontinental Hotels, Chrysler Building, New York 17, N.Y., or Roper Building, 20 S.E. 3rd Ave., Miami, Florida.

CURAÇAO

INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS

Familiar Comforts in Faraway Lands



Protean Sports Shirt

Limber in action, supple at leisure . . . versatilely handsome on any scene. The shirting: Cool, cellular knit . . . an innovation in all-wool—in all colors and combinations: in stripes, large or small checks and tartan-like designs. The shirtmaker: Allen Solly of England. And the happy result: An air-cooled shirt of dressed-up casualness . . . with solid-knit collar, cuffs and waistband. Short sleeves—sizes 36 to 48. $13.90, postpaid.

H. A. & E. Smith LTD.
HAMILTON, BERMUDA

Nearby Enjoyment
IN PRINCETON

Enjoy fine food and attractive accommodations in a lovely setting adjoining the Princeton University campus. 100 charming guest rooms. Cocktail lounge. Function rooms. Excellent golf.

DOUBLE ROOMS FROM $10.00
WRITE, OR CALL WALNUT 4-5200

PRINCETON INN
PRINCETON, N. J.

SUPERB FOOD IMPECCABLY SERVED
OLD WORLD ATMOSPHERE

IMPERIAL HOUSE
50 EAST WALTON · WH 4-5300 · CHICAGO

ZABALA'S La Zambra
EL 5-4774
14 EAST 60 ST.
Flamenco Guitar & Piano nitely
Luncheon-Cocktails-Dinner-Supper
Air Conditioned

mountain becomes more and more St. Michael's, the life of the beach begins to revolve about the boy; the crowd becomes implicated in his fantasy, and so do we. Having managed things with exemplary tact up to this point, Mr. Hill suddenly wrenches the picture onto a different course and almost into a different dimension. A shower scatters the crowd, the little boy falls asleep under the dowager's umbrella, and we move from ordinary photography, in black and white, to a form of stop-frame animation, in color. Human presences are banished in favor of cardboard figurines, set in motion against painted cardboard sets. These figurines and sets are supposed to embody the boy's dream of life inside the sand castle, but to me they seemed totally undreamlike and a damned nuisance. Far from heightening my sense of make-believe, they shattered it, and by the time the dream was over and we were permitted to steal back into real life, it was too late—the destruction of the castle by the incoming sea, which ought to have served as the climax of the picture, proved a mere hurried and unimportant anticlimax.

Barry Cardwell, as the little boy, shows himself a formidable architect and builder, and Alec Wilder, who wrote the musical score of the picture, plays the surf-casting fisherman *con brio.* I also enjoyed Maybelle Nash, as the dowager, and Erica Speyer, as the girl in the bikini.

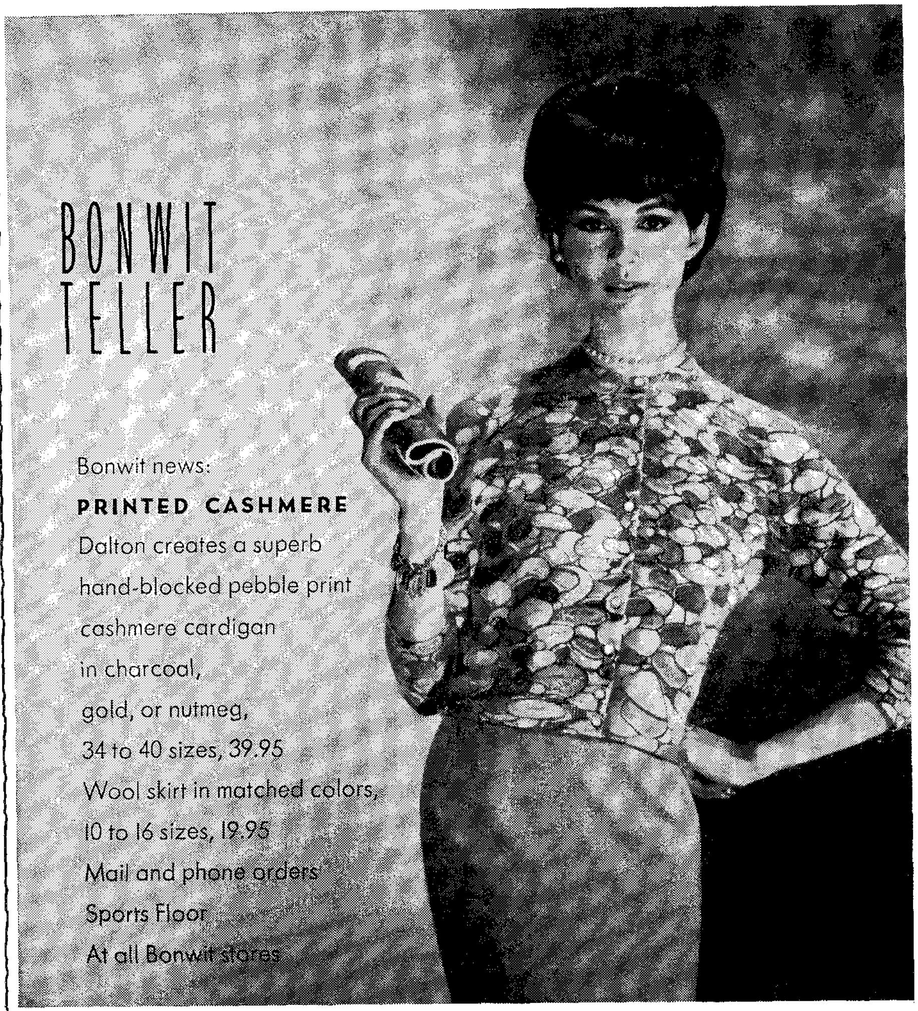
"TAMMY TELL ME TRUE," a picture starring Sandra Dee and John Gavin, tells about a Southern teen-ager who speaks Elizabethan English because she doesn't know any better and is admitted to a Southern college because it doesn't know any better and is fallen in love with by a handsome young teacher of public speaking because *he* doesn't know any better. Hollywood's notion of Elizabethan English is not worth going to hear, but the picture can be recommended to close relatives of Miss Dee and Mr. Gavin and to all the stockholders of Universal International. —BRENDAN GILL

•

DOCTORS' BILLS CAN BE FUN DEPARTMENT

[*From Medical Economics*]

Maybe you've never thought of your monthly statements as something your patients might look forward to. But they might if you appealed to their curiosity, says Dr. Burton L. Stekler of Glen Rock, N.J. He uses a stamp of a different commemorative issue on each month's mailing. Many of his pediatric patients have taken to collecting them.


BONWIT TELLER

Bonwit news:
PRINTED CASHMERE
Dalton creates a superb
hand-blocked pebble print
cashmere cardigan
in charcoal,
gold, or nutmeg,
34 to 40 sizes, 39.95
Wool skirt in matched colors,
10 to 16 sizes, 19.95
Mail and phone orders
Sports Floor
At all Bonwit stores

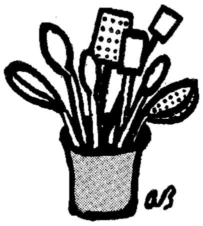
DISTINCTIVE AND UNUSUAL
CHRISTMAS CARDS
FROM THE
METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART

A new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards—each one based on a work of art from the Museum's own collections. This year, a Japanese goldsmith's sketch, a rubbing from a medieval church bell, five prancing deer from a patchwork quilt, a carved golden angel, a jeweled book cover from an Armenian manuscript, and a Victorian Christmas illustration are some of the sources of the nearly sixty new designs. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, under the direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September 1st.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art *255 Gracie Station, New York 28*
Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed Y2
Name ____________________
Address ____________________

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

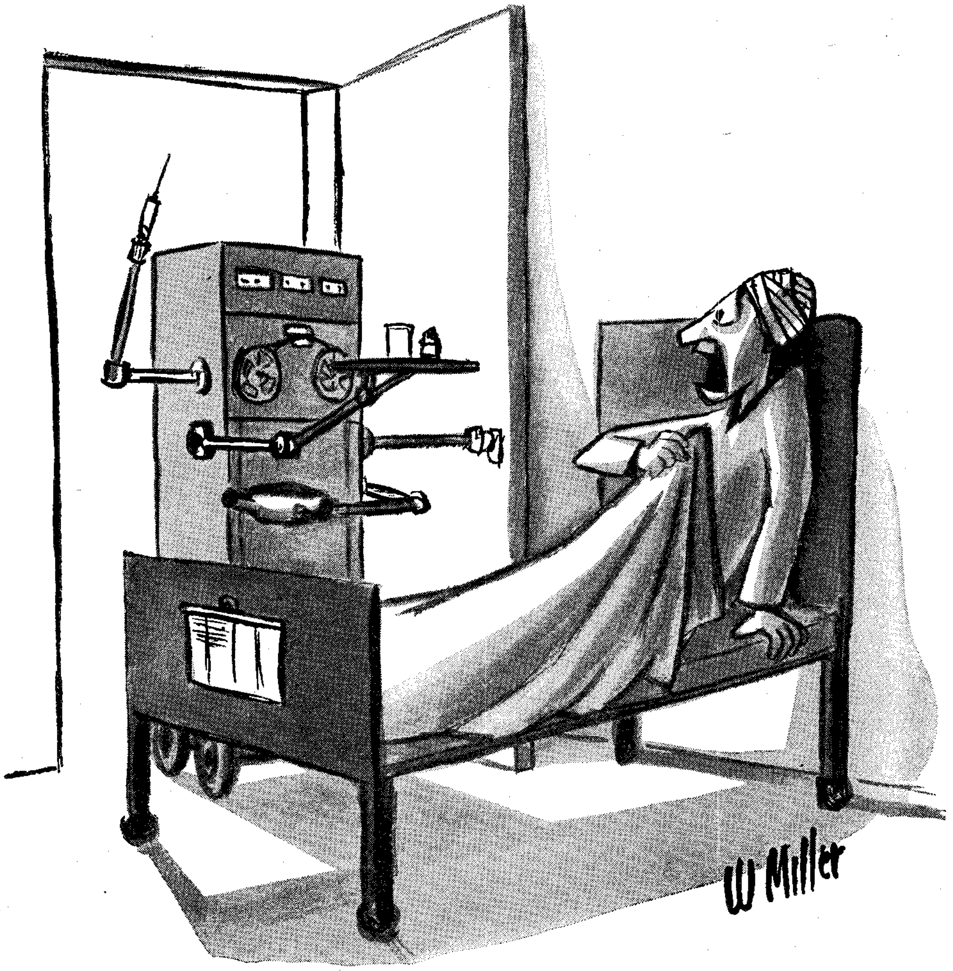


COMPLAINTS have sometimes been made by long-suffering readers of these columns that the items I select to report on are nearly always expensive. To such charges I have two answers: (1) They are not true, and (2) there is nothing but expensive things in the shops to report on. All the same, the complaints have needled me into considerable self-consciousness about prices, and that, in turn, has inspired me to a stern reëxamination of price tags for the special benefit of young people who haven't much cash but are convinced of the sacred necessity of starting married life with the right quota of end tables, draperies, barbecue grills, and matching china. With a zeal that I trust will be appreciated by these householders, I have lately been tracking down various furnishings that are without question good-looking and at the same time are not ruinously expensive.

The starting point of this quest—and it probably seems a most unlikely place for bargain hunters to pin their hopes on—is the high-toned showroom of Dan Cooper, at 10 East 54th Street. It is hardly necessary to tell anyone who is concerned with the more elegant aspects of home decoration about the beautiful hand-blocked (and frequently hand-loomed) fabrics that Mr. Cooper offers his very stylish clientele, at a price; less familiar to the public is the shop's line of charming materials, printed in traditional French and English patterns and dashing modern ones, at prices of a modesty that is rarely met with in the East Fifties. Nor, in these days, alas, would one expect in such posh surroundings the *empressement* with which the staff puts itself out for the customer who begins negotiations by announcing that $3 a yard is her limit. The Cooper firm has long been distinguished for its ability to coördinate colors and textures in almost inspired combinations, and on a recent visit to the shop I observed this talent functioning most happily. I went there in the company of a young three-dollar-a-yard couple of my acquaintance who wanted some window draperies and who, I was pleased to see, were urged (they didn't need much urging) to describe in detail the furnishings of the rooms the draperies were being chosen for. With them, I was able not only to examine a succession of lovely and relatively inexpensive fabrics but to get new evidence of the firm's ingenuity at juxtaposing the right (and sometimes entirely unexpected) colors and textures. I saw, for example, an arrangement of figured glazed chintz, in a vaguely Persian pattern on a terracotta background, combined with a rough-textured pumpkin-colored material and a smooth bright-orange fabric; an English print of pink moss roses on a yellow ground set off by a fabric of a deeper shade of yellow and an olive-green twill; a lacquer-red figured material lined up with solid-color fabrics of bluish green and dull red; and so on—arrangements of a subtlety that, I should think, would be beyond the scope of the inexperienced home decorator. The solid-color materials in this collection are forty-eight to fifty inches wide and the patterned ones thirty-six inches; all cost $3 a yard.

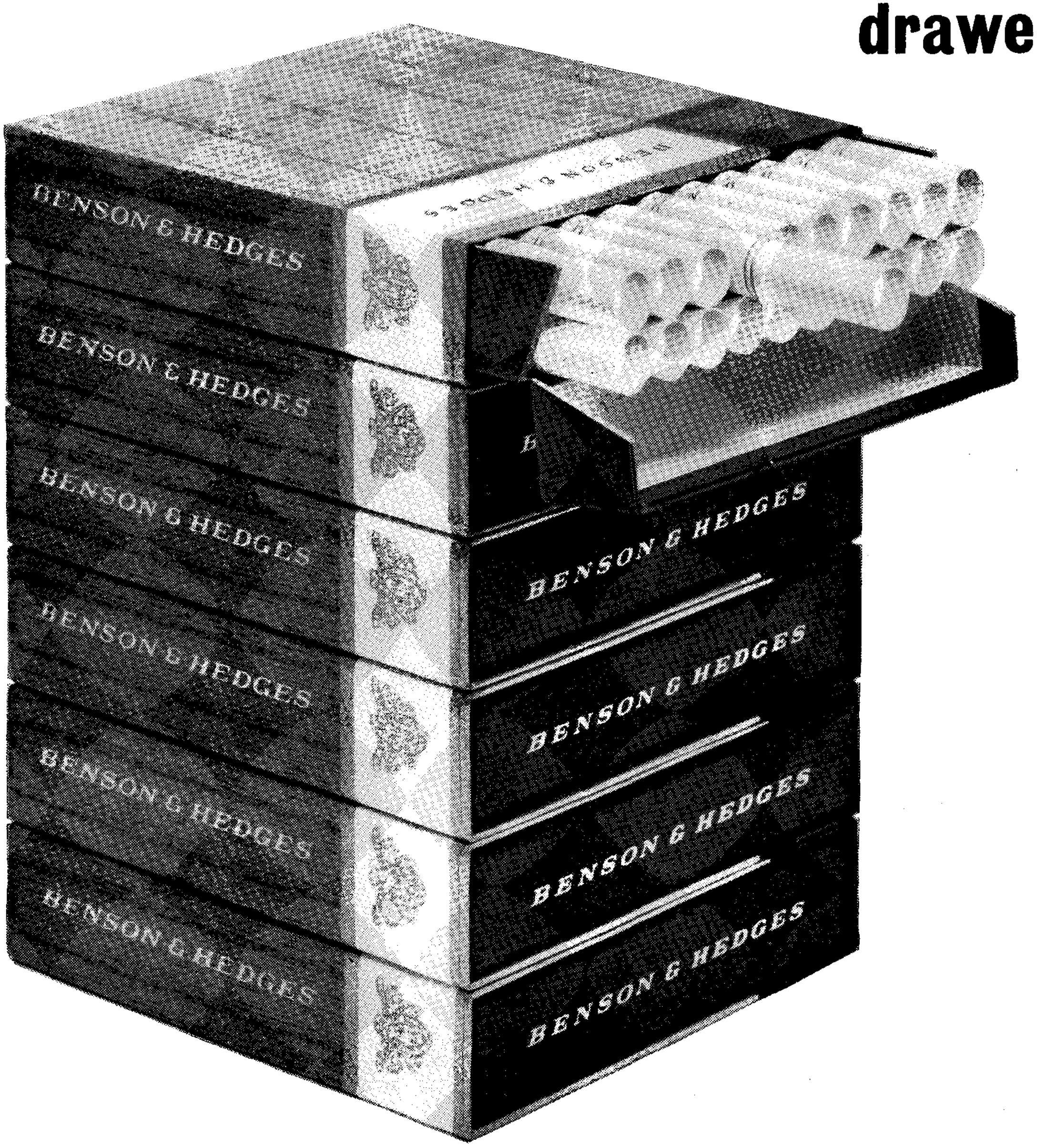
The economical shopper who is preoccupied with getting color—brilliant or subtly toned color—into the decorative scheme should by all means have a look at what Mr. Cooper has done with our old friend Osnaburg cotton, or, as it used to be more familiarly known, salt sacking. In its original heavy grayish white, this lovely material was the impecunious housewife's standby for summer slipcovers, and, as such, was reported on in these columns way back in 1948. Well, the dirt-cheap Osnaburg has practically disappeared from the retail market (at least in this town), but after seeing how the Cooper people have transformed it I don't think the loss will be too deeply regretted. They have bleached the stuff, shrunk it, and then dyed it in the most sumptuous colors, and, in the process, have raised the price to $3.45 a forty-inch yard. Somehow or other, the coarse white stuff takes to dyeing like a duck to water, and in Mr. Cooper's versions of lemon, olive, zinnia pink, sky blue, and stone gray, it assumes an altogether dazzling new life.

JONES & ERWIN, at 15 East 57th Street, specializes in machine-printed wallpapers that are copied from eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century designs and that have a distinction



"Oh, God no! Not here!"

Top drawer



The drawer of the handsome Benson & Hedges packet slides open to deliver each cigarette to you in perfect shape, easily accessible. Slip off its outer wrap and the imprint drops away. The packet becomes your personal case. *Now, discover* the famous Benson & Hedges filter system. Recessed into the mouthpiece, the filter itself never touches your lips, never intrudes upon your enjoyment. *Taste the Benson & Hedges blend of the world's choicest tobaccos.* Superb tobaccos, skillfully cured, aged and blended. If you appreciate quality, you will recognize why this must be a limited edition cigarette.

With Benson & Hedges you pay more...you get more

"The finest fragrance ever created and acclaimed by France"*

Mémoire Chérie

Mémoire Chérie Perfume 10.00 to 75.00
Mémoire Chérie Perfume Mist 5.00
Mémoire Chérie Dusting Powder 5.00
Mémoire Chérie Perfume Atomizer 3.50
Mémoire Chérie Soap 3.00
Perfume created and sealed in France *prices plus tax*

Elizabeth Arden

**Elizabeth Arden has been awarded the treasured Coupe d'Or of France "for outstanding achievement in the development of Mémoire Chérie, the finest fragrance ever created and acclaimed by France."*

Mémoire Chérie
ELIZABETH ARDEN
PARIS

usually found only in silk-screened papers at considerably higher prices. The designs are mostly reproductions, or adaptations, of those found on antique hatboxes (what a wealth of creative inspiration those hatboxes of the eighteen-twenties represent!), on scraps of papers salvaged from New England parlors, and on eighteenth-century French and English wallpapers. While many of them have a sort of prim elegance, very few would do for Buckingham Palace, and none that I saw would make the right background for Hans Wegner tables and chairs, but for comfortable living in rooms that have something of the French or English eighteenth century, the papers are delightfully suitable. To give an idea of prices per single roll, an enchanting design of horizontal bands of daisies against a background of tiny pale-green leaves is $2.70; a contemporary allover pattern of pinks is $3.75; and a copy of an Early American interpretation of snow crystals is $3.25. An engaging Jones & Erwin conceit is a sheet of a dozen life-size and very decorative birds, to be cut out and pasted onto a solid-color paper. There are four flying birds, four sitting birds, and four hanging cages full of birds. This pretty decoration costs $5 a sheet, and the background paper, in white, gray, beige, or blue, is $3 a single roll.

WHATEVER help these notes may offer toward papering walls and draping windows, I realize that our young householders won't draw an easy breath until they have rounded up all those coffee tables and sofas without which they would be in a bleak predicament indeed. In this situation, I invite everybody concerned with getting good-looking furniture at reasonable prices to follow me to the International Home Furnishings showrooms, at 220 East 23rd Street. Most of the pieces here have a definitely modern feeling, being the work of rising young Danish or Swedish designers who are wholly committed to the contemporary in applied art. If Scandinavian modern, though, is what you want, you will find the Twenty-third Street collection, for the most part, remarkably well executed in handsome, well-chosen woods, with the upholstery (when there is any) of an attractive, substantial material that has almost the appearance of being hand-loomed. Among the endless number of dining tables on view are an unusual circular one in teak, priced at $128, which measures thirty-eight inches in diameter when closed and opens up with

EAST BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56th Street, New York
De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes

Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere

HABANERA
$55

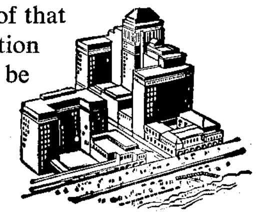
The elegance of simplicity, completely and exquisitely handmade to insure long wear and superb fit. Brochure on request.
Under direct ownership of **MR. H. BENDEL**

WEST I. MAGNIN & Co.
San Francisco, Cal.

PROOF

A week or two here will be living proof that your vacation plans can be expansive without being expensive.

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Leeds & Lippincott Co. . . . Progressive Innkeepers for 71 Years
Write for illustrated folder



ALL THAT *IS* NEW ORLEANS!
Commander's Palace SINCE 1880
FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE
Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

FREE 2nd PORTION
FREE HORS D'OEUVRES
FREE CELEBRATION CAKE
FREE PARKING for Dinner Guests,
5:30 P.M. to 6 A.M. daily or All Day Sunday
Hippodrome Garage 43rd St. & 6th Ave.

43rd St., East of B'way
JU 2-3200
Rosoff's
RESTAURANT
Times Square
Theatre Landmark
SINCE 1899

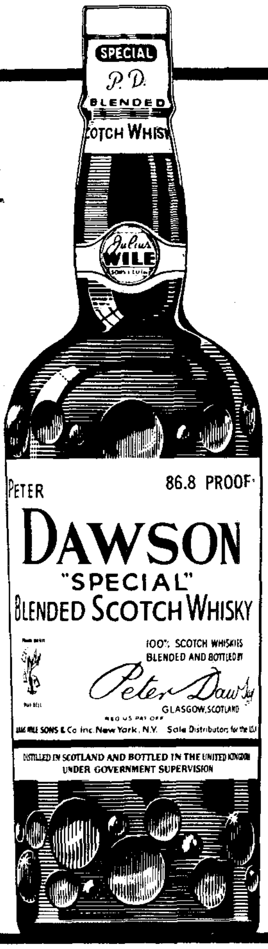
two extra leaves to a length of seventy inches, and, at $119, another teak table, thirty-one and a half inches square, with a felt-covered top, for cards, that can be flipped over for dining and extended, by means of two refectory leaves cached underneath, to a length of fifty-four inches. A teak-finished beech dining chair with a circular back and a slatted seat (for any sort of comfort, this should have a seat cushion) costs $28; an imposing teak desk chair has an upholstered seat and costs $40; and an armless walnut sofa with its back and seat deeply cushioned in a nubbly black cotton costs $147. For more traditional surroundings, there are two quite delightful pieces—one a small hexagonal table (twenty-five inches across) of the *guéridon* type, in a rich rosewood, at $28, and the other a low, round walnut coffee table (forty-two inches in diameter), at $94. These are just a few of the nicely designed and carefully turned out furnishings that make a trek to Twenty-third Street worth the effort. You should be prepared, though, for the company's rule of charging for delivery, even in the city; if you want to cart away your purchase in your own station wagon, however, that's all right by International Home Furnishings.

WITH an almost fanatical determination to round up other reasonably priced house furnishings for this report, I have combed the town looking for beautiful household china that can be had for a song, but I am afraid I have come up with very little that will please the aesthetic bargain hunter. Anybody who has kept her eyes open must be aware of the bumper crop of white porcelain that has suddenly burgeoned in the Japanese shops all over, and, allowing for a certain monotony in white china, I think that on the whole this is perhaps the most interesting ware you will find at a budget price. The shapes of the pieces—especially the teapots—are of an exquisite simplicity, being the same classic forms that have served the Japanese for centuries; it's only when the enterprising Japanese potters have imagined what is wanted in American homes that they have been less successful. All the teapots are round and have wicker handles, and most of them are white, sometimes sketchily decorated with that brushed-in branch of bamboo the Japanese use so often and so effectively, or with a design of deep-blue flowers. After-dinner coffee cups done in rather strident yellows and blues are obviously for the export trade, yet they might do very nicely on one of

If you really like the taste of Scotch Whisky

Speak up for Peter DAWSON

The Scotch that tastes like Scotch!


SPECIAL
P.D.
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
Julius WILE
PETER
86.8 PROOF
DAWSON
"SPECIAL"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Peter Dawson
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
JULIUS WILE SONS & Co. Inc. New York, N.Y. Sole Distributors for the U.S.
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK Let this seal be your guide to quality.

Bottled in Scotland

SINCE 1844

BY MAIL FROM BERMUDA

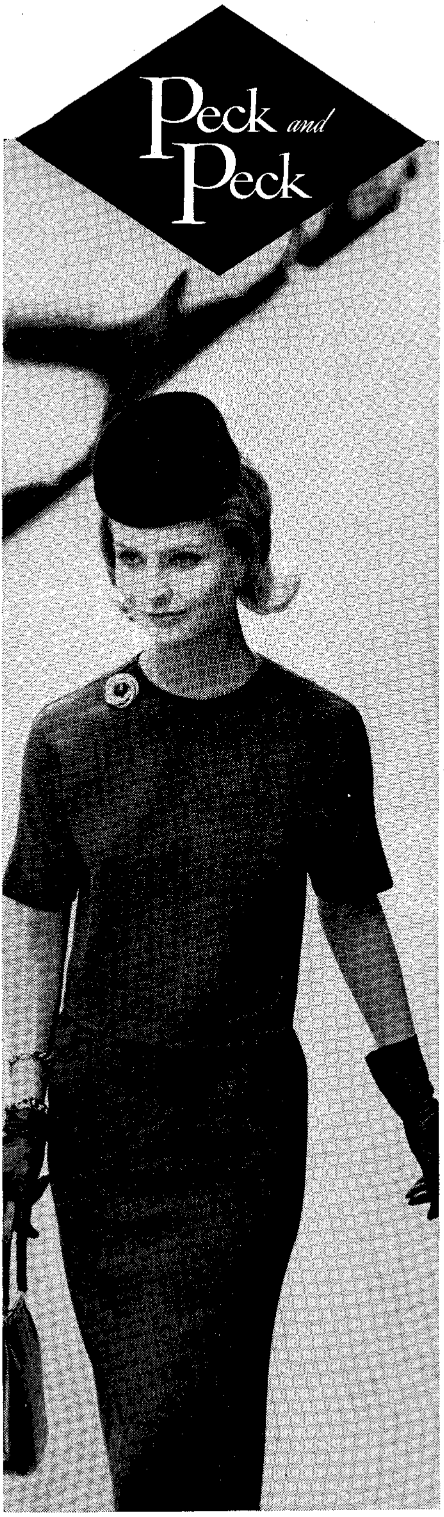
AUTHENTIC SCOTTISH WOOL TARTAN KILTS TAILORED IN OUR WORKROOMS WITH METICULOUS CARE. PERFECTLY MATCHED. FULL SWEEP. DRESS GORDON, ROYAL STEWART, OLD CLAN CAMERON (LOVAT/RED), MUTED DOUGLAS (LOVAT/BLUE). DOZENS MORE, TRADITIONAL AND MUTED. ORDER BY CLAN OR COLOURINGS. WAIST 24 TO 30—$19.75

MATCHING HANDBAG WITH BERMUDA CEDAR HANDLE—$6.30

Trimingham's BERMUDA

Write TRIMINGHAM'S, Hamilton, Bermuda. Dept. N-15. For mail orders please add 50¢ postage. Duty, if any, on delivery. Send for our illustrated catalogue.

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Detroit
Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Atlanta • St. Paul
Minneapolis • Indianapolis • Buffalo • Kansas City
Cincinnati • Washington, D.C. • Hartford • Providence



The overblouse look...importantly new in our two-piece wool crepe. Note how top is softly eased over the gently gathered skirt. Claret, moss green or royal; 8 to 16, 29^{95}

those coffee tables we were just discussing. Although the fragile little rice bowls have been with us for years, every time I see them I am struck by the elegance of their design and the chaste restraint of their decoration—lightly sketched-in flying storks, bamboo, a rippling little mountain or two, and such, almost always in blue on white. Azuma, at 790 Lexington Avenue (61st), is just one of many Japanese shops carrying this beguiling porcelain, but its selection of such things is as varied as any, and its prices are as reasonable. Here the cost of teapots begins at $1.50 and goes up to $4.50, for a set including a pot and four handleless cups; the rice bowls are thirty-five cents apiece; and the bright-colored demitasses are around seventy-five cents.

I hope no lady present will object at this point that she doesn't *like* white china, because some more white china—or, rather, earthenware this time—has recently put in an appearance at Bonniers, and it's very charming and quite reasonably priced. It comes from Italy, and while it hasn't the delicacy of the Japanese porcelain, it is offered in a much larger variety of serviceable pieces. There are big dinner plates, for example, at $1, salad plates at fifty cents, comfortable old-fashioned soup plates (the large European style) at $1, small soup bowls on a low foot at fifty cents, and breakfast coffee cups at $1. And although it can't come under the head of bargains, to which this exercise is dedicated, I can't resist mentioning, to go with the Italian service, Bonniers' particularly pretty oversized coffee cups in Arabia china, at $3.

Those yellow earthenware mixing bowls that were once standard equipment in the well-ordered kitchen hold such generous promise of good hand-stirred dishes that it's a pity their greatly increased cost in recent years has forced many a cook to do her mixing in plastic. Fortunately, a rather unprepossessing, dusty little shop called China & Glass, at 595 Sixth Avenue (17th), has come to the rescue of hard-up conservative mixers by offering the old-fashioned bowls at old-fashioned prices. They come in practically all sizes, ranging from one just big enough to stir up a couple of eggs for an omelet, at thirty-nine cents, to a four-quart bowl, in which a plum pudding might be mixed or a Christmas punch brewed, at $2.49. The shop also has some individual covered casseroles, which are by no means as dashing as their French prototypes (they are made in this country) but are perfectly good for their purpose—which

"Meet me at the Obelisk for Cocktails!"

Meet at the Obelisk, in the "new" Commodore's newly redecorated lobby. Enjoy luncheon, cocktails or dinner at one of the delightful Commodore restaurants...the talk of everyone but the Sphinx. Have you seen the new Commodore?

HOTEL
Commodore
42nd St. at Lexington Avenue New York 17, N. Y. • MU 6-6000

EMILY SHAW'S INN
POUND RIDGE, N. Y.
Finest type of American Food and Cocktails
Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137, or Route 22 to Bedford Village.
John F. Shaw, Pres.
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
Hear Stan Paul—Exciting Piano Rhythms!

O. HENRY'S
STEAK HOUSE
4th Street and 6th Avenue
GREENWICH VILLAGE, CH 2-2000

The leisurely atmosphere of a bygone age
Hapsburg House
Viennese and Continental Cuisine
LUNCH 12—3 DINNER 5 PM—11:30
Outdoor Garden • Air Conditioned
Zither Music
313 EAST 55 ST. • PL 3-5169
Facilities for Private Parties—to 60

is the browning of a *gratin* dish or the serving of onion soup. The six-ounce size is sixty-nine cents and the twelve-ounce size ninety-nine cents.

While we are still in the kitchen, I should like to call attention to a couple of very minor gadgets that I am told by more up-and-coming housekeepers have been with us right along but that have only recently come my way. On the chance that others are as behind the times as I am, and are as desperately inept about unscrewing hard-stuck jar and bottle tops, I introduce something called Top-Off (sixty-five cents at the Bazar Français), which is a sort of clamp, with a crank on top, for unscrewing lids of almost any known size with no effort worth mentioning. The second is an oval metal contraption, working on the same scientific principle as the cookie cutter, that cores apples and separates them into eight pieces in a single operation. While its usefulness depends on how much you want your apple cored and cut into eight pieces, the fascination of operating the thing cannot be denied; my own house is at this moment filled with apples cored and cut into eight pieces, for which I have no particular use—evidence of the irresistible pleasure of watching an apple bloom prettily into eighths. The gadget, put out by the Washington State Apple Growers Association, works just as well on Oregon pears; it costs seventy-five cents at the Bazar Français. —S. H.

◆

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wood, Woodland Ave., returned home Friday night after attending a meeting of the National Selected Morticians in Honolulu. They were away for a month.

Following the meeting at the Hawaiian Village Hotel, the group of visiting morticians toured the mortuaries in Oahu and other islands. This was an extremely interesting trip as most of the population is of oriental origin with many religions involved in the country's funeral customs.

Threat of a tidal wave resulting from an earthquake in Japan and the eruption of a volcano added interest to the trip for the American travelers.—*Ravenna-Kent (Ohio) Record-Courier.*

We can see where it might.

◆

Mr. Williams, who is 46 years old, has been in the school administration since 1938. He holds a teaching license and has served in recent years as an assistant to Mr. Silver. He has been frequently called on to assist in the board's integration efforts and was the unanimous choice of Dr. John J. Theobald, Superintendent of Schools, for the new position.—*The Times.*

Theobald's no dissenter.

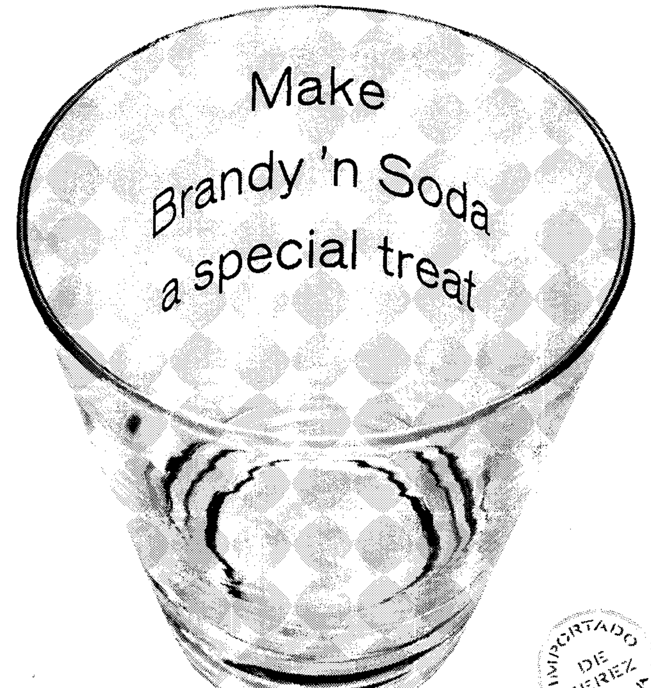
Alan Paine

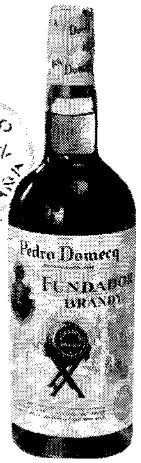
outstanding

for campus and casual wear, superb Shetland sweaters made in England by Alan Paine. Handsome new high-V pullover in understated vertical stripe, about $16.95. Authentic crew-neck classic, under $15. At most fine stores.

McAvoy, *Atlantic City, N.J.* ● **Merritt, Schaefer & Brown,** *Austin, Texas* ● **Hutzler's,** *Baltimore, Md.* ● **George J. Good,** *Berkeley, Calif.* ● **R. H. Stearns Co.,** *Boston, Mass.* ● **Wm. Hengerer Co.,** *Buffalo, N.Y.* ● **J. O. Jones, Inc.,** *Charlotte, N.C.* ● **Capper & Capper,** *Chicago, Ill.* ● **Harvey, Ltd.,** *Clayton, Mo.* ● **The Halle Bros. Co.,** *Cleveland, Ohio* ● **The Wool Shop,** *Concord, Mass.* ● **Darien Sport Shop,** *Darien, Conn.* ● **Blackburn's College Shop,** *Delaware, Ohio* ● **May-D. & F.,** *Denver, Colo.* ● **Capper & Capper,** *Detroit, Mich.* ● **Reichardt,** *Grand Haven, Mich.* ● **James Campion, Inc.,** *Hanover, N.H.* ● **G. Fox & Co., Inc.,** *Hartford, Conn.* ● **L. S. Ayres & Co.,** *Indianapolis, Ind.* ● **Jack Henry,** *Kansas City, Mo.* ● **Woolf Bros.,** *Kansas City, Mo.* ● **Robertson's Men's Shop,** *Lake Forest, Ill.* ● **J. W. Robinson,** *Los Angeles, Calif.* ● **Rodes,** *Louisville, Ky.* ● **Stewart Dry Goods Co.,** *Louisville, Ky.* ● **MacNeil & Moore,** *Madison, Wis.* ● **Phil A. Halle,** *Memphis, Tenn.* ● **T. A. Chapman Co.,** *Milwaukee, Wis.* ● **Bloomingdale's & Branches,** *New York, N.Y.* ● **Fishback & Lea, Ltd.,** *Norfolk, Va.* ● **Charles J. Assmann,** *Omaha, Neb.* ● **The Schradzki Co.,** *Peoria, Ill.* ● **Jackson & Moyer,** *Philadelphia, Pa.* ● **Kaufmann's,** *Pittsburgh, Pa.* ● **Harvey, Ltd.,** *Providence, R.I.* ● **Miller & Rhoads, Inc.,** *Richmond, Va.* ● **Mac Hugh, Inc.,** *Ridgewood, N.J.* ● **Robert Kirk, Ltd.,** *San Francisco, Calif.* ● **Littler, Inc.,** *Seattle, Wash.* ● **Vandervoort's,** *St. Louis, Mo.* ● **John F. Zell & Sons,** *Syracuse, N.Y.* ● **Turner's,** *Tallahassee, Fla.* ● **Wolf Bros.,** *Tampa, Fla.* ● **Woodward & Lothrop,** *Washington, D.C.* ● **Pack-Roads,** *Westport, Conn.*

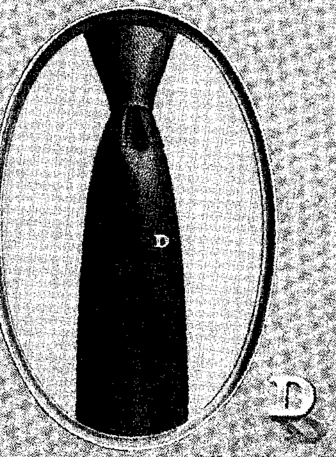
For other stores, write: FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC. 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.





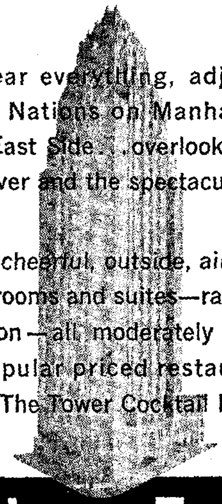
IMPORTADO DE JEREZ ESPAÑA

Favor yourself with **Fundador** the classic brandy of Spain. It has a full-bodied flavor to last the whole drink through. Yet its smoothness is just right in a snifter, a cocktail, or a Coffee Royale. **Pedro Domecq** Spanish Brandies, 86 proof. Imported by Canada Dry Corporation, New York, N.Y.



MINI-INITIAL PIN
Elegantly proportioned monogram pin, tastefully personalizes any necktie. All initials. Gold filled, $2.50 plus federal tax. *At Fine Stores.*

definitely DESTINO
RALPH DESTINO LTD., 10 EAST 34th ST., N. Y.



FAVORITE
in New York City

. . . near everything, adjoining United Nations on Manhattan's smart East Side . . . overlooking the East River and the spectacular city skyline.

Bright, cheerful, outside, air-conditioned rooms and suites—radio and television—all moderately priced. Two popular priced restaurants; Top O' The Tower Cocktail Lounge.

Beekman Tower Hotel
49th St. Exit
East River Drive

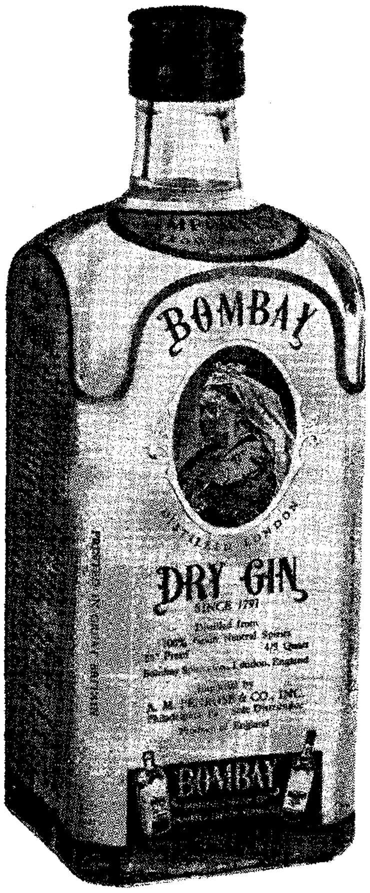
3 Mitchell Place, New York 17 N-8-12
Send brochure and driving map showing how to avoid New York City traffic.
Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City __________ Zone ____ State ________

THE RACE TRACK

Calumet Star

THERE are two easy and obvious things to say about the victory of Calumet Farm's Beau Prince in the Travers Stakes at Saratoga Springs last Saturday. One is that he's running in top form (he took the American Derby the week before, in Chicago), and the other is that the seven three-year-olds he beat in the Travers are no great shakes. Guadalcanal, who, despite twelve pounds the best of the weights, finished second, more than five lengths behind, has won only twice this year, both times in moderate company, and Ambiopoise, who was third, certainly isn't as good as he was when he romped away from Crozier, Globemaster, Sherluck, and four others in the Jersey Derby on Memorial Day. Orleans Doge, winner of the Choice Stakes at Monmouth a couple of weeks ago, was last. It was the first Travers for Calumet since Whirlaway's, twenty years ago. Come to think of it, Whirlaway is the maternal grandpapa of Beau Prince, so you might say it was a family affair.

At the start, Hitting Away, a fast but inconsistent colt, quickly took the lead, and he held it for about three furlongs of the mile and a quarter. Then Beau Prince went around him, and the result was never in doubt. Even so, Brooks, who rode Beau Prince, hustled him along on the turn for home. Later, he said he'd done it because he didn't want his mount, who is unaccustomed to going to the front so early in a race, to slow down in the stretch. Horses tend to do this, often with unhappy results. Beau Prince is quite a pet of Brooks, who has been riding Calumet horses off and on for a dozen years. Indeed, Jimmy Jones, Beau Prince's trainer, says Brooks knows the colt better than anyone else in the stable. Beau Prince isn't a lucky horse. He hurt a leg in the Arlington Futurity a year ago, and if he hadn't, I'm sure we'd have heard more of him last season. Then, after he beat Crozier and Carry Back at Gulfstream last March, his stable had high hopes for him, but a mishap in the Florida Derby, in which he ran third to Carry Back and Crozier, kept him idle until mid-June. He's come a long way since then, and though I don't like to arouse any false hopes, it looks as if he were pretty close to the top of the



Distilled London Gin—100% Grain Neutral Spirits— 86 Proof
A. M. PENROSE, INC., PHILADELPHIA—IMPORTER
* * * * * * * * * * * *

10 DAY BOWLING FESTIVAL at BUCK HILL
SEPTEMBER 6th through 15th
Fifth U.S. Singles Championship, Fourth U.S. Doubles Championship followed by Open Doubles Tournaments. 3 games guaranteed.
Member of the American Lawn Bowling Association
Delightful days in the lovely Poconos. Two fine greens, golf and other sports. Fine food and accommodations.

New York Reservation Office
30 Rockefeller Plaza
Circle 5-5620

THE INN
Buck Hill Falls
PENNSYLVANIA

RESTAURANT FRANCAIS
Le Chanteclair
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
Your hosts: Rene and Maurice Dreyfus
18 E. 49 ST. — PL 5-7731 • MEMBER DINER'S CLUB
CLOSED SAT. & SUN. DURING JULY & AUG.

AMERICA'S FOREMOST SEAFOOD HOUSE
The ONE and ONLY
King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
YOUR HOST, ADOLPH FLASHNER
3rd Ave., near 53rd St.
AIR CONDITIONED • EL 5-9309

heap. Sherluck hasn't been in the picture since he won the Belmont Stakes; Globemaster hasn't run since he won the Classic (anyhow, he's a miler); and Crozier could do with a rest. If you're wondering about Carry Back, he's at Atlantic City. As you may remember, a little scratch he got in the Belmont became infected, and although that has cleared up, his training has been on the slow side ever since. First it was reported that he would run for the Choice Stakes, and then that he would go for the Travers; now his stable hopes to have him wound up for the Jerome Handicap at Belmont on September 2nd. In any event, he's still the leading money-winner of 1961, with a total of $452,769.

THINGS picked up at the Spa last week. The attendance was better than twelve thousand every afternoon, and on Saturday it was 23,383, topping the figures for the corresponding week last year. . . . When Wolfram ran so disappointingly in the Man o' War Handicap on that rainy closing day at Aqueduct last month, I thought it was because he didn't like the soggy going. Well, the other afternoon he ran no better on hard, dry ground in the Bernard Baruch Handicap, the first of the stake races over the new turf course at Saratoga. And who do you suppose the winner was? Shield Bearer, of course, who finished behind Wolfram in the Man o' War. . . . Another Saratoga surprise was Cicada, who beat Batter Up, winner of Monmouth's Sorority Stakes, and eight other two-year-old fillies in the Schuylerville. It really wasn't such a stunner if you remembered that Cicada beat Batter Up in the National Stallion at Belmont in June. Colonel Martingale wonders what odds some former member of the Morning Line would quote against Cicada and Batter Up in the Spinaway next week. . . . I don't like the weapon of the strike, but sometimes it has its points. The meeting at Aqueduct, which was to have run from August 28th through September 30th, has been transferred to good old Belmont Park, so that the horses, most of whom are quartered at Belmont, won't have to cross the picket lines of the stable hands. It's an ill wind, you know . . .

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The actress and her husband, singer Eddie Fisher, flew into International Airport Tuesday from New York. Only a few fans greeted them because their arrival was announced.—*Provo (Utah) Daily Herald.*

And forewarned is forearmed.

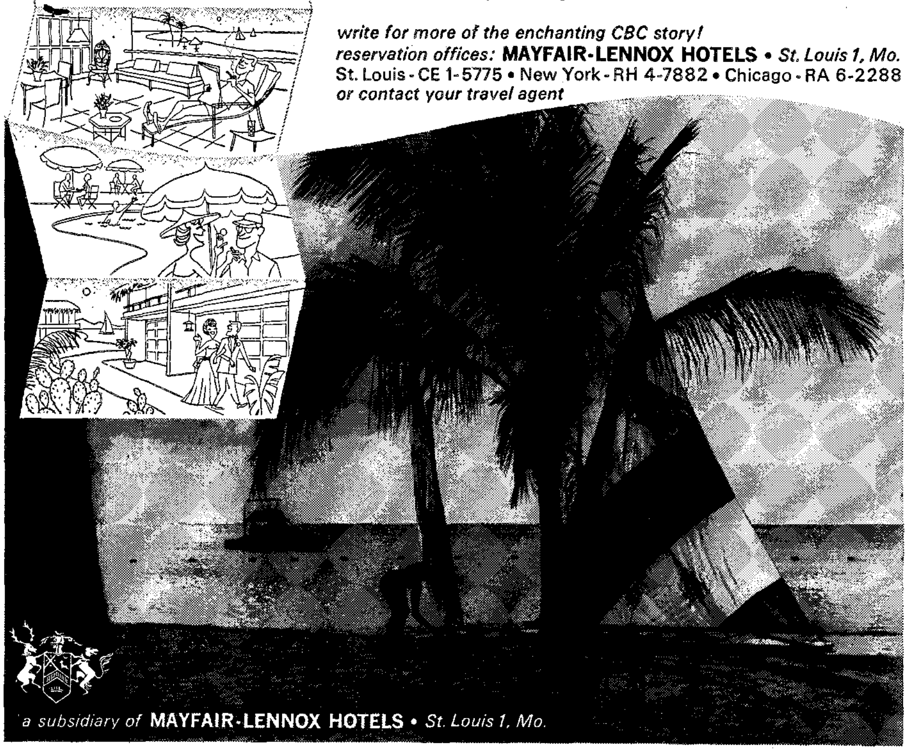
CARIBBEAN BEACH CLUB
ANTIGUA
BRITISH WEST INDIES

LEAVE SUMMER'S HEAT BEHIND... COME TO THE TROPICS

Sounds strange, but here on Antigua the temperature is guaranteed by an insurance bond! Never over 85 . . . never under 75. Low humidity all year 'round!

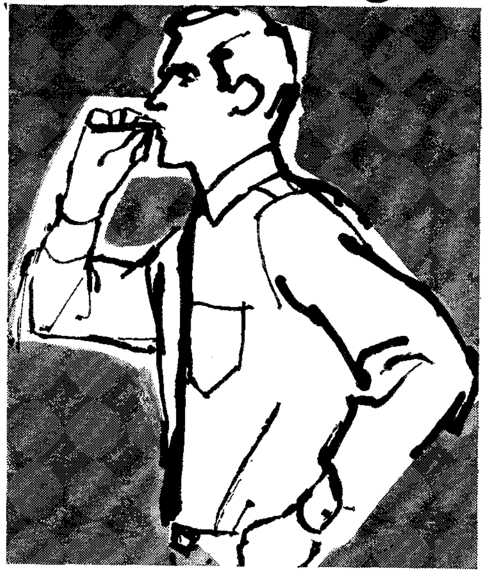
Revel in man-made luxury . . . thrill to romance on a moonlit tropical isle . . . enjoy activities that fill every waking moment.

write for more of the enchanting CBC story!
reservation offices: **MAYFAIR-LENNOX HOTELS** • *St. Louis 1, Mo.*
St. Louis - CE 1-5775 • New York - RH 4-7882 • Chicago - RA 6-2288
or contact your travel agent



a subsidiary of **MAYFAIR-LENNOX HOTELS** • *St. Louis 1, Mo.*

LIKE NOTHING ELSE IN WASH/WEAR SHIRTS—BANCARE® BY Jayson®



EVERGLAZE® BANCARE cotton in either oxford or broadcloth, to be washed, drip-dried, spin-dried or tumble-dried, and worn without ironing. $5.00 at fine stores everywhere, or write to:
Jayson, Inc. 390 Fifth Avenue New York 18, N. Y.

LIKE MAGIC!

the way our gayly printed blouse-jacket smartens up a wardrobe! By Aladdin in washable cotton, predominately rust, red, or blue, with little gold buttons; sizes 10-16, $7.98. (add 35¢ for mail order)

CASUAL CORNER

stores in: arlington · atlanta · corpus christi · decatur · houston · lancaster · memphis · milwaukee · providence · silver spring · springfield · syracuse · waco · washington · west hartford · worcester

NEW YORK'S NEWEST SMASH MUSICAL!

"A DELIGHT." —The New Yorker Magazine

The Theatre Guild and Dore Schary present

TAMMY GRIMES in

"THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN"

Music & Lyrics by MEREDITH WILLSON
Book by RICHARD MORRIS
Directed by DORE SCHARY
with HARVE PRESNELL

MAIL ORDERS FILLED—Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $8.60; Loge $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.80, 3.80, 2.90. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9.40; Loge $7.50; Mezz. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80. Wed. Mats.: Orch. $4.80; Loge $4.30; Mezz. $3.80, 3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $5.40; Loge $4.80; Mezz. $4.30, 3.80, 3.00, 2.50.

AIR-COND. WINTER GARDEN, 50th Street & B'way

"JEAN KERR'S GARDEN OF WIT IS IN FULL BLOOM"—N.Y. Herald Tribune

BARBARA BEL GEDDES BARRY NELSON MICHAEL WILDING in

MARY, MARY

with BETSY von FURSTENBERG and JOHN CROMWELL

"Broadway's Brightest, Wittiest Play"—TIME

Mon. thru Thurs. Eves.—$6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90.
Fri. & Sat. Eves.—$7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 3.45, 2.90.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.—$4.80, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Tax incl.
HELEN HAYES Theatre, 210 W. 46 St., N.Y.C. AIR-COND.

TENANTS AND FRIENDS

"OH! Oh, no! Don't let him get out! Catch him!"

But it was too late. Thomas, who knew as well as Amy that they were leaving the cottage the next morning, slid past the legs of friends who had come to say goodbye, and—even as everyone vainly lunged—his striped tail flickered and disappeared across the open porch. He had escaped into the night for one last fling of moonlight, and mousing, and moling.

Next morning he was not there. Feeling like a lady in a ballad who paces castle ramparts watching for her lord's delayed return, Amy paced the porch. The packed car, with the cat basket open on the front seat, waited out back in the sandy drive. The cottage was clean and empty, ready for the Hendon family to move in. When Amy had gone to bed, she had left the kitchen screen door open and had bent and poured the last of the cream, intended for her morning coffee, into Thomas's dish. Sometime during the night this cream had been lapped up, but now where was he? No tinkle of bells, no mew of remorse, no lithe and wicked little tiger shape sidling round the corner of the house as she paced and called. But had he, perhaps, sated with undeserved cream, slipped silently upstairs in the dark and gone to sleep behind something?

She went to look, for five minutes permitting herself to entertain the hope. There wasn't even a speck of dust behind anything, so unnecessarily fiercely had she, unaccustomed to renting, prepared her cottage for the Hendons.

If she got her bathing suit from the car and went for another last swim, perhaps he would be sitting, repentant and affectionate, on the doorstep waiting for her when she got back, and they could leave at once. On the other hand, he might come home while she was swimming and, not finding her, cavort off for another hour of freedom. She telephoned her husband in town that she wasn't going to be able to get there in time for lunch with him.

"Don't forget this is an August 1st call," he said.

"Well! What of that?" Amy was cross with Thomas and took it out, as one does, on the innocent.

"It'll go on the Hendons' bill."

"Oh, so it will. Oh dear, how complicated it is to rent. I can see why we've never gone in for it. And I had such trouble, too, yesterday, with the laun-

BEDSIDE BOON

abrim with your favorite beverage, beckons invitingly through the night. Your new THERMOS brand Pitcher Set (with tray and covered cup holder) keeps liquids iced or steaming in its vacuum-insulated interior of durable Stronglas™. Decorator colors. You'll find a THERMOS brand Pitcher Set delights a bride, your mother, dear friend, convalescent . . . and you.

GIVE SOMETHING SMART BY THERMOS®

THE AMERICAN THERMOS PRODUCTS COMPANY
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT
Subsidiary of King-Seeley Thermos Co.

What to do with Aunt Maude

Take her to the top of Rockefeller Center on her very next trip to town, and give her a brand new viewpoint on life. And don't be surprised if you're surprised yourself. The view is fantastic—way out to the Watchung Mountains of New Jersey, across the Narrows and out to the sea . . . and way, way down to the spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral, looking like a delicate miniature. In addition, there's a superb one-hour guided tour of Rockefeller Center that takes in everything in this "City Within a City." Send now for fully illustrated brochure to Dept. NY, Box 491, Radio City Station, New York 19, N. Y.

Something Wonderful Always Happens at

Roseland

DANCE CITY

TERRACE RESTAURANT • BAR

CONTINUOUS DANCING • 2 GREAT BANDS EVENINGS EXCEPT MONDAY
MATINEES THURSDAY AND SATURDAY
SUNDAY CONTINUOUS FROM 3:30

AMERICA'S HISTORIC SHRINE OF DANCING

52ND STREET WEST OF BROADWAY

"HILARIOUS!" —John Crosby, Her. Trib.

OFF BROADWAY

THE PREMISE

Evgs. incl. Sun. 8:30; Fri. 8 & 10:30; Sat. 7:30 & 10:30; Mat. Sun. 3 PM
Air-cond. 154 BLEECKER ST. Reservations: LF 3-5020

dryman, who— Hey! I hear Thomas! Goodbye!"

But it must have been someone's far-off bicycle bell. Porch, lawn, meadow, and road were empty. She plucked "Henry Esmond" at random from a bookcase and went to sit at a tactful remove from the cottage, so the Hendons, arriving, wouldn't feel she was interloping. She settled in a long chair under an apple tree at the edge of the meadow. Every other minute she looked up from the confusing genealogy of the Castlewood family; perhaps it wouldn't have been so confusing to a reader whose real concern wasn't to catch a glimpse of a missing animal returning. She skipped a little, flipping over pages. She had expected the Hendons might come before this, and she kept a lookout for them, too, and polished up a few half-apologetic, half-humorous phrases to account for her irregular presence.

Luncheon, taken early, was a little warm gin she was lucky enough to find in the bottom of a bottle, and the packet of frozen peas she had hospitably left in the icebox for the Hendons.

"Though the troopers of the King's Life Guards were all gentlemen, yet the rest of the gentlemen seemed ignorant and vulgar boors to Harry Esmond—" Suddenly Amy remembered the two-o'clock appointment she had in town with a possible cook. But what's a stranger-cook compared with a cat of long standing? "I can't just say 'Too bad about him,' and leave," she told herself. Oh, the friend he was, and had been, for five years! Winter nights he slept hard against her stomach, warming them both. She couldn't abandon him now, leave him to become one of those sad and slinking summer-loved cats summer people are said, in many a chiding newspaper article, to leave behind them when they go back to town. He would get even thinner than he was, and discouraged, Thomas would, and run from one cottage to another, at first searching for her, then only for food. Tears blurred Thackeray. Thomas had been gone twelve hours now. She thought of dogs, and careless summer drivers.

The Hendons' car swept into the drive and five occupants in shorts tumbled out. The oldest, whom Amy took to be an elder sister, proved to be the mother of the four others.

"I'm not *really* here at all, Mrs. Hendon!" Amy said. "I'll go the *minute* my foolish cat comes back. I've never rented before, but I *do* know I ought to be gone by now."

"Who's she?" a very small girl asked,

The Antiquary
De Luxe
Blended Scotch Whisky
EDINBURGH

Active
sportsmen
prefer

"The Antiquary" DE LUXE SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS: CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK 19, N.Y. 86.8 PROOF

NEW YORK CITY'S

first new luxury hotel in thirty years

Rates from Fourteen Dollars for single rooms; from Eighteen Dollars for twin-bedded rooms

A Renaissance of the Arts of Hospitality

the SUMMIT OF NEW YORK

EAST 51ST STREET AT LEXINGTON AVENUE PLAZA 2-7000

Robert Huyot, Vice President & General Manager

LOEW'S HOTELS, INC. • PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRESIDENT • C. C. PHILIPPE, EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

FROM LLOYDS COLLECTION OF UNUSUAL COFFEE TABLES

OVAL COFFEE TABLE OF RICH ENGLISH YEW WOOD

Accented with antiqued fruitwood. You will admire its quiet elegance, its dignity and warm amber color. It has the lovely patina of an inherited antique. So adaptable in any decor. 22" wide x 48" long x 17" high. *F.O.B., N.Y.C. Add $12 for crating beyond delivery area.*

$183

GET TO KNOW LLOYDS. Our immense stock includes an ever changing collection of Antique and Reproduction Furniture and Decorations for every room in your home. Each piece is chosen to attract the buyer who wants lovely things that are away from the usual run. You will find the antique, or just old, or fabulous reproductions. Lloyds is really a paradise of treasures. The character, the quality and modest prices will delight you. Come in, browse leisurely and discover Lloyds for yourself. You'll be very glad you did.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE

LLOYDS

116 E. 60th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y. PLaza 9-7313

Johnny Appleseed's

AUTUMN PLAID

$8.95 ppd.

Rich browns and blacks in an impeccable plaid for Fall. It's a conservative dress of great versatility . . . altogether appealing in styling, material, and detail. Button front, black hemp belt, fetching collar. Fine cotton for year-round wear. Sizes 10-20.

FREE Fall & Christmas Catalog

Johnny Appleseed's

52 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass.

"Haute Cuisine" Holiday Mag.

Le Bijou

168 West 4th St.
Greenwich Village, N. Y.
CH 2-9338

Dinner by Candlelight
Cocktails • Superb Wines

but Mrs. Hendon was instantly sympathetic, and expressed confidence that Thomas would turn up at any minute, and herself persuaded a low-hung little gray Hendon dog, Periwinkle by name, who came plumping down from the car, to go into the house. "Stay in there," she admonished him. Seeing a strange dog might well put Thomas off, she and Amy agreed.

Amy retired to her long chair under the tree. The hours moved across the sky. Nobody could say she was in the way, but she knew the situation to be exceptional. Henry Esmond caught the smallpox. Sun dappled down through the leaves on thin, Bible-paper pages. When from time to time she closed the book to go and prowl the boundaries of the lawn, she found the ruined, dry dark-green leather covers had given off flakes in her lap. Between these fruitless searches she grew very tired of the battles of Malplaquet and Oudenarde, and also of Beatrix's curl-tossing and eye-rolling, and of Rachel's meek charms. It's hard for one woman to read indefinitely about the irresistibleness of another; there's a limit, on a hot afternoon, to the number of times one wants to be told how fair are dimpled hands. In Connecticut, in August, who wants to know?

Two little Hendon boys, as much alike as makes no difference, scampered to her across the meadow grass. "We're George and Andy. When we see'm, we'll catch that cat for you by his tail," one offered, and the other said, sternly, from under the peak of a motorman's outsize blue denim hat, "That cat will have to be spanked."

"I guess he'll have to be, Andy," Amy agreed.

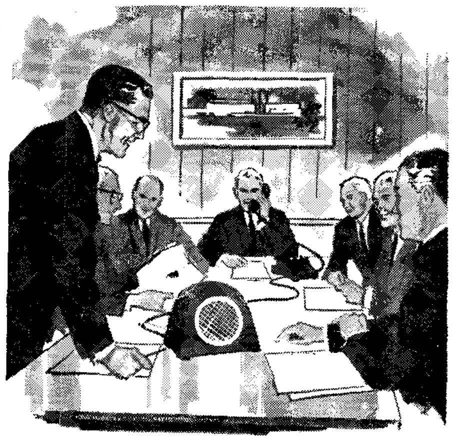
"I'm George," said the child.

When the Hendons went for a late-afternoon swim, Amy made a shy foray into her own kitchen and opened a very small tin of chicken and ate it quickly, with a fork, standing. Later, Mrs. Hendon sent a seven- or eight-year-old daughter out to her with a Martini. The child negotiated the meadow on careful, toeing-in sneakered feet. How terribly nice they are to me, Amy thought.

Not having spilled a drop, the little girl handed over the brimming glass. "Mummy says to come in to supper with us."

"Oh, thank you. Thank you so much, but I've had mine."

After an initial puzzlement, the children were taking her for granted; she was just that woman who mostly sat under a tree with a small book. To their young, uninstructed, but flexible minds, probably it seemed this was what rent-



UNANIMOUS APPROVAL

BURGESS
FLASHLIGHT BATTERY
leakproof
BURGESS
2U6
ACTIVATOR

We approve! Battery-powered devices enable businessmen to turn a telephone call into a company conference. Unanimous approval to BURGESS BATTERIES too. Dependable, long-lasting power; and they're self-rechargeable.

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
DIVISION OF SERVEL, INC.
FREEPORT, ILLINOIS NIAGARA FALLS, CAN.

Your Address: Chicago's magnificent gold coast

181 East Lake Shore Drive

Overlooking Lake Michigan . . . five minutes from downtown . . . steps from Michigan Avenue stores. Fine Restaurant. Superb air-conditioned rooms & suites at sensible prices.

Donald O. Cronin, Mgr.
New York Office PL 5-9747

LAKE SHORE DRIVE HOTEL

METROPOLE CAFE

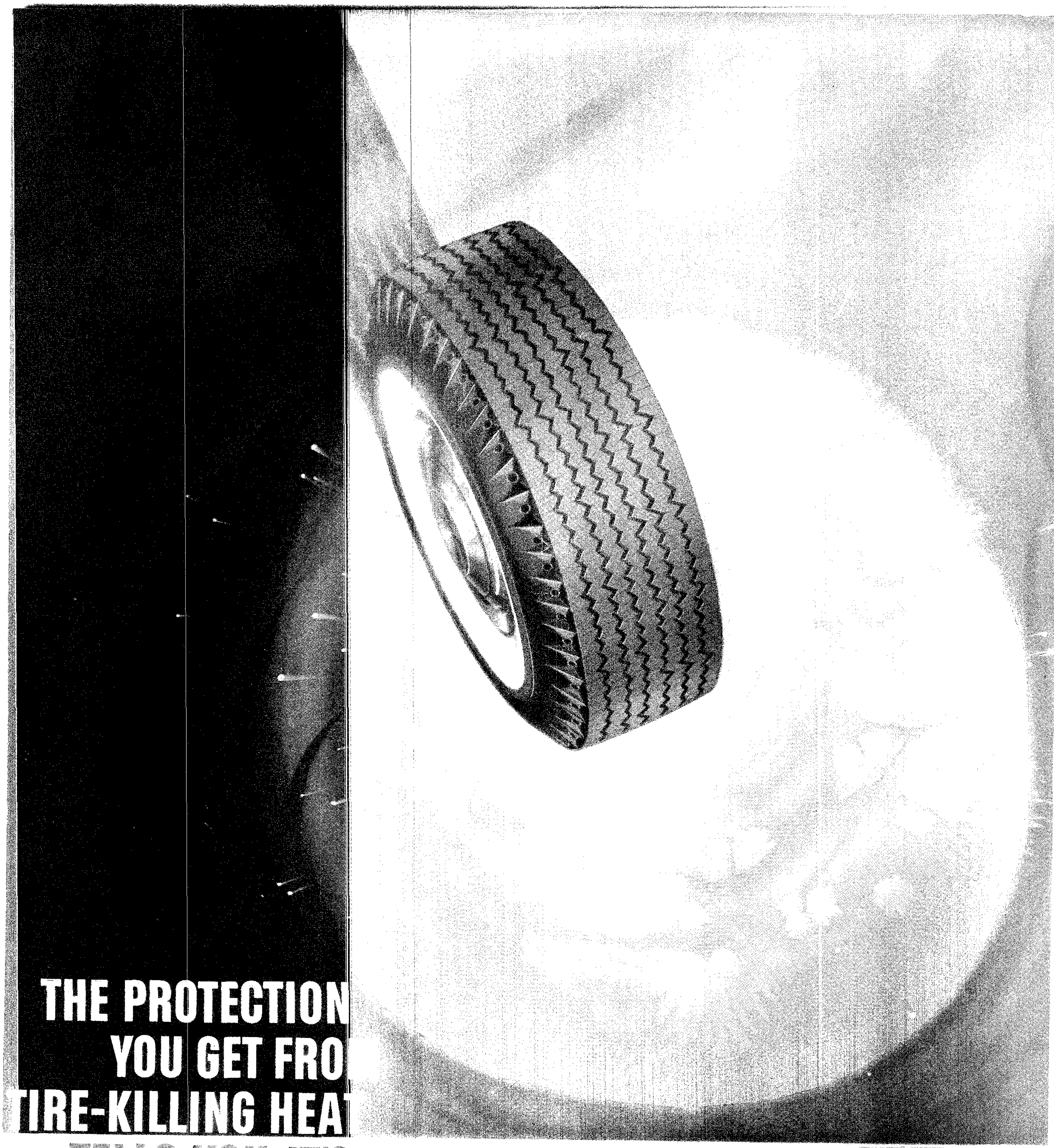
48th Street at 7th Avenue Circle 5-0088

WOODY HERMAN
& opening Aug. 20
DIZZY GILLESPIE

"Serving Chinese Food as you like it."

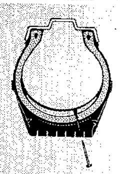
BILL CHAN'S
GOLD COIN

994 2nd AVE. at 53rd St. • Air Conditioned • PL 8-1251

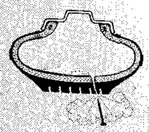


THE PROTECTION YOU GET FRO TIRE-KILLING HEAT TELLS YOU IT'S A SEALED-AIRE*

Forget your fear of hot-weather driving. Erase the mental image of tires tortured by high speeds and hot pavement. Instead, ride relaxed on air-conditioned Sealed-Aire ...the premium puncture-sealing tire. Made with heat vents that reduce tire-killing temperatures. Sold by independent dealers with integrity. And warranted in writing by Seiberling... *makers of America's finest tires in every price range.*



Seiberling's exclusive bulkheads keep the sealant in position, give you *lifetime* puncture protection and tire balance.



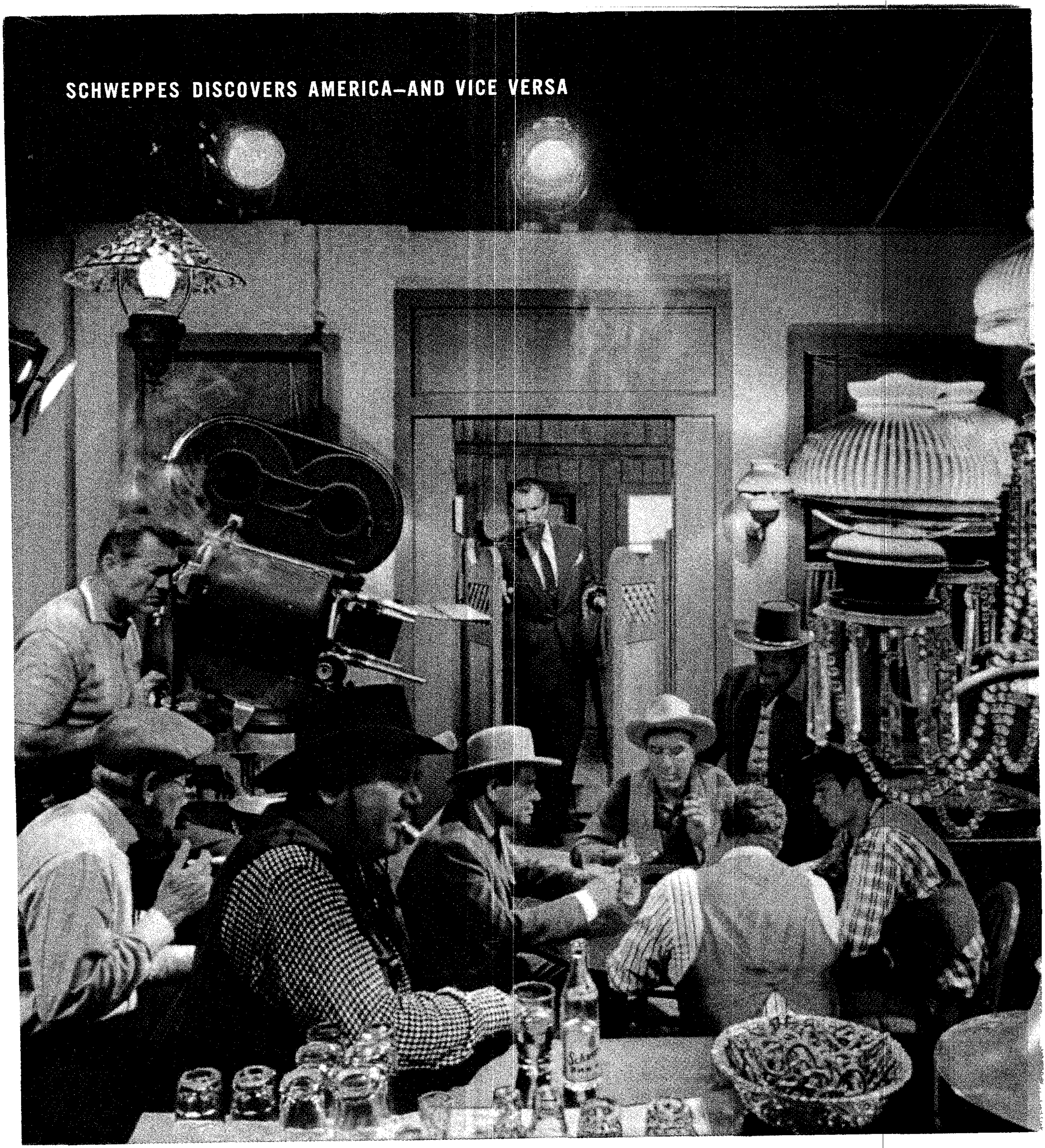
In other puncture-sealing tires, the sealant can slide and lump-up. You lose puncture protection and tire balance.

SEIBERLING

AKRON, OHIO • TORONTO, CANADA

* Four Hundred Twenty Dollars the Set

SCHWEPPES DISCOVERS AMERICA—AND VICE VERSA



What's the Schweppesman doing—deep in the heart of Hollywood?

THE PICTURE above commemorates a very happy Schweppisode in the Schweppesman's life.

It records his chance (courtesy of a Hollywood crony) to restage an American Western . . . substituting Gin-and-Tonic for redeye at the bar, and himself for the hero at the door.

And to most Americans, Commander Whitehead *is* something of a hero. Because it was the Commander who first brought Schweppes Tonic to our shores.

And it's Commander Whitehead who still sees to it that every bottle of Schweppes you buy is alive with Schweppervescence—little bubbles that last your whole drink through.

Today you can find Schweppes *everywhere* in America. Somewhere west of Laramie and somewhere east of Greenwich. So whether you mix it with gin, or vodka, or rum—make sure you get the *real* stuff. *Schweppes* Tonic.

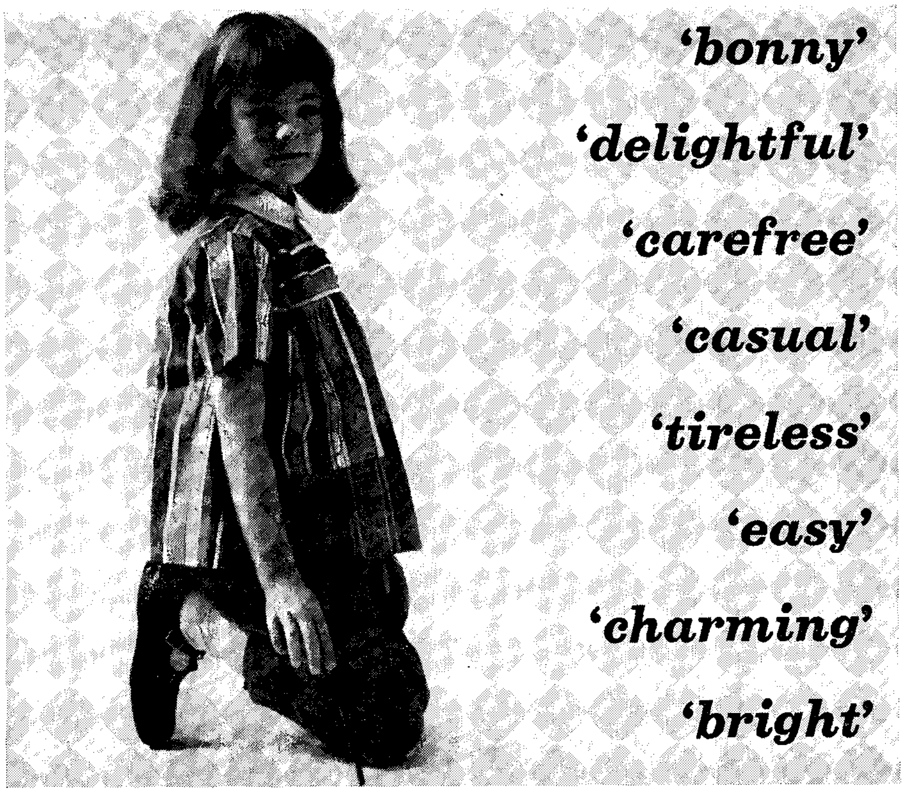
"You'll find it's curiously refreshing," promises the Schweppesman.

TONIC MIXER
Schweppes
QUININE WATER

ing a cottage entailed—a resident interloper, and, furthermore, one who spent her nights on the living-room sofa. For that is what her vigil came down to. She reversed the charges on a telephone call to her husband, then undressed in the car. "But that's where my clothes *are*, you see," Amy pointed out to hospitable Mrs. Hendon, who suggested she use a bedroom.

Lights went out blessedly early all over the cottage. Periwinkle, who wasn't built for it, was eased up the stairs, and he could be heard settling down, obedient if surprised, on the bare floor of the room above. Amy worked herself down into the unconventional arrangement of sheet and blanket and bed pillow Mrs. Hendon had devised for her on the sofa, and lay there in the dark, wide awake. The doors at both ends of the room were open to the night, so that the slightest pawfall would be heard at once. Duck were down in the marsh, quacking and settling for the night, and there was a faraway motorboat out in the Sound. Heavens, Amy thought, what a horribly soft sofa! Certainly if they ever rented again they must buy a firmer sofa; you couldn't expect tenants to put up with anything as rocky and lumpy and bumpy as this one. Narrow it was, too. Odd she'd never noticed it before. But I wonder if I *will* ever rent again, she mused; it seems to be . . . to be so . . . She slept.

Like a woman whose child has double pneumonia, she was jerked awake by a faint sound—four small fur feet landing on the porch floor. "Thomas, Thomas, Thomas!" she whispered, and crept out through the screen door. There he was, wreathing and writhing round the leg of a chair. Moonlight caught on the tips of his whiskers and flowed over the guard hairs up along his back, aureoling his head and giving him the quite illusory look of a seraphic cat. She felt such a shock of pure joy to see him there—Thomas, *not* killed after all, alive as ever,



KORDELL SPORTSWEAR knows it's not just cotton, it's Crompton! Ruler print cotton top with pencil, pad and ruler tucked in pockets; coordinated solid red, gold or blue cotton corduroy pants. Sizes 2 to 4, sizes 3 to 6X, about $6. Arnold Constable, N.Y. and branches; Maas Bros., Tampa and St. Petersburg; Macy's, San Francisco and branches.

cotton and corduroy by
CROMPTON
1071 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, N.Y. 18

The Wool Dress

A way of dressing so flawlessly serene, so thoroughly good, as to make all other clothing seem over-excited. Not even a collar breaks the classic line of this prized shirtdress, presented now in sheer and flowing wool. The colors are stingingly pure . . . Blue, Orange, Red, Green, Magenta, Black. Sizes 8 to 16.

About thirty dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager T.M.REG.

THE VILLAGER INC.
1407 Broadway, New York

striped coat dress

Straight to the point . . . light cotton homespun, falling in stripes from a clean collarless neckline to the hem, a line broken only by the (optional) hemp belt. Coat front, ¾ turn-up sleeves. The colors are darker and brighter . . . assorted stripes, with Red, Olive, or Blue predominant. 8 to 16. $12.95

Also available in our collarless full-skirted shirtdress. $17.95

ORDER BY MAIL
Add 50c for postage
Catalog on request

Ladybug

Dept. N.
264 S. Nineteenth St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

HOUSEHUNTING?

In an Unfamiliar City?

Turn to Homerica, the company that guards the interests of the intercity home *buyer*, in over 125 major cities and their suburbs. Given your particular family needs, we'll recommend the right suburbs and locate the right houses for you. No charge. Ask David Putnam for details.

HOMERICA INC.

52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, OR 9-5435
3460 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, DU 7-3111

JAPANESE RESTAURANT
SAITO
TEMPURA BAR • TATAMI ROOM
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner *Air Conditioned*
70 W. 55th ST. Closed Sun. JU 2-7809

himself, her loved friend, home safe.

"You angel," she said, and gathered him up.

On her way to put him in the car till morning, she stopped in the kitchen and, by the light of the moon falling through a window, scrawled on the grocery pad a gay "Aha! *Attrapé!* We leave at dawn. 1,000 thanks. Ever, Thomas and Amy."

The grass was soaking wet in the back yard, but she was so relieved and thankful she plodded through it without complaint. Into the car went Thomas, who turned to glare at her through the glass. His whiskered face was furious. "I suppose there's no air at all in there, is there?" she said to him. His tail lashed the back of the seat. Very cautiously, holding his eyes with hers, she undid a door two inches to roll down the window one inch, and he was through the gap like a shot and away off along the moonlit, sandy drive. His tail was straight up and out behind, triumphant; big as a baseball bat, it disappeared into the fringe of fern at the edge of acres and acres of blueberry and other, nameless, scratchy bushes.

Deflated, defeated, exhausted, deeply disappointed, and guilty, and tearful, Amy trailed through the wet back to the cottage. How horribly strong and determined and agile he was for such a small cat—determined, and not very witty. The hem of her nightgown was cold as ice.

"He doesn't do it to be mean," she muttered as she insinuated herself into the cocoon on the sofa. "And he doesn't do it to be funny, I *hope*." She lay for a moment before she wriggled wearily out again and went to the kitchen to crumple up and throw away her airy note. Heaven help her. Did she face another long day with Henry Esmond under the apple tree? Another night in the dark living room?

THE hours were very slow about going by. The sofa was too narrow to turn on with any comfort. She thought she would have to creep upstairs and get several aspirin tablets from the bathroom, but then gave up this idea. Because of Periwinkle's having to be kept up there so he wouldn't put Thomas off, the baby gate had been stretched across the top of the stairs, and who should know better than she the *screech-scrawtch* that gate let out the minute a hand was laid on it? Wide-eyed in the darkness, wide-eared, she could hear Periwinkle, patient and uncomfortable, scrabbling with his toenails as he shifted and turned on the bare boards above her head. *He's* not

HEINZ WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

There's much more W-O-O-S-T-E-R in HEINZ 57 Worcestershire Sauce

Flavor enhancement for sea food, meats, gravies, soups and cheese recipes.

Now Enjoy RESTFUL SLEEP!

SHUT OUT DISTURBING NOISES!
use FLENTS
Anti-Noise EAR STOPPLES
Easy to use. Comfortable. Recommended by doctors. Used by thousands, for the past 30 years! Trial box of 1 pr. 40¢ ppd.
—*IDEAL FOR SWIMMING!*

SHUT OUT DISTURBING LIGHT!
use FLENTS LIGHT SHIELDS
Shuts out light, completely! Nap anytime, anywhere.
Black Sateen.............................$1.50 ppd.

At Drug or Dept. stores—or send check or M.O. to:
FLENTS PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc., Dept. N
103 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

A most unusual new restaurant
THE BAYBERRY
Luncheon • Dinner • Supper
at the
BAYBERRY—GREAT NECK HOTEL
ACROSS FROM THE R.R. STATION
GREAT NECK, N.Y.
RESERVATIONS • HU 2-2900
ALL CREDIT CARDS HONORED

If you neglect the Trenton Times and try to hit this rich Mercer County market with the best performer among outside dailies, the odds are 8 to 1 against. Why try a long shot, when the sure thing pays so well.

THE TRENTON TIMES
Represented by Sawyer-Ferguson-Walker

sleeping in his accustomed place, either, poor creature. What a charmingly apathetic animal Periwinkle was; he must make a delightful pet, one who never—

There came a soft sound on the porch, the brush of fur against the screen door. "Oh, God be thanked!" she said, loud and clear.

This time she ran through the wet grass and never even looked at him as she tossed him into the car.

—Louise Field Cooper

• •

ONE MORNING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

We go to gather berries of rain
(sharp to the eye as ripe to the tongue)
that cluster the woods, and, low down
between rough-furrowed pine
trunks, melons of sunlight. Morning, young,
carries a harvest in its horn:
colors, shapes, odors, tones
(various as senses are keen).
High in a grape-transparent fan
of boughs are cones
of crystal that were wooden brown.

Two by two, into our ears,
are fed sweet pips from a phoebe's throat,
and buzzy notes from a warbler pair,
nuts chuckled from the score
of the thrasher. Gauzing afloat,
a giant moth comes to the choir,
and hums while he sips
from spangles of fern. Insects whir
like wheat in a circular
bin of light; we hear skip
the husking chipmunks in their lair.

Goblin pears, or apples, or quaint
eggs, the mushrooms
litter the forest loft
on pungent mats, in shade still wet,
the gray of gunny in the gloom—
in sun, bright sawdust.
Here's a crop for the nose:
fume of cobwebbed stumps, musky roots,
resin tincture, bark balm, dayspring moss
in stars new pricked (vivid as soft).

Day heats and mellows. Those winking seeds—
or berries—spill from their pods; the path's dry
from noon wood to meadow. A speckled
butterfly on top of a weed is a red-
and-yellow bloom—if that two-ply
petal could be touched,
or the violet wing of the mountain!
Both out of reach—too wary
or too far to stroke, unless with the eye.
But in green silk of the rye
grain, our whole bodies are cuddled.

In the sun's heart we are ripe
as fruits ourselves, enjoyed
by lips of wind our burnished slopes.
All round us dark, rapt
bumble-eyes of susans are deployed
as if to suck our honey hides. Ants nip,
tasting us all over
with tickling pincers. We are a landscape
to daddy longlegs, whose ovoid
hub on stilts climbs us like a lover,
trying our dazzle, our warm sap.

—May Swenson

MOËT
BRUT IMPERIAL
CHANDON

For Memorable Moments . . .

MOËT CHAMPAGNE

. . . The Great Champagne of France

Planning a trip to France? Be sure to visit the famous 15-mile champagne cellars of Maison Moët & Chandon in Epernay. For arrangements, see your travel agent.

Schieffelin & Co., New York

Double the fun
of your trip to
EUROPE
go one route...
return the other!

MEDITERRANEAN—Magnificent 23,000-ton "OLYMPIA" from New York and Boston to Portugal, Italy, Sicily, Greece, Israel.

NORTH ATLANTIC—Popular 20,650-ton "ARKADIA" from Canada to Ireland, France, England, Holland, Germany.

Special all-expense tours available.
See your TRAVEL AGENT

GREEK LINE

NEW YORK • ATLANTA • BOSTON • CLEVELAND
CHICAGO • DETROIT • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO
MONTREAL • TORONTO • VANCOUVER

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK CITY 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for

☐ 1 YEAR; ☐ 2 YEARS

My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions
1 year—$7.00; 2 years—$12.00

Canada, Latin America and Spain
1 year— 8.00; 2 years— 14.00

Other Foreign
1 year—10.00; 2 years— 18.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new. Please include postal zone numbers for both addresses.

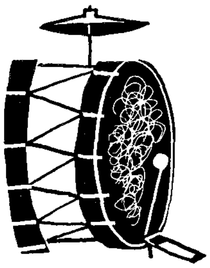
NAME

ADDRESS

(Please include postal zone number)

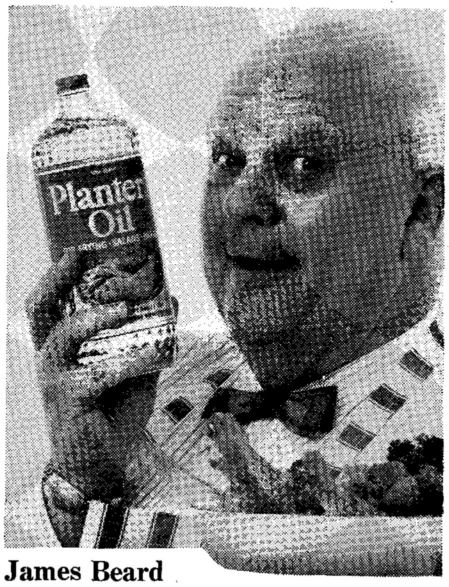
MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Concerts



MANY of the most durable big-band-era recordings are not by big bands, which now frequently sound the way the Empire State Building looks (repetitive, stolid, gross), but by small groups from those big bands. These splinter groups existed almost wholly in recording studios, where, temporarily freed from their galleys, they set down a unique music that has all the discipline and inspiration of big-band jazz and none of its elephantiasis. (To be sure, there were a few full-time small bands, like Red Norvo's, Joe Marsala's, John Kirby's, and Teddy Wilson's, and there were small groups from big bands that occasionally played in public.) Their personnels were drawn from the likes of the Basie band (the Kansas City Six), the Ellington band (Cootie Williams and his Rug Cutters), the Fletcher Henderson band (the Chocolate Dandies), the Cab Calloway band (Chu Berry and his Stompy Stevedores), and the Chick Webb band (Chick Webb and his Little Chicks). Some of the best of them were organized by Lionel Hampton, who, with judicious and homogeneous effect, generally mixed representatives of three or four big bands. Indeed, the wastelessness and easy fire of the majority of these records suggest that the big-band era should be celebrated not for its big groups but for their often far peppier offspring. These small bands vanished with the collapse of the big bands and the rise of bebop, but they have recently begun to reappear in new and often excellent recordings. One of these groups, an unfashionable phenomenon led by Buck Clayton, has even tried to make a go of it outside the recording studio. It hasn't been easy. After a couple of successful European tours, the group finally struggled into view for the first time in this country last week at the fifth of the *Metronome*-Museum of Modern Art "Jazz in the Garden" concerts. It was, like the reënactment of Bull Run, an anticlimactic event.

This is particularly surprising when one considers Clayton's personnel, which, barring his pianist and drummer (Sir Charles Thompson and Oliver Jackson), is made up of alumni from



James Beard
admits "THE ONLY FOOD AUTHORITY IS A HUSBAND"

"I, James Beard, writer of cookbooks and food consultant, implore you to use Planters French Process Peanut Oil...assure you that Planters will add lightness of texture and brightness of taste to any food. Are you sold?

"Not until you've tried it on your husband and seen that smile of approval. Then you are sold. This man I have never met, he is the food authority. C'est la vie!"

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

FREE "How to Cook Better" folder by James Beard, cookbook author, TV star, consultant to famed chefs. Send your name and address to PLANTERS OIL. Dept. Y2, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

S. N. BEHRMAN
calls it "delightful"

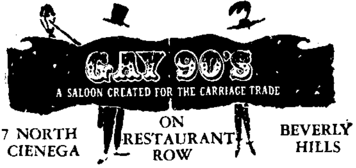
LILLIAN HELLMAN
calls it "a fresh and charming book about a new kind of American—the middle-middle class Jew living in the comic land that lies between rules of the old world and the pleasures of the new."

THE
Grove
By BURTON BERNSTEIN

(Much of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*)
$4.50, now at your bookstore

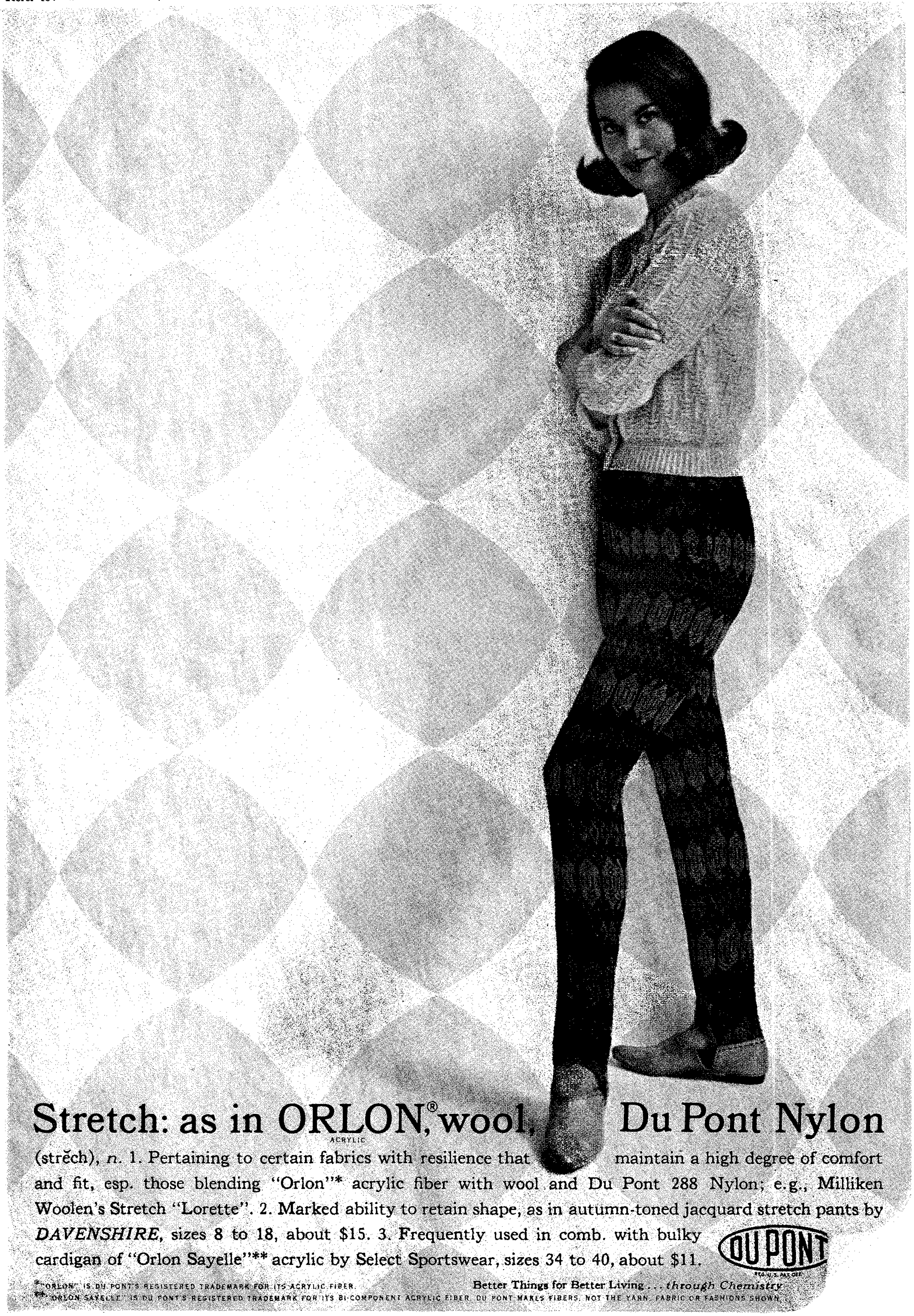
McGRAW-HILL

HeadQuarters
HQ
Complete
Filet Mignon Dinner $4.50
Other dinners from $2.95
Open for Lunch • Cocktail Lounge
108 WEST 49 ST. · NEW YORK CITY · CI. 5-4790



GAY 90'S
A SALOON CREATED FOR THE CARRIAGE TRADE
157 NORTH LA CIENEGA
ON RESTAURANT ROW
BEVERLY HILLS

Refer to: Arnold Constable, Fifth Avenue, N. Y.; Demery's, Detroit and Birmingham, Mich.; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; The Emporium, San Francisco



Stretch: as in ORLON® ACRYLIC wool, Du Pont Nylon

(strĕch), *n.* 1. Pertaining to certain fabrics with resilience that maintain a high degree of comfort and fit, esp. those blending "Orlon"* acrylic fiber with wool and Du Pont 288 Nylon; e.g., Milliken Woolen's Stretch "Lorette". 2. Marked ability to retain shape, as in autumn-toned jacquard stretch pants by *DAVENSHIRE*, sizes 8 to 18, about $15. 3. Frequently used in comb. with bulky cardigan of "Orlon Sayelle"** acrylic by Select Sportswear, sizes 34 to 40, about $11.

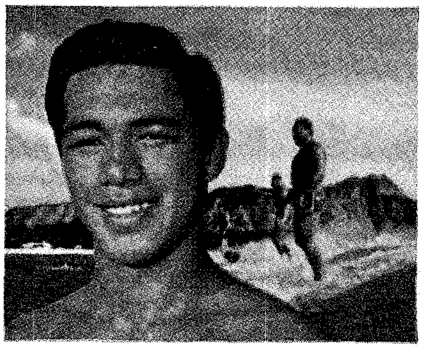
DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

*"ORLON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER.
**"ORLON SAYELLE" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS BI-COMPONENT ACRYLIC FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT THE YARN, FABRIC OR FASHIONS SHOWN.

Dancing is really part of Hawaii . . . like laughter. We dance to Hawaiian music, the latest hit tunes, Dixieland . . . you name it, we have it. No finer dance orchestras.

Vacation on Kauai, the Garden Island. If you like tropical flowers and spectacular scenery, make Kauai your first Island side trip. This is the island other islanders visit for beauty.



You'll love Waikiki Beach. Everyone does. Palm trees along the shore . . . old Diamond Head . . . the surf. Nothing like it. And wait 'til I take you on an outrigger canoe ride!

Ever see a "tame" volcano? This is snow-capped Mauna Kea on Hawaii, the "Big Island." And when you're here, I'll show you tree fern forests, orchid and coffee farms.

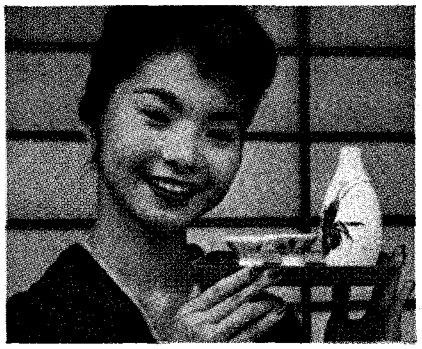
"We'll be seeing you soon in the Islands of Hawaii"

Has Statehood Changed Hawaii? Not for the visitor. It's still just 4½ smooth hours by jet from the Pacific Coast ($266 round trip) or a 4½ day vacation cruise by luxury liner ($380 round trip). Currency and language? Pure U.S.A. . . . Drinking water? Likewise. Passports, visas and shots? None. Costs? Hotel rooms from $5 to $30 per day. Stay long enough to see all the islands.

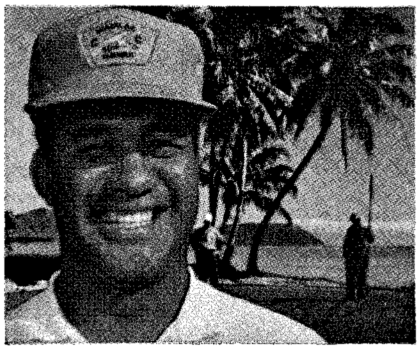
The weather is fine any month of the year—about 74° average. Travel light—buy reasonable "island things" when you arrive. Many fine new hotels and hotel additions give you a wide choice of accommodations and assurance of no waiting for rooms. . . . All things considered . . .

Isn't this your year to visit Hawaii?

Hawaii's colorful pageant, Aloha Week, is October 14-21



Do you enjoy exotic eating places? Hawaii has many. Some Oriental, like this tea house. Some in tropical gardens. Some by the seashore. Fine steak houses and hotel dining too!



Did you ever hit a tee shot through a rainbow? I have, right on this seaside course. But *you'll* want to play *all* the Island courses. Good golf with lots of variety.

Romantic and colorful Old Hawaii is never far from your modern hotel here on Maui. You'll want to see Haleakala Crater, lovely Hana, historic Lahaina. Maui welcomes you.

In Honolulu's Bishop Museum you can trace Hawaiian history from stone age to statehood. Then see where Hawaiian history was made, and enjoy gay Polynesian pageantry.

Here's a bit of modern Hawaii. This is part of the business side of the 50th state, where construction topped $275 million in 1960. Investment opportunities? I found many.

The first thing most visitors do is get out of tight fitting mainland clothes into comfortable things like these. As colorful as the Islands themselves, where they're made.

See Your Travel Agent, Airline or Steamship Representative or Write **HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU** 2051 Kalakaua Ave., Dept. A, Honolulu, Hawaii • Offices in New York, Chicago, San Francisco

the old Basie band and includes the leader and Emmett Berry on trumpet, Earle Warren on alto saxophone and clarinet, Buddy Tate on tenor saxophone, Vic Dickenson on trombone, and Gene Ramey on bass. All these men are playing with an undiminished subtlety and assurance. At the same time, their average age is close to fifty, and though none of them look a day over thirty-eight, they occasionally act their ages. (Because of the creative wear and tear of the jazz musician's work, each year of his life is probably equal to a year and a half of the average man's; if so, Clayton and his men are really about seventy-five.) As a result, the band played only four of the eight selections, stepping into the background for two blues sung by Mae Mercer, a piano solo by Thompson, and an interminable oration by Jackson. Moreover, with the random exception of Clayton and Dickenson, its solos were variations on variations (mostly on the blues) first patented during the Truman administration. Thus, Berry exhibited his familiar marble attack, Tate his spinnaker-shaped cries and slurs, and Warren (not counting his single clarinet solo) his growls and high-pitched furbelows. Dickenson and Clayton had some fine muted moments, and then donned their oldest slippers. But perhaps I am too hard, for this *is* a superior band. Its arrangements, by Clayton, are tight and fresh, its ensemble textures are full, and it has a steady and inventive rhythm section, to say nothing of the abilities of its soloists. Also, it takes age longer to warm up than youth, and the chances are that a full-length concert (the Museum affairs are about an hour long) or, better still, a nine-to-two dance would have produced music that made one ring with delight. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

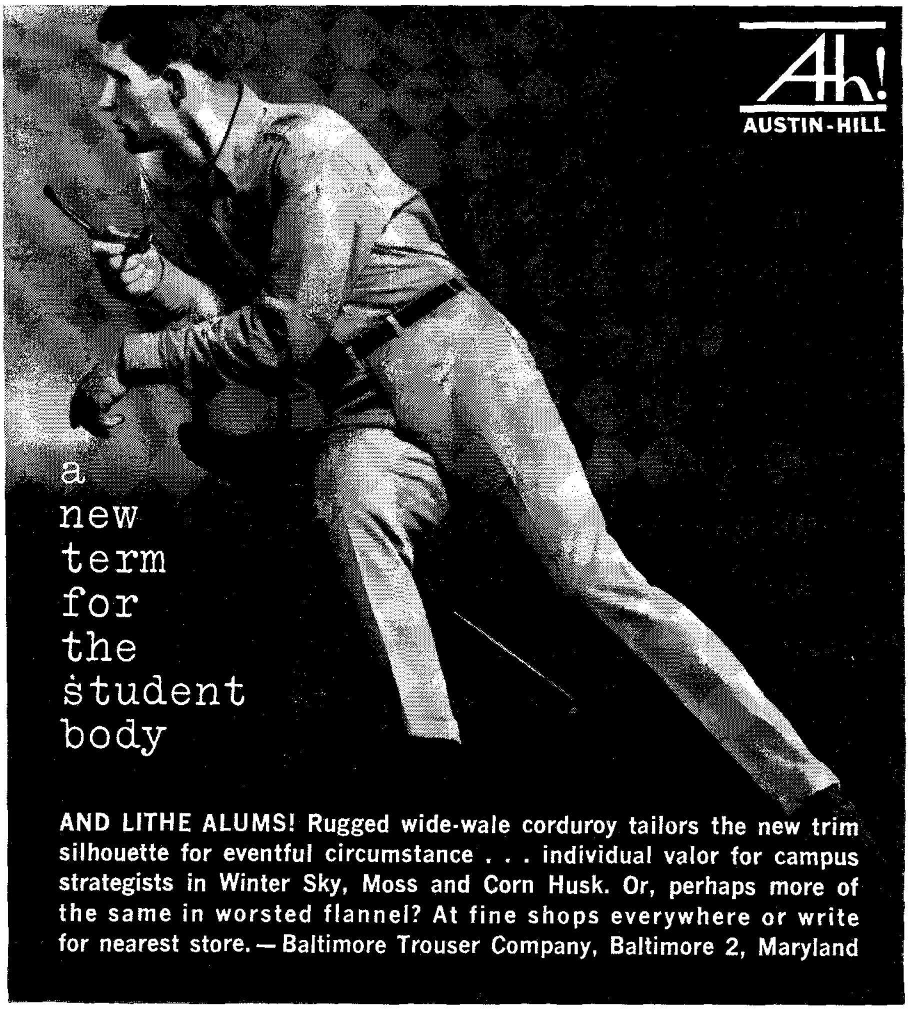
CHICAGO—At the two tables generally reserved for celebrities at the posh Pump Room here were, on the right as you enter, Atlanta's Mr. Million, Donald C. Smith and his wife, Edith; on the left, Jack Webb and presumably his man Friday. The three doe-eyed girls may have been named Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Of the two tables, Mr. Million's received more attention as swords flamed, the diminutive master of the cellar, Jimmie Tatler, hustled about, and Homer Hargraves sent over a bottle of burgundy because he likes Atlanta.

Hargraves, whose mother owned land at Conyers where the Jolly Home now stands, is with, as one of the guests commented, "We the People, of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith."

The Smiths chose Caucasian lamb from the menu, spelled in old English.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

You can't fool Mr. Million.



Ah!
AUSTIN-HILL
a new term for the student body

AND LITHE ALUMS! Rugged wide-wale corduroy tailors the new trim silhouette for eventful circumstance . . . individual valor for campus strategists in Winter Sky, Moss and Corn Husk. Or, perhaps more of the same in worsted flannel? At fine shops everywhere or write for nearest store.—Baltimore Trouser Company, Baltimore 2, Maryland

The Fast-Developing Market in Northern Illinois

ELGIN
AURORA
JOLIET

Three cities — Elgin, Aurora, Joliet — are focal points for business in the seven-county growth area reaching outward from Chicago. Three daily newspapers — Elgin Courier-News, Aurora Beacon-News, Joliet Herald-News — dominate the market's media picture. Advertisers may buy all three at a discounted group rate.

COPLEY NEWSPAPERS: 15 DAILY NEWSPAPERS COVERING NORTHERN ILLINOIS — SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS — SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA — AND GREATER LOS ANGELES. SERVED BY THE COPLEY WASHINGTON BUREAU AND THE COPLEY NEWS SERVICE. REPRESENTED NATIONALLY BY NELSON ROBERTS & ASSOCIATES, INC.

ELGIN COURIER-NEWS
AURORA BEACON-NEWS
JOLIET HERALD-NEWS

"THE RING OF TRUTH" Copley Newspapers

Once again,
all America
is talking
about the crime
of the century

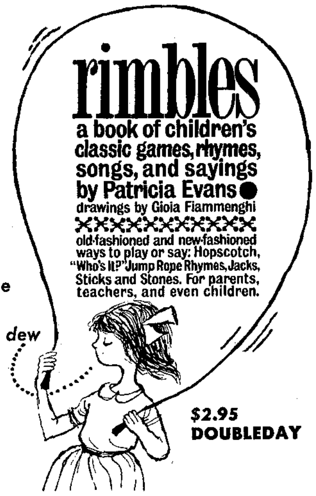
KIDNAP

THE STORY OF THE LINDBERGH CASE

BY GEORGE WALLER

16 pages of photographs. $6.95

THE DIAL PRESS



rimbles
a book of children's classic games, rhymes, songs, and sayings
by Patricia Evans
drawings by Gioia Fiammenghi
old-fashioned and new-fashioned ways to play or say: Hopscotch, "Who's It?" Jump Rope Rhymes, Jacks, Sticks and Stones. For parents, teachers, and even children.

Roses are red
Violets are blue
This is a book
As fresh as the dew

$2.95
DOUBLEDAY

HONOR TRACY'S
new novel is an uproarious fling with a very important gentleman who develops a taste for a very, very sweet young thing. Miss Tracy's best since THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH.

A Season of Mists

$3.95, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HIS OWN MAN, by Martha Gellhorn (Simon & Schuster). Miss Gellhorn's story, which is set mainly in Paris, tells of a thirty-four-year-old American student, Ben Eckhardt, who is dull and selfish and entirely believable as the male figure spoiled by attractive women simply because he is an unattached man. Ben has two mistresses, both quite rich and both anxious, in their different ways, to cherish him for the rest of his life. The French mistress is wellborn and beautiful and quiet; the English mistress is wellborn, too, and generous and jolly. Ben is disagreeable with both women, each of whom is too good for him, and what happens at last serves all three members of the triangle right.

THE PAWNBROKER, by Edward Lewis Wallant (Harcourt, Brace). A painful account of the interior and exterior lives of a tough Harlem pawnbroker, Sol Nazerman, whose career as an instructor at the University of Cracow was cut short when he and his wife and their two small children were transported by the Nazis to a concentration camp, where the woman and children died under torture and Nazerman himself barely survived. Now, bitter and haunted by dreams of the dead, hating every living face he sees, and hating himself most of all, he runs his shop as a front for a ruthless gangster, and it takes an act of violence at the end to teach him why he has hung on to life all these years and how he has managed to live with memories too cruel to be consoled or accepted.

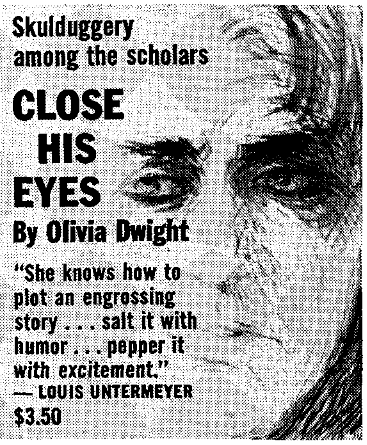
MASTER OF THIS VESSEL, by Gwyn Griffin (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The story of a voyage from Naples to Sydney on board a small, cheap, badly manned passenger ship. Mr. Griffin's account of shipboard life might be vulgarly described as a panorama in depth. He gives us a noisy, disordered scene, crowded with stock figures drawn from the crew roster and also from the passenger list, with incidents of meanness and violence heavily imposed upon these creatures in an obvious attempt at revelation and illumination that has the even more obvious result of revealing only that the author has taken his material to be more valuable and interesting than

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

What is the doctor's body doing in the Thames?

THE WORM OF DEATH
by NICHOLAS BLAKE
NIGEL STRANGEWAYS stars "in one of Blake's very best—and his best is better than almost anyone's." —LOUIS UNTERMEYER. $3.95

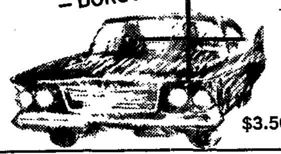
A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE



Skulduggery among the scholars
CLOSE HIS EYES
By Olivia Dwight
"She knows how to plot an engrossing story . . . salt it with humor . . . pepper it with excitement."
— LOUIS UNTERMEYER
$3.50

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Murder in Mexico!
THE GREEN STONE
by SUZANNE BLANC
"If it doesn't win the Edgar for the best first of 1961, something amazing will have to come along between now and then."
— DOROTHY B. HUGHES.



$3.50

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Prague, spies, and a strapping girl guide
NIGHT OF WENCESLAS
By LIONEL DAVIDSON
"Especially fine—unique, almost—in the way it combines wit with an extremely well-plotted story."—Robert M. Coates. $3.50

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

it is. The chief characteristics of Mr. Griffin's style are facility, intensity, lack of subtlety, and lack of humor. The time is the present.

Lilith, by J. R. Salamanca (Simon & Schuster). A thoroughly overwritten—one might even say pretentious—account of the relationship that develops between a pathetic young man who works in the occupational-therapy department of a mental institution in Maryland and a beautiful young girl who is a patient there. The time is immediately after the Second World War.

Note: "The Grove," a volume of nine short stories by Burton Bernstein, has been published by McGraw-Hill. Five of them first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

France and Algeria: Complementary Enemies, by Germaine Tillion, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Knopf). Mlle. Tillion, understanding and regretting the causes and the course of the war between her country and its colony, believes they remain interdependent—spiritually (the intellectual and cultural interchange between them has been immense) and materially (France is about the only steady customer for Saharan oil). The author is an ethnologist who has learned about Algeria by working there for years, and her professional familiarity with many cultures helps her understand all kinds of people, French and foreign—colonists, shepherds, teachers, Moslem elders, French generals. She was a *résistante* during the Second World War, an experience that left her with sympathetic insight into the risks and sufferings of the Algerian nationalist underground. And she has a miraculous style—accurate, concise, elegant. With these endowments, Mlle. Tillion needs only a hundred and eighty-three pages to say all that needs to be said about France and Algeria.

Power and Policy in the U.S.S.R., by Robert Conquest (St. Martin's). A rewarding technical study of the postwar governments of the Soviet Union, offered, the author explains, not as certain truth but as an example of a method of interpreting evidence that the Russians, either by design or by inadvertence, have let drop. Soviet politicians paint themselves into uncomfortable corners; they admit only one correct, Marxist-Leninist solution to a problem and then must

MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM • 97 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.

The Spirit of Adventure
IMPORTED
MYERS'S RUM

Here's the rum that's like no other. Full-bodied, spicy, truly distinctive. Essential to the best rum drinks and punches. A delightful addition to *any* cocktail, many foods and sauces. *Nothing* takes its place! If you have a taste for adventure, try Myers Rum—the spirit of adventure.

MYERS JAMAICA RUM

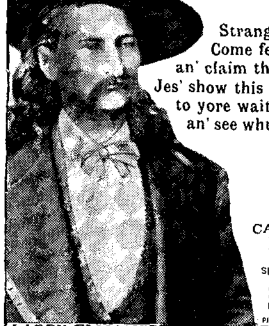
TIME TO TAKE A BREAK . . . Try the tonic of a brief respite at the Claridge . . . any season. Elegant comfort, service and cuisine. Cocktail and supper dancing nightly. TV in every room . . . health baths. Superb ocean-front location. Come refresh yourself soon!

A MOST UNUSUAL HOTEL • ATLANTIC CITY

For direct reservations in New York City call WAlker 5-2721.
New York Office, LOngacre 5-1114. Philadelphia KIngsley 6-1937.
Atlantic City, 345-1271 (Code 609).
Direct reservations in Washington—ask operator for ENterprise 1-3456;
Baltimore—ENterprise 9-3456 (no charge).
George B. Bruni, Vice President & General Manager

CLARIDGE

#
SURPRISE!



Stranger in town?
Come fer dinner
an' claim the ree-ward!
Jes' show this here ad
to yore waiter
an' see whut happens.

PRAIRIE-SIZE
STEAKS
CATTLEMAN'S CUT of
PRIME RIBS

SING ALONG WITH BILL FARRELL IN THE SALOON
Open Daily & Sunday 'til 2 A.M.
Valet Parking • All Credit Cards
Reservations — YUKON 6-4988

PHOTO: WILD BILL HICKOK, MERCALDO ARCHIVES

LARRY ELLMAN'S
THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT AT 47TH ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

LIGHT EUROPEAN SUMMER DISHES

Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
Air Conditioned

WISHING WELL

American children learn at a tender age to wish for what they want—wish on a star, a wishbone, the candles on a birthday cake. The notion that everything comes to him who wishes is implanted early in life.

Unfortunately, wishful *thinking* will get you nowhere at all. Wishful *doing*, on the other hand, can yield some very satisfactory results.

Wishful doing can take two forms—doing it yourself and letting your dollars do it for you. By the latter, we mean putting your spare cash to work, investing in good common stocks. There is some risk in choosing one company out of thousands and backing your judgment with your cash. But life is full of risks that most people willingly accept where there is a reasonable chance of gain. And besides, we'll lend a helping hand if you like.

If you're ready to give up wishful thinking for wishful doing, we have a booklet that outlines the first steps. It's called *"How to Invest in Stocks and Bonds,"* and it's yours for the asking. After you've read it, if you need help in making your choice of stocks, we'll be glad to oblige with that, too. Just wish out loud; that's one time when the technique will bring results.

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH
INCORPORATED
Members New York Stock Exchange
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, N. Y.
LONDON.........110 Fenchurch Street
PARIS...............7 Rue de la Paix
143 offices in U. S., Canada, and abroad

either conceal disagreements or call them treason. Arguments over policy, Mr. Conquest points out, become exceptionally intense when losing may mean death. He thinks that Westerners can't imagine this intensity, any more than they can distinguish Russian policy differences from Russian politicians' quarrels. He tries, with a tentative sort of assurance, to make this distinction in, among other cases, the "doctors' plot," Beria's annihilation, the scattering of the ill-assorted "anti-Party group" (Malenkov, Molotov, Kaganovich, Bulganin, Shepilov), and Khrushchev's rise. (He believes that Khrushchev wants absolute power, like Stalin's, but hasn't got it yet.) Mr. Conquest treats his subject with a scholarly detachment that does nothing to mitigate an appalling impression of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. With its alternations of light and dark, its distortions, its noisy tricks, and its unsettling swerves, it resembles a Coney Island fun house without fun.

NOTE: "The Better Hoff," an album of eighty-seven of Syd Hoff's cartoons, has been issued by Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Most of them were originally published in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

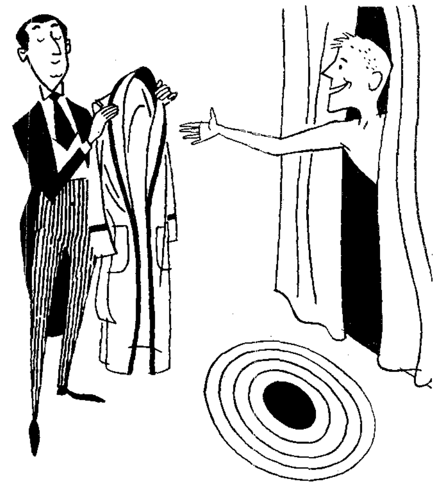
NIGHT OF WENCESLAS, by Lionel Davidson (Harper). A most ingenious thriller, so enriched with style, wit, and a sense of serious comedy that it all but transcends its kind. This is not to imply that Mr. Davidson has aimed at something more than entertainment and fallen just short of success. He has aimed at writing a thriller—a superior thriller, a model thriller—and he has totally succeeded. The story has to do with a young and gullible Englishman of Czechoslovakian descent who is hoodwinked into a hurried journey to Prague and there finds himself up to his eyes in trouble of such complexity that even its nature eludes him. It might be added that Mr. Davidson shows us a picture of Iron Curtain Prague that is practically photographic.

•

He's in every scene in "Blue Hawaii," eats practically nothing at midday because he says he gets sleepy if he takes a big lunch. I sensed this is part of his ambition to make good in the acting field.—*Hedda Hopper interviewing Elvis Presley in the Los Angeles Times.*

Being awake is a help, no doubt about that.

*IN WASHINGTON, D.C.



"Your Bathrobe, Sir..."

Everything's **been thought of for your comfort at the Manger Hay-Adams, one of the world's finest hotels . . . from fully-stocked bathroom chests to individual terry cloth bathrobes. 200 rooms of sheer luxury!**

Completely Air Conditioned
HOTEL
Manger Hay-Adams
Across from the White House
16th AT H STREET, N. W. • WASHINGTON, D. C.

The New York Times hails **Mary Lavin** as "one of the most distinguished of living Irish writers, as complete a master of the short story as Frank O'Connor." Her newest collection of stories, **THE GREAT WAVE,** is now at your bookstore. Only $3.50.
Macmillan
Many of the stories in this book appeared originally in The New Yorker.

Fox Hill . . . *an Inn*

. . . where famous fine food satisfies. Superb French cuisine . . . à la carte . . . prix fixe luncheons from $2, dinners from $4.50. Rooms and suites . . . facilities for social and business functions. Swimming Pool. Richmond Gale at the piano nightly.
Exit 40 from Merritt P'way, 15 miles North on Rt. 7
RIDGEFIELD, CONN. IDlewood 8-2628

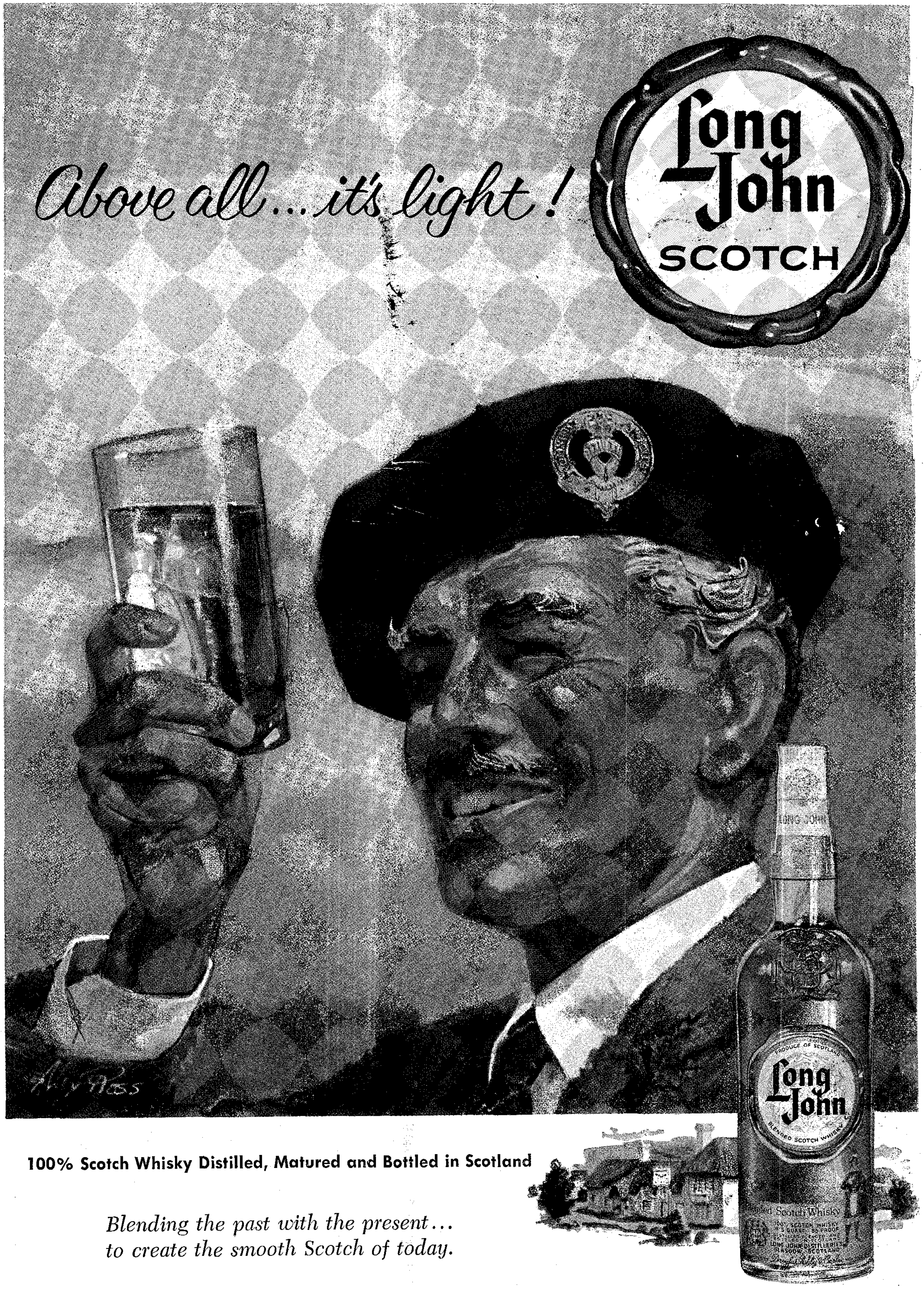
FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

It's Pendleton® country wherever you go!

Lavish and luscious, that's all! It's our notable new Wrapabout coat with a wanderlust. Pure Pendleton wool—and lots of it—with a high-hearted extravagance of line, collar and lapel, plus *big* bell sleeves to slip sweetly over suits. All this glory, without forgetting life's grimmer realities, like weather and wear. It's Milium®-lined for warmth, rain-repellent, spot-resistant. In brave tartans and plaids, brilliant checks and solids, it's the big city look with the easy, country-feel. Better make it yours. 59.95.

Country clothes by Pendleton ▨ ALWAYS VIRGIN WOOL

In America's quality stores. For descriptive Pendleton Sportswear literature, write Department NY4, Pendleton Woolen Mills • Portland 1, Oregon ©1961


Above all... it's light!
Long John
SCOTCH
Long John
Blended Scotch Whisky

100% Scotch Whisky Distilled, Matured and Bottled in Scotland

Blending the past with the present...
to create the smooth Scotch of today.

86 PROOF • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • DREYFUS, ASHBY & CO., NEW YORK, SOLE U. S. IMPORTERS